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MASTERPIECE STUDIES

IN

LITERATURE

GEORGE ELIOT WASHINGTON IRVING
WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

TOGETHER WITH A

MANUAL FOR TEACHING ENGLISH CLASSICS

BY

GEORGE L. MARSH AND JAMES F. ROYSTER

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The Selections in this book are taken from different volumes of the Lake English Classics. The pages are numbered in the order of the books from which the selections are taken and are therefore not consecutive here.

The Lake English Classics

SILAS MARNER

BY

GEORGE ELIOT

EDITED FOR SCHOOL USE

BY

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CHICAGO
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1904

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PREFACE

In the following introductory pages the editor has endeavored to place before the student in a very simple way, first, the most important things about George Eliot and her literary career, and second, a plan for the analytic study of *Silas Marner*. In the first part the aim has been to emphasize ideas more than facts, to show the principles of art and conduct for which George Eliot stood, and which are the most illuminating commentaries on her works. In the second part the purpose has been to suggest a method whereby the mere desultory reading of *Silas Marner* may be turned into reading that is in an elementary sense critical; for though a novel is primarily a story to be read for pleasure, no one will like it less because he can intelligently discuss the reasons for his enjoyment.

A. E. H.

Haverford College, Penn.,
June, 1899.

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INTRODUCTION

I. GEORGE ELIOT AND HER WORK

Biography. The career of George Eliot, as Mary Ann Evans styled herself when she began to write novels, naturally divides itself into three periods. In the first, she is a young country girl of Derbyshire, conspicuous for her natural talents and her scholarship, yet, apparently destined to lead an uneventful domestic life. In the second, a short period, she is a translator, a critic, an editor, and one of a coterie of progressive and radical thinkers in London. In the third, from 1856 to 1880, a quarter of a century of real glory, she is the author of a series of novels which, when all is told, entitle her to the honor of being one of the very greatest writers of English prose fiction.

Mary Ann Evans was born on St. Cecilia's day in 1819, on her father's farm at Arbury, in Warwickshire, one of the midland counties of England. Shortly afterward the family moved to Griff House, the home of her girlhood, a large, substantial, ivy-covered building, set among flowers, hedges and impressive trees. Robert Evans was a prosperous land agent, and he gave his daughter a more than decent schooling. The daughter was a diligent student and an insatiate reader. At the Coventry school for young ladies, she was, tradition says, quiet, reserved, almost timid, but withal the school favorite. Her nickname was Little Mamma, and the title suggests her unusual seriousness of character.

At sixteen, after her mother's death, she went back to her father's house as its mistress. Here, amid the trivial home duties, she continued her studies, and, in the course of time, became a really distinguished student of Greek, Latin, French, German, Italian and Hebrew, —one pauses to take breath at the list. She had an inordinate capacity for knowledge, and a unique ability for speculation. Though never fervent in her religious emotion, she was a firm believer in the truths of revelation until she was eighteen; but with the thoughtful years she began to examine critically the system of Christian theology. To her unaided intellect its truth was not demonstrable, and she ceased, reluctantly, to attend church The father was a rigidly orthodox member of the established church and he refused to live with an agnostic child. The family ties were broken, and the daughter sadly left the house. At the end of two months, impelled by the sense of filial duty, the girl returned with a promise to conform in the outward ceremonies. But her intellectual rebellion was unsubdued, and this incident found her at the cross-roads, turning toward the highway of skepticism. She was, in the broad sense, all through life deeply and truly religious; she always wrote of religious subjects with a saddened yet remote sympathy, but she never regained the simple faith of her childhood. Shortly after her return home her father died, and then, needing a change of scene, she crossed to the continent for a year's residence at Geneva.

These early years were spent in the accumulation of literary capital. She was observing, unconsciously perhaps, the joys and sorrows, the trivial cares and duties, the humorous limitations, the sterling virtues, the unwritten tragedies of the men and women of provincial England. Her mind was storing up the facts and details of humble life, and of the nobility of this, like Wordsworth before her in the north, she was to become the sympathetic advocate.

A short yet important period of literary apprenticeship followed her return from the continent. In London she became associated with such eminent leaders of thought as Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill. She had translated from the German Strauss's *Life of Jesus;* now she translated Feuerbach's *Essence of Christianity.* She wrote criticisms and reviews for the magazines, for example one on the selfish religion of Young in his *Night Thoughts*, another on "Silly Novels by Lady Novelists." She became assistant editor of a radical organ, the *Westminster Review.* On a red letter day she was introduced to George Henry Lewes, a brilliant and versatile writer, the author of the *Life of Goethe.* The acquaintance soon ripened into love, and in 1854 the two joined fortunes and fates, and set out for Germany on a honeymoon.

There is in the history of Miss Evans, up to her thirty-sixth year, no suggestion of her future career and greatness as a novelist. Indeed the beginning of this career seems accidental. One day she determined to write a series of short stories and she began the volume afterwards called *Scenes from Clerical Life* with the *Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.*

"One night G. went to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. . . . . I read it to him when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up and kissed me, saying, 'I think your pathos is better than your fun.'"

This story, sent to Blackwoods under the pseudonym of George Eliot, was accepted, and paid for with fifty guineas. *Amos Barton* and its companion pieces gave her at once a reputation. Encouraged and delighted, the new author meditated a sustained effort: the result was *Adam Bede.* The book made a sensation and a new literary figure. Thackeray and Dickens gave her the due meed of praise, the latter suspecting the writer to be a woman. *The Mill on the Floss*, containing much that was autobiographical, followed and intensified her first success. Then came *Silas Marner*, in plot a pure creation of the imagination; artistically, some think, the best of all her works. In 1860, after a residence at Florence, and much historical research, she issued her historical novel, *Romola.* This was published serially in the *Cornhill Magazine.* Almost exhausted by *Romola*, her next effort was a poem, or if not a poem, a narrative in noble verse, the *Spanish Gypsy. Felix Holt*, *the Radical*, followed, in three volumes. Then came *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, two books wherein George Eliot, forsaking humble life, reached up for her subjects to a higher stratum of society. With *Theophrastus Such*, a series of erudite essays, she closed her brilliant career in an anti-climax. Before the publication of this last, however, Mr. Lewes had died and two years after his death George Eliot married Mr. J W. Cross, an American banker resident in England. During these years of authorship she lived, surrounded by friends, in London, breaking the stress of creative work with trips to the continent. On the 22d of December, 1880, she died, leaving a heritage of good books, and from this heritage the world is incalculably richer in human sympathy and love.

The character of George Eliot is worthy of special study; for, in many respects, it is undoubtedly unique. She possessed the best traits of both sexes. Her personal appearance suggested the masculine; it was impressive rather than beautiful. She had a high forehead, a massive face, a firmly set mouth and sharp, penetrating grey eyes. It was a face which recalls one of her favorite characters, the resolute, heavy-browed Savonarola. In the large head, supported on a fragile body, there was a brain, critical, logical, able to get outside of self and to take an impersonal view; capable of long, arduous concentration, and ruled by a vigorous, conquering will. Indeed the reading public readily accepted the unknown writer as a man. But for all this she was very truly a woman and her real greatness was the gift of her womanhood. There was in her nature a charming lack of self-sufficiency; there was, too, the feminine variability; she was nervous, excitable, at times low-spirited, always hungry for affection and eager to give a return in kind. Her manners were sweet, gentle, unobtrusive, quite free from all the affectations of the literary lioness. She avoided rather than courted adulation and fame. One might have expected to find her, with all her knowledge and gifts, a Lady Mary Blue-stocking. But she was simply a lovable and a loving woman.

Though unbidden, let us slip back into one of her afternoons at home in the drawing room of the Priory in Regent's Park. If we are fortunate we may find there

Tennyson or Browning, or more probably Herbert Spencer. It is a large room, decorated by Owen Jones, and hung with drawings by Sir Frederick Leighton. Mr. Lewes is moving about among the visitors, bubbling with wit and airy nothings, a proud master of ceremonies. In an armchair, seated before the fireplace, sits the lady, suggestive almost of royalty, yet unconscious of her uncrowned merit. In repose her face is plain and placid; when she speaks, it becomes half-luminous with a serious yet tender zeal to give her visitors her best thought and sympathy. "She appeared," writes a close friend, "far greater than her books." Indeed she speaks little of herself and her work. She has the gift, rare among notables, of suppressing self, and the tact to make others speak. These receptions often overtax her strength, and when the company has departed she turns, with a sigh of relief, to the one who remains, her husband, and upon him she showers the full measure of that love which led her to dedicate to him every one of her books.

A Glimpse at the Novels.

The genius of George Eliot was not of the miraculous, inexplicable kind. Her mind was singularly receptive and reflective, and, impelled by her natural talents and fed by the facts of experience and observation, it unfolded by a steady and normal growth. We can divide her creative literary career into three periods, and the lines of divison are marked by her choice of subjects. First of all we have her studies in provincial life and character; and in this group are the *Scenes from Clerical Life*, *Adam Bede*, *The Mill on the Floss* and *Silas Marner*. These deal, in the main, with humble life, and in these we get the truest and most realistic results of her own observation of the daily life, physical and mental, of the obscure yet not unheroic provincials of her native rural county.

The *Scenes from Clerical Life* are three short stories, the promising work of a beginner. *Adam Bede*, her next attempt, is the history of an honest, laborious, God-fearing carpenter, who at first is bewitched by the superficial charms of a vain and foolish dairy maid. Dinah Morris, a young Methodist preacher, eloquent with the gospel of the beauty of holiness and love, is the presiding genius of this book, and her union with Adam Bede is the expected result of the law of natural selection. A commonplace story, but, like Shakspere, the author takes the commonplace, and, by her power of creating characters and of endowing them with the human passions, gives to art a picture from nature. *The Mill on the Floss* is largely autobiographical. It presents a vivid picture of child life and girlhood and it solves a moral problem. Maggie Tulliver is a real girl; she plays in the mud, rips her dresses and in her mischievous moments mangles her hair; but when she grows older and reads *The Imitation of Christ* her soul opens and she knows the beauty of moral ideals. A crisis comes. After having given her word to one man she falls passionately in love with another; but he is pledged to her dearest friend. In a moment of weakness Maggie yields to selfish impulse, but before it is too late, repentance comes, and the crisis is followed by the heroic tragedy of self-renunciation. Self-renunciation! this is the Christian solution of the unchurched author.

Of *Silas Marner* we shall speak in detail later. Having written this tale, George Eliot turns her genius upon a new field. This is the field of historical fiction, and the single product is *Romola*. *Romola* is the result, not of observation and experience, but of reading and research. It takes us to Florence and the golden days of the Renaissance, the court of the Medici and the convent of Savonarola. "A magnificent effort of the creative intellect, but a splendid failure," some say. "It isn't true to Italy," say the critics. Perhaps not; nor is the play of *Hamlet* true to Denmark, but both are true to life. Most readers, doubtless, will not refuse to enjoy the sunlight because the astronomers say there are spots on the sun. Tito Melema, the central figure, is the author's most profound study in psychology. He is a young man gifted with all the graces and qualities that bring success, but he loves pleasure above all things and avoids any painful self-sacrifice. One mistake, a slight impulsive act of selfishness, leads to another and then another, and before the man is aware he is caught in the toils of fate and dragged to destruction. The slow, subtle degradation of this brilliant youth is an awful expression of the vindictive power of Nemesis. Once Tito's real character is known, Romola, his pure, noble, yet essentially pagan wife would flee from him and from the wickedness of Florence, but Savonarola and an awakened conscience christianize her, showing her the path of duty, and by ministering, amid a sinful populace, to the needs of others, her troubled soul finds peace.

Romola was a tremendous effort, and it was written under clouds of depression and fears of failure. But the indomitable will of George Eliot struggled on to the triumph. The number and the kind of books she read to get her material is astounding. It was, as well it might have been, a notable mountain of difficulty in her career, and the climb left its marks. "I began it a young woman," she wrote at the close, "and I finished it an old woman." With a sense of change, after some efforts in verse, and after the comparatively unsuccessful *Felix Holt*, *the Radical*, she entered upon a third field, the life of the cultured classes, and wrote *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*. *Middlemarch*, at bottom, is a criticism on social limitations and conventions. It shows how the noble aims and ideals of the ardent are crushed and shattered by the sordid facts of reality. Dorothea Brooke is a modern St. Teresa; lured by a Quixotic sense of duty she weds a marrowless recluse, hoping to make him happy and to help him in his monumental work of pedantic scholarship. It is a mistake and the happiness of both is destroyed. *Middlemarch* is a laborious but powerful novel; in spite of some defects it possesses an unostentatious solidity which leaves a strong impression upon the memory. *Daniel Deronda*, with all its faults, is the product of George Eliot's maturest mind. It is the record of the conversion and regeneration of a selfish young girl, who, early in life, was allured by the ambition for wealth and high station. Gwendolen Harleth marries a brutal, polished egotist, the young nobleman Grandcourt, against the command of her conscience, and when, by his death, his wished-for death, she is released from his tyranny, she gains her freedom only to be tormented with remorse. But in the end she is fully redeemed to womanhood. Deronda, who comes into Gwendolen's life as a spiritual adviser, is a young Jew. He has great plans for the re-establishment of his race in Palestine and the restoration of the Jewish national life. He is only a high-minded dreamer, an idealist, but in him George Eliot vindicates the Jew and shows that, after all, spiritual ideals are the essential elements of real religion. With this book the author's career as a novelist closes, for *Theophrastus Such* is but the aftermath of a late harvest.

The Psychological Method.

In her treatment of character George Eliot pursues rigorously the psychological method; she is a scientist and her field of work is the spiritual life. Her natural bent is to scrutinize, as with a microscope, the anatomy and physiology of the soul. She studies impulses, motives of conduct and the results of their action. A botanist observes the forms of plants, he notes the processes of their growth, their changes under the varying conditions of seasons and climate; he picks away the petals of a rose to get at the heart of the flower. So with scientific minuteness George Eliot watches and details the constitution and the actions of the inner life of man, and her works are therefore histories of spiritual development. The characters are not static, not studies from still life, but they are dynamic, always unfolding in the play of contact with the other forces in the world.

Take, for illustration, Silas Marner. When the story of his life begins this man is an industrious weaver, full of faith in God and love for men. A theft is committed; the cast of the lots, supposedly under the control of Providence, unjustly declares him to be the thief. The light of faith goes out, with it the love for men, and the soul of Marner is in utter darkness. He goes away, lives as a hermit and his life is void of any strong interest until the greed for gold supplies him with a ruling passion. Then the gold is taken away, and his soul is once more a dark vacuum. At last a waif, a golden-haired little girl, comes out of the unknown into his heart, and warms its frigid loneliness with human affection;—once again the lights of love and faith dawn upon his arid life and through this little child Marner is reconciled with God and man. A psychological study this, for it shows the changes, which, under varying conditions, take place in the soul.

If looked at in one way, this writer is scientifically exact, cold-blooded, impersonal; in another and more emphatic way, she is deeply human, sympathetic, and full of warmth and mercy. And this is the great merit of her application of the scientific method to literature. In her books there are no arrant knaves, no unspotted saints. Tito Melema, a sinner, is yet affectionate and lovable; even Romola, with all her placid purity, impulsively flees from near duties; and when Silas Marner is in the deepest depths of his sordid miserliness, the writer indulges in no wrathful reproaches, nor does she for a moment lose faith in the man. Unlike Thackeray, George Eliot has no bitter vein of cynicism; unlike Dickens, she has no bent toward caricature; and, if less brilliant than either of these, she is more sane and true. And these qualities of sanity and truth are the virtues of her psychological depth and insight. "He that is without sin among you," said Christ, "let him cast the first stone." George Eliot, facing sin and sinners, seems to write with this same spirit of Christian charity. She knew the real difficulties of righteous living, she knew the full power of temptation, she knew the blindness and the ignorance of human nature, and because as a psychologist she knew these, her books are filled with that quality of mercy which droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. In this respect she is greater, even, than the great Thackeray.

Realism in Humble Life.

As would be expected from what has just been said, George Eliot is a realist, and in her best and most spontaneous work, her field is that of normal humble life.

She is a realist because her books are faithful records of what actually exists in the world. She does not draw from her imagination any impossible heroes or heroines, who, from unattainable heights of virtue or depths of depravity, attract or terrify us into sentimental goodness. Like David and the men of the Old Testament, the characters in these novels are creatures of flesh and blood; there is the taint of earth upon them all, and if they are good, they are so because they have fought with sin and conquered. Her eyes have seen, her ears have heard, her heart has felt and their reports are the data upon which she builds her stories. So, in holding fast to the facts of character, to the complexity of human nature, to the delicately intermingled lights and shades of virtue and sinfulness, George Eliot is a true realist.

And for another reason. Romantic writers like Jules Verne and Rider Haggard search out the exceptional, the strange, often the fantastic; they write tales of adventure, full of novelty and excitement, often arousing morbid curiosity. But George Eliot is quite content to be merely commonplace. Everyday life, everyday joys and sorrows, routine duties, obscure destinies, these are her El Doradoes; and they are not in the fable lands of the East and the West, but there at home in the midland counties of England. She does not wander far afield searching for dramatic heroes; there are scores of subjects around her.

> "There are few prophets in the world," she writes in *Adam Bede*, "few sublimely beautiful women, few heroes. I can't afford to give all my love and reverence to such rarities. I want a great deal of those feelings for my fellowmen."

In another place in *Adam Bede* there is a criticism of the Dutch domestic painters, and in showing her love for these unobtrusive masters she makes a plea for her own work. The passage is well worth quoting.

> "It is for this rare, precious quality of truthfulness that I delight in many Dutch paintings, which lofty-minded people despise. I find a source of delicious sympathy in these faithful pictures of a monotonous homely existence. . . . I turn, without shrinking, from cloud-borne angels, from prophets, sibyls and heroic warriors, to an old woman bending over her flower pot, or eating her solitary dinner, while the noon-day light, softened, perhaps, by a screen of leaves, falls on her mob-cap and just touches the rim of her spinning wheel, and her stone jug and all the cheap common things which are the precious necessaries of life to her. . . . 'Foh,' says my idealistic friend, 'what vulgar details! What good is there in taking all these pains to give an exact likeness of old women and clowns? What a low phase of life! What clumsy, ugly people!' But bless us, things may be lovable that are not altogether handsome, I hope."

The fact is, George Eliot has done in prose what Wordsworth did previously in poetry; she has impressed men with the sense of joy to be found, as Matthew Arnold puts it, in nature and in the simple, primary affections and duties. Both, indeed, have sometimes strayed from their native fields, and, though in no manner to their discredit, they have then failed to reach their highest range. The formal classic odes of Wordsworth are not equal to his simple ballads, and *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda*, strong as they are, are not equal to *Adam Bede*. The real merit of the poet and the novelist is the glorification of humble life.

Her Philosophy of Life: Humanism.

Early in life, as we have seen, George Eliot lost the faith of her childhood. Her mind was opening to maturity just at the beginning of a new philosophy, the philosophy of Rationalism or Positivism, the chief apostles of which were Comte in France, and Mill and Spencer in England. These thinkers place the emphasis upon those facts of life concerning which we have positive knowledge, upon the world made known by the senses, the demonstrable truths; they are agnostic toward the truths of supernatural revelation, and they deny the possibility of miracles and the suspension of natural law. This is a philosophy which sweeps away many of the traditional and essential doctrines of the Christian church.

George Eliot matured in the atmosphere of this philosophy, accepted its fundamental principles, and made them the basis of her point of view. Positivism, or better, humanism, permeates all her books. In her feelings, as already noted, she was deeply religious, but her intellect refused to accept the doctrines of the church as proved or provable. "I have no objections to Christianity but its want of evidence," she wrote. There is, in her intellectual life, no positive belief in God, in immortality, in historical Christianity; but lacking these, she held fast to one thing, the necessity of doing one's duty to the world. Mr. Frederick Myers has reported a dramatic conversation on this subject; it reveals the heroic nobility of George Eliot, working in the darkness of spiritual night.

> "I remember how, at Cambridge, I walked with her once in the Fellows' Garden at Trinity on an evening in rainy May, and as she, stirred somewhat beyond her wont, and taking as her text the three words which have been used so often as the inspiring trumpet call of men, God, Immortality, Duty, pronounced with terrible earnestness how inconceivable was the first, how unbelievable was the second, how peremptory and absolute was the third. Never, perhaps, have sterner accents affirmed the sovereignty of impersonal and recompensing law. I listened, and night fell; her grave majestic countenance turned toward me like a sibyl's in the gloom; it was as though she withdrew from me, one by one, the two scrolls of promise and left me the third scroll only, awful with inevitable fates. And when we stood at length and parted, under that columnar circuit of forest trees, beneath the last twilight of starless skies, I seemed to be gazing, like Titus at Jerusalem, on vacant seats and empty halls, on a sanctuary with no presence to hallow it, and heaven left lonely of a God."

But in truth her religion was only half gone; finding it impossible to worship the God of the Bible, she worshipped God's creation, humanity; for, like the other Positivists, she was also an ardent lover of her fellowmen. They cease to contemplate the ideas of God and Immortality and they act, with, though apart from, the church, to ameliorate the conditions of this present world. The two great commandments of Christ are to love thy God with all thy heart, mind, soul and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself. The first of these, intellectually, George Eliot could not obey; the second she obeyed with unrelenting zeal, and in doing so, hoped to attain an unselfish "subjective immortality," a continued impersonal existence in the minds and hearts of happier future generations. She wrote, in one of her poems:

"Oh! may I join the Choir Invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence,
. . . .
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

Duty, duty to one's neighbor, to future generations, this was the heart of her creed, the first principle of her philosophy of humanism, and her watchword in life. It is to be regretted that she could not attain the clear vision and sublimity of faith in the unseen; that, unlike her Dolly Winthrop, her own Providence must be blind, relentless, immutable Natural Law: but even the strictest of churchmen will hardly judge her, still less condemn; she did what she could. This lack of faith was, indeed, a great disadvantage. "Her scepticism," writes Mr. Richard Holt Hutton, a spiritually-minded critic, "seems one of the greatest of the limitations of her genius." And another writer, feeling with truth the deeply religious nature of her heart, very beautifully says, "For the orthodox Christian she is a priestess without an altar, a prophetess without a shrine."

Style.

In the beginning of her career, as a translator from the German, the style of George Eliot was conspicuous for its accuracy and faithfulness to the original. It was the painstaking work of a scholar, and scholarliness, perhaps, is the first quality of her style.

Scholarship does not, of course, necessarily imply dullness; indeed, in George Eliot's novels, the style often, very often, attains an epigrammatic concreteness and an illuminating brilliancy. However, the impulses of the scholar and the artist are frequently at odds, and frequently, too, an excess of knowledge smothers the imagination. George Eliot's style certainly does suffer from too much erudition; for, in the descriptive and reflective passages, and these are many, her diction is heavy, labored and burdened with ponderous Latin words. Her vocabulary is large and, at times, unconsciously ostentatious. *Romola*, for some readers, is spoiled by too many gratuitous details. "The terrible masses of information," says Leslie Stephen, "have put out the fire." In point of style the work of George Eliot is immoderately analytic; she will resolve a scene or a complex idea into its minute details and illustrations, she will enumerate indefatigably fact after fact and observation after observation, and the result is a failure to express that soul of style, the underlying lyrical mood. One cannot see the woods for the trees.

However, even in these heavy passages, there are lightning flashes of epigram and imagination; there are touches of the artist's hand, touches of real beauty. Dorothea Brooke enters a room, and her coming, writes George Eliot, was like a "sudden and pleasant change in the light." A phrase like that reveals at once the character of the girl, and her kinship with the sainted Teresa. When Arthur Donnithorne, in *Adam Bede*, is brooding over his flirtation with Hetty, the author subtly observes, "No gentleman, out of a ballad, could marry a farmer's niece." There are multitudes of such imaginative flashes half concealed amid prose more or less dull.

But if the passages in the author's own person are often labored, the dramatic passages, where the characters speak for themselves, are spontaneous and vital. The men and women do not utter book-talk, they speak phrases which throb with life and individuality. The sharpness of observation, the homely illustrations, the traits of imagination so noticeable in the uneducated, are all within easy reach of George Eliot's grasp. "There's allays two 'pinions," says Mr. Macey to the tavern group, "there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself." Mrs. Poyser, in *Adam Bede*, is no less aphoristic. "For my part," she says, "I was never fond o' gentlefolk's servants, they're mostly like the fine lady's fat dogs, nayther good for barkin' nor butcher's meat, but on'y for show."

It has been already noted that her zeal for analysis, for heaping up details enumeratively, destroys the lyrical mood which transforms mere writing into art. This, unfortunately, is too often the case. But there are times when the poet's impulse controls her, quiets her sharp wits, and casts into the atmosphere of her imagination the subdued magic of poetry. A beautiful example of this is found at the end of one of the chapters of *Silas Marner*, where she speaks of the redeeming influence of a little child in a shattered life.

> "In old days, there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently toward a calm and bright land,

so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's."

In coming to a final decision concerning her style, after noting here and there some misused words, some popular solecisms, much heavy Latin verbiage, her tendency to sermonize and force the moral, and after noting, too, in her favor, a brilliancy of dialogue, a sparkling of epigram, a well considered accuracy of speech, one must say that the great merit of her books does not lie in the style. It is solid, so solid that at times it obscures the light and the play of color; but it lacks too frequently that essential of great style, a lyrical enthusiasm which kindles the emotions and compels, as by a magic open sesame, the imagination to open its doors to vistas of the beautiful.

II. ANALYSIS OF "SILAS MARNER"*

The analysis of Silas Marner which follows will consider these points: purpose, plot, characters, description, dramatic incident, and didactic interpolations. These are standards which may be applied to very many, if not almost all, works of fiction.

Purpose. George Eliot did not believe, with a certain modern school, that art should exist for art's sake merely. In her view, art was vitally related to life, and particularly to conduct. She wrote therefore with an ethical as well as an artistic purpose and with distinct designs upon the conscience. In *Silas Marner* her artistic purpose was to give a picture of life in a remote English village; her ethical purpose was, in her own phrase, to set "in a strong light the remedial influences of pure, natural, human relations." Silas Marner, after the loss of his gold, is without any interest which could make his life worth the living; but with the coming of Eppie the dormant human affections are awakened in his heart and he becomes once more at peace with God and his fellowmen.

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*Give the book a rapid preliminary reading before proceeding to make a critical study.

The Plot. The story is exceedingly simple. A weaver, falsely accused of theft, is driven from his home and friends in Lantern Yard. The injustice of his fate causes him to revolt in his heart against God and to become a misanthrope. He emigrates to a distant village, lives in a hermit's solitude and centers his efforts upon the hoarding of gold. Then his money is mysteriously taken from him, and, for a time, his life is a blank. One night, in a storm, a waif, a helpless child, comes straying by chance to his door. The lonely man takes her in, cares for her, learns to love her, and this love, taking the place of his former miser's greed, redeems his lost human nature and makes him once more a man.

There is an episode, as is usually the case, connected with the plot and giving breadth and background to the story. The episode concerns the fortunes of Godfrey Cass, the squire's son. He has foolishly married a woman of low station, and, too late, he recognizes the mistake; the marriage, however, has not been made public. His father, and, indeed, he, himself, desire his alliance with a young lady of the village. Godfrey temporizes, hoping that something may turn up to rid him of his wife and the necessity of acknowledging his child. The woman freezes to death in a storm, and Godfrey, cherishing his secret, marries Nancy Lammeter.

The episode, so important that this technical term seems hardly descriptive, is connected deftly with the plot by Dunstan, Godfrey's worthless brother, who steals Marner's money, and by Eppie, who, after years of life and love with Marner, proves to be the unacknowledged child of Godfrey.

The Characters. Plots, after all, are but minor elements in a novel; plot-making is a cheap kind of invention. Shakspere borrowed nearly all of his stories; the plots of Thackeray are mere makeshifts, and those of Dickens are, usually, melodramatic and sensational. Humanity is most interested in itself, and the absorbing interest in a great novel is derived from the human characters. It is in character-drawing that George Eliot excels—some critics, indeed, in this regard, ranking her with Shakspere. The characters in her books, as we have noted, are not photographs or sketches taken in a single pose or moment of time; they are souls developing and transforming amid the tortures of the inquisitorial chamber of experience. It is essential then, in studying these men and women, to note, first of all, their traits—the foibles, the faults, the virtues and vices of each—and further, to observe how their natures unfold, weaken or strengthen under the stress of crises demanding judgment and action. In *Silas Marner* we can divide these persons into three groups: first, the upper circle of village gentlefolk, the Cass family, the Lammeters, the Gunns—the people, that is, who give the social standards; then the group of village gossips and wise-acres, the plain folk who haunt the Rainbow Tavern, Mr. Snell the landlord, Mr. Macey, Mr. Tookey and Mr. Dowlas; and, last of all, and chief of all, Silas Marner, living for the most part by himself, his solitude broken, however, by the coming of Eppie and the religious consolation of Dolly Winthrop. The student should learn to characterize these people in detail, and to contrast their natures, observing the changes wrought between the beginning and the close of the story; he should study, for example, Silas Marner's misanthropy, Nancy Lammeter's prudery, Eppie's sunbeam witchery, Dolly Winthrop's faith in the unseen Providence, and Godfrey's lack of courage when facing the consequences of his own acts.

The Descriptions. In a novel, in addition to character study, there is always more or less description. This corresponds to the scenery and stage-setting of a play. Descriptions are most effective when they reproduce a real atmosphere, full of local color, local traits and individual details. In *Silas Marner* there are faithful pictures of Lantern Yard, Raveloe, the ale-room at the Rainbow, the halls of the Cass House, the Stone-pits and the cottage of Silas Marner. In these the acts of the little drama take place. Local and provincial touches are seen in the village superstitions, the mysterious regard for Marner because of his supposedly unnatural powers over disease, the discussion concerning ghosts, the petty rivalries of the village despots, all of which localize and individualize the place. In holding us close to fact, the author gives a true portraiture of a provincial English county in the days before railroads covered the kingdom with a cobweb of iron.

Dramatic Incidents. A novel, a good novel, must be a narrative of human acts. We all have a temptation to skip long descriptions; but action vitalizes a book and makes the story dramatic. There is in *Silas Marner* a moderate amount of dramatic incident—the accusation and casting of lots in Lantern Yard, the quarrel of the Cass brothers, the dispute at the ale-house, the theft of the money, the New Year party, the coming of Eppie, the renunciation of her father in Marner's cottage, and the return visit to Lantern Yard. No one of these incidents is wildly exciting, it is true; but excitement is not one of the author's ambitions. Her favorite dramatic method in this book is to have a group gathered for some commonplace purpose, and then to make some one, like the messenger in a Greek play, rush in to announce an important bit of news. In this way Silas, discovering his money gone, breaks in upon the ale-house debate; the discovery of the body of Godfrey's wife interrupts the New Year's party at the Red House; and in a similar way is announced the finding of the remains of Dunstan. This method is a striking feature of George Eliot's dramatic construction and its effectiveness should be duly noted.

Didactic Interpolations. George Eliot's weakness is her incessant and over-zealous desire to preach. She was unusually serious and never lost an opportunity to address the conscience or to make observations on the abstract or general principles of human nature. "Her books are crowded with teaching of the most positive character," writes Mr. Cooke in his able study of her work. This unconcealed didacticism is artistically a very great blemish and there are many who wish she had been less of the preacher and more of the artist. Still these interpolations, these unwelcome intrusions, are there, and though they interrupt the story, and dampen the reader's enthusiasm, we cannot by wishing conjure them away. We must take the woman's work as it is and give thanks for the gift. The didactic parts are like doses of medicine, unpleasant, perhaps, but yet they make us better and stronger; they deepen our reflective powers and our insight into human nature. Fortunately, *Silas Marner* is freer than any other of her books from these lapses, and, for this reason, possesses a unique artistic charm. There are, it is true, here and there, some abstract digressions even in *Silas Marner*, but they are never long and wearisome. The student, in passing, may simply note this as a characteristic trait of George Eliot's usual style, and rejoice that in the present instance the tendency is more honored in the breach than in the observance.

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY—LIFE

The Life of George Eliot: by Oscar Browning, in the Great Writers' series. Written by an intimate friend. A good introductory book.

George Eliot: by Mathilde Blind. A more extensive treatment than that by Mr. Browning.

George Eliot's Life: by J. W. Cross. It consists of her own letters, edited and arranged by her husband. This is the standard biography.

George Eliot; a Critical Study of her Life, Writings and Philosophy: by George Willis Cooke. A scholarly and penetrating piece of exposition; a book well worth buying for those who wish a deep appreciation of the thought of George Eliot.

A List of Critical Essays with Transcripts.

Edward Dowden; in Studies in Literature, 1789-1877: The most important personality in her works is her second self. She condemns but does not hate; she has sympathy for all creatures. Her English landscapes are in the manner of Constable, rich with rough, soft color. Facts in her mind group themselves into moral laws. She shows that out of evil must come evil. Her religious creed is the necessity of self-renunciation. For breadth of sympathy, for power of interpreting the rarer and more intense experiences of men, she ranks with Shakspere.

Frederic Harrison; in Early Victorian Literature: She has been called a modern Shakspere. Her philosophy and science mar her artistic gifts. Her success in uniting speculation and art is far from complete. Her works are not spontaneous, not buoyant enough. She was not a born narrator. *Silas Marner* comes nearer a great success than her more elaborate works; there is little science or book learning in it. Her work would have been more enjoyable if she had taken less pains. Though she raised the art of romance to a higher plane, she was more of a thinker than an artist.

Richard Holt Hutton; in Essays on Literary Criticism: Her remarkable feature is the "striking combination of a very deep speculative power with a great deal of realistic imagination." She is the novelist, not of surface manners but of the inward life. *Romola* is her greatest work. "The only flaw I can see in George Eliot's intellect consists in her attempts to conform her mind cheerfully to facts against which she inwardly rebels. . . . George Eliot, with a faith like that of her own Dinah, would, to my mind, be one of the greatest intellectual personages the world has ever seen. Faith would have vitalized her genius."

John Morley; in Miscellanies, Volume III: She is "magnificent but unreadable." She possesses limitless persistency of application. Her unbelief was an intellectual necessity. In one of her own letters she says: "I have too profound a conviction of the efficacy that lies in all sincere faith and the spiritual blight that comes from no-faith, to have any negative propagandism in me." She is a "wise, benignant soul," and her character is most to be appreciated. Her poetry is not interesting, her fiction is lacking in fancy, illusion and enchantment.

Edmond Scherer; in Essays on English Literature: You note in her face timidity and the need of sympathy and affection. In her, there is a dominion of reason over passion, of reflection over spontaneity. Her philosophy is a gently sad one. She divines the interior play of the passions. She lacks the experience of the troubles, excitements and disorders of love. In her own words,—"the highest virtue is that courage which can do without narcotics."

TOPICS FOR THEMES AND DISCUSSIONS

Each of the following topics may be taken as the subject of a short theme to be read and criticised in class; or these topics may all be discussed orally. No references are given, since it is better for the pupil to find for himself the facts and the details. The more important topics are marked with an asterisk.

1. The Personal Appearance of Silas Marner.
2. Marner's Expulsion from Lantern Yard.*
3. A Description of the Village of Raveloe.*
4. The Village Superstitions in *Silas Marner*.
5. Marner's Reputation among the Villagers.
6. The Pleasures and Pains of a Miser.
7. The Development of Marner's Character.*
8. Squire Cass as a Type of the Country Gentleman.
9. A comparison of Squire Cass with Sir Roger de Coverley.*
10. The Relations of Godfrey and Dunstan Cass.
11. The Weakness of Godfrey's Character.*
12. The History of Marner's Moneybags.
13. The Faith of Dolly Winthrop.*
14. Church and Chapel in England.
15. The Courting of Nancy Lammeter.
16. The New Year's Party at the Red House.*
17. The Discussion in the Rainbow.*
18. The History of Molly.
19. Marner's Care for Eppie.*
20. Eppie's Pranks.*
21. The Love of Aaron and Eppie.
22. Eppie's Renunciation of her Father.*
23. The Return to Lantern Yard.
24. George Eliot as a Realist.*
25. Personal Impressions of *Silas Marner*.*

PART I

CHAPTER I

In the days when the spinning-wheels[1] hummed busily in the farm houses—and even great ladies, clothed in silk and thread-lace, had their toy spinning-wheels of polished oak—there might be seen in districts far away among the lanes, or deep in the bosom of the hills, certain pallid undersized men, who, by the side of the brawny country-folk, looked like the remnants of a disinherited race. The shepherd's dog barked fiercely when one of these alien-looking men appeared on the upland, dark against the early winter sunset; for what dog likes a figure bent under a heavy bag?—and these pale men rarely stirred abroad without that mysterious burden. The shepherd himself, though he had good reason to believe that the bag held nothing but flaxen thread, or else the long rolls of strong linen spun from that thread, was not quite sure that this trade of weaving, indispensable though it was, could be carried on entirely without the help of the Evil One. In that far-off time superstition clung easily round every person or thing that was at all unwonted, or even intermittent and occasional merely, like the visits of the pedlar or the knife-grinder. No one knew where wandering men had their homes or their origin; and how was a man to be explained unless you at least knew somebody who knew his father and mother? To the peasants of old times, the world outside their own direct experience was a region of vagueness and mystery: to their untravelled thought a state of wandering was a conception as dim as the winter life of the swallows that came back with the spring; and even a settler, if he came from distant parts, hardly ever ceased to be viewed with a remnant of distrust, which would have prevented any surprise if a long course of inoffensive conduct on his part had ended in the commission of a crime; especially if he had any reputation for knowledge, or showed any skill in handicraft. All cleverness, whether in the rapid use of that difficult instrument the tongue, or in some other art unfamiliar to villagers, was in itself suspicious: honest folk, born and bred in a visible manner, were mostly not over-wise or clever—at least, not beyond such a matter as knowing the signs of the weather; and the process by which rapidity and dexterity of any kind were acquired was so wholly hidden, that they partook of the nature of conjuring. In this way it came to pass that those scattered linen-weavers—emigrants from the town into the country—were to the last regarded as aliens by their rustic neighbours, and usually contracted the eccentric habits which belong to a state of loneliness.

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[1] The time here indicated vaguely was at the opening of the nineteenth century, and before the close of the Napoleonic wars.

In the early years of this century, such a linen-weaver, named Silas Marner, worked at his vocation in a stone cottage that stood among the nutty hedgerows near the village of Raveloe, and not far from the edge of a deserted stone-pit. The questionable sound of Silas's loom, so unlike the natural cheerful trotting of the winnowing machine, or the simpler rhythm of the flail, had a half-fearful fascination for the Raveloe boys, who would often leave off their nutting or birds'-nesting to peep in at the window of the stone cottage, counterbalancing a certain awe at the mysterious action of the loom, by a pleasant sense of scornful superiority, drawn from the mockery of its alternating noises, along with the bent, tread-mill attitude of the weaver. But sometimes it happened that Marner, pausing to adjust an irregularity in his thread, became aware of the small scoundrels, and, though chary of his time, he liked their intrusion so ill that he would descend from his loom, and, opening the door, would fix on them a gaze that was always enough to make them take to their legs in terror. For how was it possible to believe that those large brown protuberant eyes in Silas Marner's pale face really saw nothing very distinctly that was not close to them, and not rather that their dreadful stare could dart cramp, or rickets, or a wry mouth at any boy who happened to be in the rear? They had, perhaps, heard their fathers and mothers hint that Silas Marner could cure folk's rheumatism if he had a mind, and add, still more darkly, that if you could only speak the devil fair enough, he might save you the cost of the doctor. Such strange lingering echoes of the old demon-worship might perhaps even now be caught by the diligent listener among the grey-haired peasantry; for the rude mind with difficulty associates the ideas of power and benignity. A shadowy conception of power that by much persuasion can be induced to refrain from inflicting harm, is the shape most easily taken by the sense of the

Invisible in the minds of men who have always been pressed close by primitive wants, and to whom a life of hard toil has never been illuminated by any enthusiastic religious faith. To them pain and mishap present a far wider range of possibilities than gladness and enjoyment: their imagination is almost barren of the images that feed desire and hope, but is all overgrown by recollections that are a perpetual pasture to fear. "Is there anything you can fancy that you would like to eat?" I once said to an old labouring man, who was in his last illness, and who had refused all the food his wife had offered him. "No," he answered, "I've never been used to nothing but common victual, and I can't eat that." Experience had bred no fancies in him that could raise the phantasm of appetite.

And Raveloe was a village where many of the old echoes lingered, undrowned by new voices. Not that it was one of those barren parishes lying on the outskirts of civilization—inhabited by meagre sheep and thinly-scattered shepherds: on the contrary, it lay in the rich central plain of what we are pleased to call Merry England, and held farms which, speaking from a spiritual point of view, paid highly-desirable tithes.[1] But it was nestled in a snug well-wooded hollow, quite an hour's journey on horseback from any turnpike, where it was never reached by the vibrations of the coach-horn, or of public opinion. It was an important-looking village, with a fine old church and large churchyard in the heart of it, and two or three large brick-and-stone homesteads, with well-walled orchards and ornamental weathercocks, standing close upon the road, and lifting more imposing fronts than the rectory, which peeped from among the trees on the other side of the churchyard:—a village which showed at once the summits of its social life, and told the practised eye that there was no great park and manor-house in the vicinity, but that there were several chiefs in Raveloe who could farm badly quite at their ease, drawing enough money from their bad farming, in those war times, to live in a rollicking fashion, and keep a jolly Christmas, Whitsun,[1] and Easter tide.

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[1] The tenth part of a man's income, demanded by the church.

It was fifteen years since Silas Marner had first come to Raveloe; he was then simply a pallid young man, with prominent short-sighted brown eyes, whose appearance would have had nothing strange for people of average culture and experience, but for the villagers near whom he had come to settle it had mysterious peculiarities which corresponded with the exceptional nature of his occupation, and his advent from an unknown region called "North'ard." So had his way of life:—he invited no comer to step across his door-sill, and he never strolled into the village to drink a pint at the Rainbow, or to gossip at the wheelwright's: he sought no man or woman, save for the purposes of his calling, or in order to supply himself with necessaries; and it was soon clear to the Raveloe lasses that he would never urge one of them to accept him against her will—quite as if he had heard them declare that they would never marry a dead man come to life again. This view of Marner's personality was not without another ground than his pale face and unexampled eyes; for Jem Rodney, the mole-catcher, averred that one evening as he was returning homeward he saw Silas Marner leaning against a stile with a heavy bag on his back, instead of resting the bag on the stile as a man in his senses would have done; and that, on coming up to him, he saw that Marner's eyes were set like a dead man's, and he spoke to him, and shook him, and his limbs were stiff, and his hands clutch'd the bag as if they'd been made of iron; but just as he made up his mind that the weaver was dead, he came all right again, like, as you might say, in the winking of an eye, and said "Good night," and walked off. All this Jem swore he had seen, more by token that it was the very day he had been mole-catching on Squire Cass's land, down by the old saw-pit. Some said Marner must have been in a "fit," a word which seemed to explain things otherwise incredible; but the argumentative Mr. Macey, clerk of the parish, shook his head, and asked if anybody was ever known to go off in a fit and not fall down. A fit was a stroke, wasn't it? and it was in the nature of a stroke to partly take away the use of a man's limbs and throw him on the parish, if he'd got no children to look to. No, no; it was no stroke that would let a man stand on his legs, like a horse between the shafts, and then walk off as soon as you can say "Gee!" But there might be such a thing as a man's soul being loose from his body, and going out and in, like a bird out of its nest and back; and that was how folks got over-wise, for they went to school in this shell-less state to those who could teach them more than their neighbours could learn with their five senses and the parson. And where did Master Marner get his knowledge of herbs from—and charms too, if he liked to give them away? Jem Rodney's story was no more than what might have been expected by anybody who had seen how Marner had cured Sally Oates, and made her sleep like a baby, when her heart had been beating enough to burst her body, for two months and more, while she had been under the doctor's care. He might cure more folks if he would; but he was worth speaking fair, if it was only to keep him from doing you a mischief.

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[1] The seventh Sunday after Easter.

It was partly to this vague fear that Marner was indebted for protecting him from the persecution that his singularities might have drawn upon him, but still more to the fact that, the old linen-weaver in the neighbouring parish of Tarley being dead, his handicraft made him a highly welcome settler to the richer housewives of the district, and even to the more provident cottagers, who had their little stock of yarn at the year's end. Their sense of his usefulness would have counteracted any repugnance or suspicion which was not confirmed by a deficiency in the quality or the tale[1] of the cloth he wove for them. And the years had rolled on without producing any change in the impressions of the neighbours concerning Marner, except the change from novelty to habit. At the end of fifteen years the Raveloe men said just the same things about Silas Marner as at the beginning: they did not say them quite so often, but they believed them much more strongly when they did say them. There was only one important addition which the years had brought: it was that Master Marner had laid by a fine sight of money somewhere, and that he could buy up "bigger men" than himself.

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[1] The measurement; "tale" is akin to "tally," to keep account.

But while opinion concerning him had remained nearly stationary, and his daily habits had presented scarcely any visible change, Marner's inward life had been a history and a metamorphosis, as that of every fervid nature must be when it has fled, or been condemned to solitude. His life, before he came to Raveloe, had been filled with the movement, the mental activity, and the close fellowship, which, in that day as in this, marked the life of an artisan early incorporated in a narrow religious sect, where the poorest layman has the chance of distinguishing himself by gifts of speech, and has, at the very least, the weight of a silent voter in the government of his community. Marner was highly thought of in that little hidden world, known to itself as the church assembling in Lantern Yard; he was believed to be a young man of exemplary life and ardent faith; and a peculiar interest had been centred in him ever since he had fallen, at a prayer-meeting, into a mysterious rigidity and suspension of consciousness,[1] which, lasting for an hour or more, had been mistaken for death. To have sought a medical explanation for this phenomenon would have been held by Silas himself, as well as by his minister and fellow-members, a wilful self-exclusion from the spiritual significance that might lie therein. Silas was evidently a brother selected for a peculiar discipline; and though the effort to interpret this discipline was discouraged by the absence, on his part, of any spiritual vision during his outward trance, yet it was believed by himself and others that its effect was seen in an accession of light and fervour. A less truthful man than he might have been tempted into the subsequent creation of a vision in the form of resurgent memory; a less sane man might have believed in such a creation; but Silas was both sane and honest, though, as with many honest and fervent men, culture had not defined any channels for his sense of mystery, and so it spread itself over the proper pathway of inquiry and knowledge. He had inherited from his mother some acquaintance with medicinal herbs and their preparation—a little store of wisdom which she had imparted to him as a solemn bequest—but of late years he had had doubts about the lawfulness of applying this knowledge, believing that herbs could have no efficacy without prayer, and that prayer might suffice without herbs; so that his inherited delight to wander through the fields in search of foxglove and dandelion and coltsfoot, began to wear to him the character of a temptation.

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[1] A cataleptic state, believed by the superstitious to be due to supernatural influence, and to contain mysterious revelations by unseen powers. Compare the visions of Joan of Arc.

Among the members of his church there was one young man, a little older than himself, with whom he had long lived in such close friendship that it was the custom of their Lantern Yard brethren to call them David and Jonathan. The real name of the friend was William Dane, and he, too, was regarded as a shining instance of youthful piety, though somewhat given to over-severity towards weaker brethren, and to be so dazzled by his own light as to hold himself wiser than his teachers. But whatever blemishes others might discern in William, to his friend's mind he was faultless; for Marner had one of those impressible self-doubting natures which, at an inexperienced age, admire imperativeness and lean on contradiction. The expression of trusting simplicity in Marner's face, heightened by that absence of special observation, that defenceless, deer-like gaze which belongs to large prominent eyes, was strongly contrasted by the self-complacent suppression of inward triumph that lurked in the narrow slanting eyes and compressed lips of William Dane. One of the most frequent topics of conversation between the two friends was Assurance of salvation: Silas confessed that he could never arrive at anything higher than hope mingled with fear, and listened with longing wonder when William declared that he had possessed unshaken assurance ever since, in the period of his conversion, he had dreamed that he saw the words ''calling and election sure'' standing by themselves on a white page in the open Bible. Such colloquies have occupied many a pair of pale-faced weavers, whose unnurtured souls have been like young winged things, fluttering forsaken in the twilight.

It had seemed to the unsuspecting Silas that the friendship had suffered no chill even from his formation of another attachment of a closer kind. For some months he had been engaged to a young servant-woman, waiting only for a little increase in their mutual savings in order to their marriage; and it was a great delight to him that Sarah did not object to William's occasional presence in their Sunday interviews. It was at this point in their history that Silas's cataleptic fit occurred during the prayer meeting; and amidst the various queries and expressions of interest addressed to him by his fellow-members, William's suggestion alone jarred with the general sympathy towards a brother thus singled out for special dealings. He observed that, to him, this trance looked more like a visitation of Satan than a proof of divine favour, and exhorted his friend to see that he hid no accursed thing within his soul. Silas, feeling bound to accept rebuke and admonition as a brotherly office, felt no resentment, but only pain, at his friend's doubts concerning him; and to this was soon added some anxiety at the perception that Sarah's manner towards him began to exhibit a strange fluctuation between an effort at an increased manifestation of regard and involuntary signs of shrinking and dislike. He asked her if she wished to break off their engagement; but she denied this: their engagement was known to the church, and had been recognized in the prayer meetings; it could not be broken off without strict investigation, and Sarah could render no reason that would be sanctioned by the feeling of the community. At this time the senior deacon was taken dangerously ill, and, being a childless widower, he was tended night and day by some of the younger brethren or sisters. Silas frequently took his turn in the night-watching with William, the one relieving the other at two in the morning. The old man, contrary to expectation, seemed to be on the way to recovery, when one night Silas, sitting up by his bedside, observed that his usual audible breathing had ceased. The candle was burning low, and he had to lift it to see the patient's face distinctly. Examination convinced him that the deacon was dead—had been dead some time, for the limbs were rigid. Silas asked himself if he had been asleep, and looked at the clock: it was already four in the morning. How was it that William had not come? In much anxiety he went to seek for help, and soon there were several friends assembled in the house, the minister among them, while Silas went away to his work, wishing he could have met William to know the reason of his non-appearance. But at six o'clock, as he was thinking of going to seek his friend, William came, and with him the minister. They came to summon him to Lantern Yard, to meet the church members there; and to his inquiry concerning the cause of the summons the only reply was, "You will hear." Nothing further was said until Silas was seated in the vestry, in front of the minister, with the eyes of those who to him represented God's people fixed solemnly upon him. Then the minister, taking out a pocket-knife, showed it to Silas, and asked him if he knew where he had left that knife? Silas said, he did not know that he had left it anywhere out of his own pocket—but he was trembling at this strange interrogation. He was then exhorted not to hide his sin, but to confess and repent. The knife had been found in the bureau by the departed deacon's bedside—found in the place where the little bag of church money had lain, which the minister himself had seen the day before. Some hand had removed that bag; and whose hand could it be, if not that of the man to whom the knife belonged? For some time Silas was mute with astonishment: then he said, "God will clear me: I know nothing about the knife being there, or the money being gone. Search me and my dwelling; you will find nothing but three pound five of my own savings, which William Dane knows I have had these six months." At this William groaned, but the minister said, "The proof is heavy against you, brother Marner. The money was taken in the night last past, and no man was with our departed brother but you, for William Dane declares to us that he was hindered by sudden sickness from going to take his place as usual, and you yourself said that he had not come; and, moreover, you neglected the dead body."

"I must have slept," said Silas. Then after a pause, he added, "Or I must have had another visitation like that which you have all seen me under, so that the thief must have come and gone while I was not in the body, but out of the body. But, I say again, search me and my dwelling, for I have been nowhere else."

The search was made, and it ended—in William Dane's finding the well-known bag, empty, tucked behind the chest of drawers in Silas's chamber! On this William exhorted his friend to confess, and not to hide his sin any longer. Silas turned a look of keen reproach on him, and said, "William, for nine years that we have gone in and out together, have you ever known me tell a lie? But God will clear me."

"Brother," said William, "how do I know what you may have done in the secret chambers of your heart, to give Satan an advantage over you?"

Silas was still looking at his friend. Suddenly a deep flush came over his face, and he was about to speak impetuously, when he seemed checked again by some inward shock, that sent the flush back and made him tremble. But at last he spoke feebly, looking at William.

"I remember now—the knife wasn't in my pocket."

William said, "I know nothing of what you mean." The other persons present, however, began to inquire where Silas meant to say that the knife was, but he would give no further explanation: he only said, "I am sore stricken; I can say nothing. God will clear me."

On their return to the vestry there was further deliberation. Any resort to legal measures for ascertaining the culprit was contrary to the principles of the church in Lantern Yard, according to which prosecution was forbidden to Christians, even had the case held less scandal to the community. But the members were bound to take other measures for finding out the truth, and they resolved on praying and drawing lots.[1] This resolution can be a ground of surprise only to those who are unacquainted with that obscure religious life which has gone on in the alleys of our towns. Silas knelt with his brethren, relying on his own innocence being certified by immediate divine interference, but feeling that there was sorrow and mourning behind for him even then—that his trust in man had been cruelly bruised. *The lots declared that Silas Marner was guilty.* He was solemnly suspended from church-membership, and called upon to render up the stolen money: only on confession, as the sign of repentance, could he be received once more within the folds of the church. Marner listened in silence. At last, when every one rose to depart, he went towards William Dane and said, in a voice shaken by agitation—

"The last time I remember using my knife, was when I took it out to cut a strap for you. I don't remember putting it in my pocket again. *You* stole the money, and you have woven a plot to lay the sin at my door. But you may prosper, for all that: there is no just God that governs the earth righteously, but a God of lies, that bears witness against the innocent."

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[1] The religious sect to which Marner belonged followed, as far as possible, the customs of Biblical times. This method of discovering a sinner recalls the incident of Jonah.

There was a general shudder at this blasphemy.

William said meekly, "I leave our brethren to judge whether this is the voice of Satan or not. I can do nothing but pray for you, Silas."

Poor Marner went out with that despair in his soul—that shaken trust in God and man, which is little short of madness to a loving nature. In the bitterness of his wounded spirit, he said to himself, "*She* will cast me off too." And he reflected that, if she did not believe the testimony against him, her whole faith must be upset as his was. To people accustomed to reason about the forms in which their religious feeling has incorporated itself, it is difficult to enter into that simple, untaught state of mind in which the form and the feeling have never been severed by an act of reflection. We are apt to think it inevitable that a man in Marner's position should have begun to question the validity of an appeal to the divine judgment by drawing lots; but to him this would have been an effort of independent thought such as he had never known; and he must have made the effort at a moment when all his energies were turned into the anguish of disappointed faith. If there is an angel who records the sorrows of men[1] as well as their sins, he knows how many and deep are the sorrows that spring from false ideas for which no man is culpable.

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[1] A passage significant of George Eliot's attitude toward a sinner. Sin in her view, and in the modern scientist's view, is largely the result of circumstances over which the individual will has no control. Dante believed sin to be the perversion of the will, and the sinner to be inexcusable.

Marner went home, and for a whole day sat alone, stunned by despair, without any impulse to go to Sarah and attempt to win her belief in his innocence. The second day he took refuge from benumbing unbelief, by getting into his loom and working away as usual; and before many hours were past, the minister and one of the deacons came to him with the message from Sarah, that she held her engagement to him at an end. Silas received the message mutely, and then turned away from the messengers to work at his loom again. In little more than a month from that time, Sarah was married to William Dane; and not long afterwards it was known to the brethren in Lantern Yard that Silas Marner had departed from the town.

CHAPTER II

Even people whose lives have been made various by learning, sometimes find it hard to keep a fast hold on their habitual views of life, on their faith in the Invisible, nay, on the sense that their past joys and sorrows are a real experience, when they are suddenly transported to a new land, where the beings around them know nothing of their history, and share none of their ideas—where their mother earth shows another lap, and human life has other forms than those on which their souls have been nourished. Minds that have been unhinged from their old faith and love, have perhaps sought this Lethean influence of exile, in which the past becomes dreamy because its symbols have all vanished, and the present too is dreamy because it is linked with no memories. But even *their* experience may hardly enable them thoroughly to imagine what was the effect on a simple weaver like Silas Marner, when he left his own country and people and came to settle in Raveloe. Nothing could be more unlike his native town, set within sight of the widespread hillsides, than this low, wooded region, where he felt hidden even from the heavens by the screening trees and hedgerows. There was nothing here, when he rose in the deep morning quiet and looked out on the dewy brambles and rank tufted grass, that seemed to have any relation with that life centring in Lantern Yard, which had once been to him the altar-place of high dispensations. The whitewashed walls;[1] the little pews where well-known figures entered with a subdued rustling, and where first one well-known voice and then another, pitched in a peculiar key of petition, uttered phrases at once occult and familiar, like the amulet worn on the heart; the pulpit where the minister delivered unquestioned doctrine, and swayed to and fro, and handled the book in a long-accustomed manner; the very pauses between the couplets of the hymn, as it was given out, and the recurrent swell of voices in song: these things had been the channel of divine influences to Marner—they were the fostering home of his religious emotions—they were Christianity and God's kingdom upon earth. A weaver who finds hard words in his hymn-book knows nothing of abstractions; as the little child knows nothing of parental love, but only knows one face and one lap towards which it stretches its arms for refuge and nurture.

And what could be more unlike that Lantern Yard world than the world in Raveloe?—orchards looking lazy with neglected plenty; the large church in the wide church-yard, which men gazed at lounging at their own doors in service-time; the purple-faced farmers jogging along the lanes or turning in at the Rainbow; homesteads, where men supped heavily and slept in the light of the evening hearth, and where women seemed to be laying up a stock of linen for the life to come. There were no lips in Raveloe from which a word could fall that would stir Silas Marner's benumbed faith to a sense of pain. In the early ages of the world, we know, it was believed that each territory was inhabited and ruled by its own divinities, so that a man could cross the bordering heights and be out of the reach of his native gods, whose presence was confined to the streams and the groves and the hills among which he had lived from his birth. And poor Silas was vaguely conscious of something not unlike the feeling of primitive men, when they fled thus, in fear or in sullenness, from the face of an unpropitious deity. It seemed to him that the Power he had vainly trusted in among the streets and at the prayer-meetings, was very far away from this land in which he had taken refuge, where men lived in careless abundance, knowing and needing nothing of that trust, which, for him, had been turned to bitterness. The little light he possessed spread its beams so narrowly, that frustrated belief was a curtain broad enough to create for him the blackness of night.

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[1] Note this description of the Dissenting chapel and its informal service.

His first movement after the shock had been to work in his loom; and he went on with this unremittingly, never asking himself why, now he was come to Raveloe, he worked far into the night to finish the tale of Mrs. Osgood's table-linen sooner than she expected—without contemplating beforehand the money she would put into his hand for the work. He seemed to weave, like the spider, from pure impulse, without reflection. Every man's work, pursued steadily, tends in this way to become an end in itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life. Silas's hand satisfied itself with throwing the shuttle, and his eye with seeing the little squares in the cloth complete themselves under his effort. Then there were the calls of hunger; and Silas, in his solitude, had to provide his own breakfast, dinner, and supper, to fetch his own water from the well, and put his own kettle on the fire; and all these immediate promptings helped, along with the weaving, to reduce his life to the unquestioning activity of a spinning insect. He hated the thought of the past; there was nothing that called out his love and fellowship toward the strangers he had come amongst; and the future was all dark, for there was no Unseen Love that cared for him. Thought was arrested by utter bewilderment, now its old narrow pathway was closed, and affection seemed to have died under the bruise that had fallen on its keenest nerves.

But at last Mrs. Osgood's table-linen was finished, and Silas was paid in gold. His earnings in his native town, where he worked for a wholesale dealer, had been after a lower rate; he had been paid weekly, and of his weekly earnings a large proportion had gone to objects of piety and charity. Now, for the first time in his life, he had five bright guineas put into his hand; no man expected a share of them, and he loved no man that he should offer him a share. But what were the guineas to him who saw no vista beyond countless days of weaving? It was needless for him to ask that, for it was pleasant to him to feel them in his palm, and to look at their bright faces, which were all his own: it was another element of life, like the weaving and the satisfaction of hunger, subsisting quite aloof from the life of belief and love from which he had been cut off. The weaver's hand had known the touch of hard-won money even before the palm had grown to its full breadth; for twenty years, mysterious money had stood to him as the symbol of earthly good, and the immediate object of toil. He had seemed to love it little in the years when every penny had its purpose for him; for he loved the *purpose* then. But now, when all purpose was gone, that habit of looking towards the money and grasping it with a sense of fulfilled effort made a loam that was deep enough for the seeds of desire; and as Silas walked homeward across the fields in the twilight, he drew out the money and thought it was brighter in the gathering gloom.

About this time an incident happened which seemed to open a possibility of some fellowship with his neighbours. One day, taking a pair of shoes to be mended, he saw the cobbler's wife seated by the fire, suffering from the terrible symptoms of heart-disease and dropsy, which he had witnessed as the precursors of his mother's death. He felt a rush of pity at the mingled sight and remembrance, and, recalling the relief his mother had found from a simple preparation of foxglove, he promised Sally Oates to bring her something that would ease her, since the doctor did her no good. In this office of charity, Silas felt, for the first time since he had come to Raveloe, a sense of unity between his past and present life, which might have been the beginning of his rescue from the insect-like existence into which his nature had shrunk. But Sally Oates's disease had raised her into a personage of much interest and importance among the neighbours, and the fact of her having found relief from drinking Silas Marner's "stuff" became a matter of general discourse. When Doctor Kimble gave physic, it was natural that it should have an effect; but when a weaver, who came from nobody knew where, worked wonders with a bottle of brown waters, the occult character of the process was evident. Such a sort of thing had not been known since the Wise Woman at Tarley died; and she had charms as well as "stuff:" everybody went to her when their children had fits. Silas Marner must be a person of the same sort, for how did he know what would bring back Sally Oates's breath, if he didn't know a fine sight more than that? The Wise Woman had words that she muttered to herself, so that you couldn't hear what they were, and if she tied a bit of red thread round the child's toe the while, it would keep off the water in the head. There were women in Raveloe, at that present time, who had worn one of the Wise Woman's little bags round their necks, and, in consequence, had never had an idiot child, as Ann Coulter had. Silas Marner could very likely do as much, and more; and now it was all clear how he should have come from unknown parts, and be so "comical-looking." But Sally Oates must mind and not tell the doctor, for he would be sure to set his face against Marner: he was always angry about the Wise Woman, and used to threaten those who went to her that they should have none of his help any more.

Silas now found himself and his cottage suddenly beset by mothers who wanted him to charm away the hooping-cough, or bring back the milk, and by men who wanted stuff against the rheumatics or the knots in the hands; and, to secure themselves against a refusal, the applicants brought silver in their palms. Silas might have driven a profitable trade in charms as well as in his small list of drugs; but money on this condition was no temptation to him: he had never known an impulse towards falsity, and he drove one after another away with growing irritation, for the news of him as a wise man had spread even to Tarley, and it was long before people ceased to take long walks for the sake of asking his aid. But the hope in his wisdom was at length changed into dread, for no one believed him when he said he knew no charms and could work no cures, and every man and woman who had an accident or a new attack after applying to him, set the misfortune down to Master Marner's ill-will and irritated glances. Thus it came to pass that his movement of pity towards Sally Oates, which had given him a transient sense of brotherhood, heightened the repulsion between him and his neighbours, and made his isolation more complete.

Gradually the guineas, the crowns, and the half-crowns, grew to a heap, and Marner drew less and less for his own wants, trying to solve the problem of keeping himself strong enough to work sixteen hours a day on as small an outlay as possible. Have not men, shut up in solitary imprisonment, found an interest in marking the moments by straight strokes of a certain length on the wall, until the growth of the sum of straight strokes, arranged, in triangles, has become a mastering purpose? Do we not wile away moments of inanity or fatigued waiting by repeating some trivial movement or sound, until the repetition has bred a want, which is incipient habit? That will help us to understand how the love of accumulating money grows an absorbing passion in men whose imaginations, even in the very beginning of their hoard, showed them no purpose beyond it. Marner wanted the heaps of ten to grow into a square, and then into a larger square; and every added guinea, while it was itself a satisfaction, bred a new desire. In this strange world, made a hopeless riddle to him, he might, if he had had a less intense nature, have sat weaving, weaving—looking towards the end of his pattern, or towards the end of his web, till he forgot the riddle, and everything else but his immediate sensations; but the money had come to mark off his weaving into periods, and the money not only grew, but it remained with him. He began to think it was conscious of him, as his loom was, and he would on no account have exchanged those coins, which had become his familiars, for other coins with unknown faces. He handled them, he counted them, till their form and colour were like the satisfaction of a thirst to him; but it was only in the night, when his work was done, that he drew them out to enjoy their companionship. He had taken up some bricks in his floor underneath his loom, and here he had made a hole in which he set the iron pot that contained his guineas and silver coins, covering the bricks with sand whenever he replaced them. Not that the idea of being robbed presented itself often or strongly to his mind: hoarding was common in country districts in those days; there were old labourers in the parish of Raveloe who were known to have their savings by them, probably inside their flock-beds;[1] but their rustic neighbours, though not all of them as honest as their ancestors in the days of King Alfred, had not imaginations bold enough to lay a plan of burglary. How could they have spent the money in their own village without betraying themselves? They would be obliged to "run away"—a course as dark and dubious as a balloon journey.

So, year after year, Silas Marner had lived in this solitude, his guineas rising in the iron pot, and his life narrowing and hardening itself more and more into a mere pulsation of desire and satisfaction that had no relation to any other being. His life had reduced itself to the functions of weaving and hoarding, without any contemplation of an end towards which the functions tended. The same sort of process has perhaps been undergone by wiser men, when they have been cut off from faith and love—only, instead of a loom and a heap of guineas, they have had some erudite research, some ingenious project, or some well-knit theory. Strangely Marner's face and figure shrank and bent themselves into a constant mechanical relation to the objects of his life, so that he produced the same sort of impression as a handle or a crooked tube, which has no meaning standing apart. The prominent eyes that used to look trusting and dreamy, now looked as if they had been made to see only one kind of thing that was very small, like tiny grain, for which they hunted everywhere: and he was so withered and yellow, that, though he was not yet forty, the children always called him "Old Master Marner."

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[1] Rough mattresses stuffed with wool.

Yet even in this stage of withering a little incident happened, which showed that the sap of affection was not all gone. It was one of his daily tasks to fetch his water from a well a couple of fields off, and for this purpose, ever since he came to Raveloe, he had had a brown earthenware pot, which he held as his most precious utensil among the very few conveniences he had granted himself. It had been his companion for twelve years, always standing on the same spot, always lending its handle to him in the early morning, so that its form had an expression for him of willing helpfulness, and the impress of its handle on his palm gave a satisfaction mingled with that of having the fresh clear water. One day as he was returning from the well, he stumbled against the step of the stile, and his brown pot, falling with force against the stones that overarched the ditch below him, was broken in three pieces. Silas picked up the pieces and carried them home with grief in his heart. The brown pot could never be of use to him any more, but he stuck the bits together and propped the ruin in its old place for a memorial.

This is the history of Silas Marner, until the fifteenth year after he came to Raveloe.[1] The livelong day he sat in his loom, his ear filled with its monotony, his eyes bent close down on the slow growth of sameness in the brownish web, his muscles moving with such even repetition that their pause seemed almost as much a constraint as the holding of his breath. But at night came his revelry: at night he closed his shutters, and made fast his doors, and drew forth his gold. Long ago the heap of coins had become too large for the iron pot to hold them, and he had made for them two thick leather bags, which wasted no room in their resting-place, but lent themselves flexibly to every corner. How the guineas shone as they came pouring out of the dark leather mouths! The silver bore no large proportion in amount to the gold, because the long pieces of linen which formed his chief work were always partly paid for in gold, and out of the silver he supplied his own bodily wants, choosing always the shillings and sixpences to spend in this way. He loved the guineas best, but he would not change the silver—the crowns and half-crowns that were his own earnings, begotten by his labour; he loved them all. He spread them out in heaps and bathed his hands in them; then he counted them and set them up in regular piles, and felt their rounded outline between his thumb and fingers, and thought fondly of the guineas that were only half earned by the work in his loom, as if they had been unborn children—thought of the guineas that were coming slowly through the coming years, through all his life, which spread far away before him, the end quite hidden by countless days of weaving. No wonder his thoughts were still with his loom and his money when he made his journeys through the fields and the lanes to fetch and carry home his work, so that his steps never wandered to the hedge-banks and the lane-side in search of the once familiar herbs: these too belonged to the past, from which his life had shrunk away, like a rivulet that has sunk far down from the grassy fringe of its old breadth into a little shivering thread, that cuts a groove for itself in the barren sand.

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[1] The author began at the mid-point in the man's life, then returned to give his earlier history. This is the artistic principle of plunging *in medias res;* it is used, for example, in Tennyson's *Idylls of the King.* It has the advantage over straight-away narrative in that it introduces the reader at the start to the germinal incident of the drama.

But about the Christmas of that fifteenth year, a second great change came over Marner's life, and his history became blent in a singular manner with the life of his neighbours.

CHAPTER III

THE greatest man in Raveloe was Squire Cass, who lived in the large red house with the handsome flight of stone steps in front and the high stables behind it, nearly opposite the church. He was only one among several landed parishioners, but he alone was honoured with the title of Squire; for though Mr. Osgood's family was also understood to be of timeless origin—the Raveloe imagination having never ventured back to that fearful blank when there were no Osgoods—still, he merely owned the farm he occupied; whereas Squire Cass had a tenant or two, who complained of the game to him quite as if he had been a lord.

It was still that glorious war-time[1] which was felt to be a peculiar favour of Providence towards the landed interest, and the fall of prices had not yet come to carry the race of small squires and yeomen[2] down that road to ruin for which extravagant habits and bad husbandry were plentifully anointing their wheels. I am speaking now in relation to Raveloe and the parishes that resembled it; for our old-fashioned country life had many different aspects, as all life must have when it is spread over a various surface, and breathed on variously by multitudinous currents, from the winds of heaven to the thoughts of men, which are forever moving and crossing each other with incalculable results. Raveloe lay low among the bushy trees and the rutted lanes, aloof from the currents of industrial energy and Puritan earnestness: the rich ate and drank freely, accepting gout and apoplexy as things that ran mysteriously in respectable families, and the poor thought that the rich were entirely in the right of it to lead a jolly life; besides, their feasting caused a multiplication of orts,[1] which were the heirlooms of the poor. Betty Jay scented the boiling of Squire Cass's hams, but her longing was arrested by the unctuous liquor in which they were boiled; and when the seasons brought round the great merry-makings, they were regarded on all hands as a fine thing for the poor. For the Raveloe feasts were like the rounds of beef and the barrels of ale—they were on a large scale, and lasted a good while, especially in the winter-time. After ladies had packed up their best gowns and top-knots in bandboxes, and had incurred the risk of fording streams on pillions with the precious burden in rainy or snowy weather, when there was no knowing how high the water would rise, it was not to be supposed that they looked forward to a brief pleasure. On this ground it was always contrived in the dark seasons, when there was little work to be done, and the hours were long, that several neighbours should keep open house in succession. So soon as Squire Cass's standing dishes diminished in plenty and freshness, his guests had nothing to do but to walk a little higher up the village to Mr. Osgood's, at the Orchards, and they found hams and chines[1] uncut, pork-pies with the scent of the fire in them, spun butter in all its freshness—everything, in fact, that appetites at leisure could desire, in perhaps greater perfection, though not in greater abundance, than at Squire Cass's.

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[1] The Napoleonic wars, in which England played a leading part, occasioned a rise in the prices of agricultural and manufactured products. There was a temporary and delusive prosperity; for a time, rents were high and the incomes of landowners were thereby increased.

[2] Squire, a landed country gentleman, often a magistrate. Yeoman, an independent farmer, who, though not of gentle blood, owns his own land.

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[1] Remnants of the food of the rich given to the poor. "Cold pieces" for beggars.

For the Squire's wife had died long ago, and the Red House was without that presence of the wife and mother which is the fountain of wholesome love and fear in parlour and kitchen; and this helped to account not only for there being more profusion than finished excellence in the holiday provisions, but also for the frequency with which the proud Squire condescended to preside in the parlour of the Rainbow rather than under the shadow of his own dark wainscot; perhaps, also, for the fact that his sons had turned out rather ill. Raveloe was not a place where moral censure was severe, but it was thought a weakness in the Squire that he had kept all his sons at home in idleness; and though some licence was to be allowed to young men whose fathers could afford it, people shook their heads at the courses of the second son, Dunstan, commonly called Dunsey Cass, whose taste for swopping and betting might turn out to be a sowing of something worse than wild oats. To be sure, the neighbours said, it was no matter what became of Dunsey — a spiteful jeering fellow, who seemed to enjoy his drink the more when other people went dry—

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[1] A bit of the backbone of an animal cut for cooking.

always provided that his doings did not bring trouble on a family like Squire Cass's, with a monument in the church, and tankards older than King George. But it would be a thousand pities if Mr. Godfrey, the eldest, a fine open-faced good-natured young man who was to come into the land some day, should take to going along the same road with his brother, as he had seemed to do of late. If he went on in that way, he would lose Miss Nancy Lammeter; for it was well known that she had looked very shyly on him ever since last Whitsuntide twelvemonth, when there was so much talk about his being away from home days and days together. There was something wrong, more than common — that was quite clear; for Mr. Godfrey didn't look half so fresh-coloured and open as he used to do. At one time everybody was saying, What a handsome couple he and Miss Nancy Lammeter would make! and if she could come to be mistress at the Red House, there would be a fine change, for the Lammeters had been brought up in that way, that they never suffered a pinch of salt to be wasted, and yet everybody in their household had of the best, according to his place. Such a daughter-in-law would be a saving to the old Squire, if she never brought a penny to her fortune; for it was to be feared that, notwithstanding his incomings, there were more holes in his pocket than the one where he put his own hand in. But if Mr. Godfrey didn't turn over a new leaf, he might say "Good-bye" to Miss Nancy Lammeter.

It was the once hopeful Godfrey who was standing, with his hands in his side-pockets and his back to the fire, in the dark wainscoted parlour, one late November afternoon in that fifteenth year of Silas Marner's life at

Raveloe. The fading grey light fell dimly on the walls decorated with guns, whips, and foxes' brushes, on coats and hats flung on the chairs, on tankards sending forth a scent of flat ale, and on a half-choked fire, with pipes propped up in the chimney-corners: signs of a domestic life destitute of any hallowing charm, with which the look of gloomy vexation on Godfrey's blond face was in sad accordance. He seemed to be waiting and listening for some one's approach, and presently the sound of a heavy step, with an accompanying whistle, was heard across the large empty entrance-hall.

The door opened, and a thick-set, heavy-looking young man entered, with the flushed face and the gratuitously elated bearing which mark the first stage of intoxication. It was Dunsey, and at the sight of him Godfrey's face parted with some of its gloom to take on the more active expression of hatred. The handsome brown spaniel that lay on the hearth retreated under the chair in the chimney-corner.

"Well, Master Godfrey, what do you want with me?" said Dunsey, in a mocking tone. "You're my elders and betters, you know; I was obliged to come when you sent for me."

"Why, this is what I want—and just shake yourself sober and listen, will you?" said Godfrey, savagely. He had himself been drinking more than was good for him, trying to turn his gloom into uncalculating anger. "I want to tell you, I must hand over that rent of Fowler's to the Squire, or else tell him I gave it you; for he's threatening to distrain for it, and it'll all be out soon, whether I tell him or not. He said, just now, before he went out, he should send word to Cox to distrain, if

Fowler didn't come and pay up his arrears this week. The Squire's short o' cash, and in no humour to stand any nonsense; and you know what he threatened, if ever he found you making away with his money again. So, see and get the money, and pretty quickly, will you?"

"Oh!" said Dunsey, sneeringly, coming nearer to his brother and looking in his face. "Suppose, now, you get the money yourself, and save me the trouble, eh? Since you was so kind as to hand it over to me, you'll not refuse me the kindness to pay it back for me: it was your brotherly love made you do it, you know."

Godfrey bit his lips and clenched his fist. "Don't come near me with that look, else I'll knock you down."

"Oh no, you won't," said Dunsey, turning away on his heel, however. "Because I'm such a good-natured brother, you know. I might get you turned out of house and home, and cut off with a shilling any day. I might tell the Squire how his handsome son was married to that nice young woman, Molly Farren, and was very unhappy because he couldn't live with his drunken wife, and I should slip into your place as comfortable as could be. But you see, I don't do it—I'm so easy and good-natured. You'll take any trouble for me. You'll get the hundred pounds for me—I know you will."

"How can I get the money?" said Godfrey, quivering. "I haven't a shilling to bless myself with. And it's a lie that you'd slip into my place: you'd get yourself turned out too, that's all. For if you begin telling tales, I'll follow. Bob's my father's favourite — you know that very well. He'd only think himself well rid of you."

"Never mind," said Dunsey, nodding his head sideways as he looked out of the window. "It 'ud be very pleasant to me to go in your company—you're such a handsome brother, and we've always been so fond of quarrelling with one another, I shouldn't know what to do without you. But you'd like better for us both to stay at home together; I know you would. So you'll manage to get that little sum o' money, and I'll bid you good-bye, though I'm sorry to part."

Dunstan was moving off, but Godfrey rushed after him and seized him by the arm, saying, with an oath—

"I tell you, I have no money: I can get no money."

"Borrow of old Kimble."

"I tell you, he won't lend me any more, and I shan't ask him."

"Well, then, sell Wildfire."

"Yes, that's easy talking. I must have the money directly."

"Well, you've only got to ride him to the hunt to-morrow. There'll be Bryce and Keating there, for sure. You'll get more bids than one."

"I daresay, and get back home at eight o'clock, splashed up to the chin. I'm going to Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance."

"Oho!" said Dunsey, turning his head on one side, and trying to speak in a small mincing treble. "And there's sweet Miss Nancy coming; and we shall dance with her, and promise never to be naughty again, and be taken into favour, and——"

"Hold your tongue about Miss Nancy, you fool," said Godfrey, turning red, "else I'll throttle you."

"What for?" said Dunsey, still in an artificial tone, but taking a whip from the table and beating the butt-end of it on his palm. "You've a very good chance. I'd advise you to creep up her sleeve again:[1] it 'ud be saving time, if Molly should happen to take a drop too much laudanum some day, and make a widower of you. Miss Nancy wouldn't mind being a second, if she didn't know it. And you've got a good-natured brother, who'll keep your secret well, because you'll be so very obliging to him."

"I'll tell you what it is," said Godfrey, quivering, and pale again, "my patience is pretty near at an end. If you'd a little more sharpness in you, you might know that you may urge a man a bit too far, and make one leap as easy as another. I don't know but what it is so now: I may as well tell the Squire everything myself—I should get you off my back, if I got nothing else. And, after all, he'll know some time. She's been threatening to come herself and tell him. So, don't flatter yourself that your secrecy's worth any price you choose to ask. You drain me of money till I have got nothing to pacify *her* with, and she'll do as she threatens some day. It's all one. I'll tell my father everything myself, and you may go to the devil."

Dunsey perceived that he had overshot his mark, and that there was a point at which even the hesitating Godfrey might be driven into decision. But he said, with an air of unconcern—

"As you please; but I'll have a draught of ale first." And ringing the bell, he threw himself across two chairs, and began to rap the window-seat with the handle of his whip.

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[1] A figure of speech meaning "to get into her good graces."

Godfrey stood, still with his back to the fire, uneasily moving his fingers among the contents of his side-pockets, and looking at the floor. That big muscular frame of his held plenty of animal courage, but helped him to no decision when the dangers to be braved were such as could neither be knocked down nor throttled. His natural irresolution and moral cowardice[1] were exaggerated by a position in which dreaded consequences seemed to press equally on all sides, and his irritation had no sooner provoked him to defy Dunstan and anticipate all possible betrayals, than the miseries he must bring on himself by such a step seemed more unendurable to him than the present evil. The results of confession were not contingent, they were certain; whereas betrayal was not certain. From the near vision of that certainty he fell back on suspense and vacillation with a sense of repose. The disinherited son of a small squire, equally disinclined to dig and to beg, was almost as helpless as an uprooted tree, which, by the favour of earth and sky, has grown to a handsome bulk on the spot where it first shot upward. Perhaps it would have been possible to think of digging with some cheerfulness if Nancy Lammeter were to be won on those terms; but, since he must irrevocably lose *her* as well as the inheritance, and must break every tie but the one that degraded him and left him without motive for trying to recover his better self, he could imagine no future for himself on the other side of confession but that of "'listing for a soldier"—the most desperate step, short of suicide, in the eyes of respectable families. No! he would rather trust to casualties than to his own resolve—rather go on sitting at the feast, and sipping the wine he loved, though with the sword hanging over him and terror in his heart, than rush away into the cold darkness where there was no pleasure left. The utmost concession to Dunstan about the horse began to seem easy, compared with the fulfilment of his own threat. But his pride would not let him recommence the conversation otherwise than by continuing the quarrel. Dunstan was waiting for this, and took his ale in shorter draughts than usual.

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[1] The key-notes of Godfrey's character. Note how he acts, or fails to act, in critical moments.

"It's just like you," Godfrey burst out, in a bitter tone, "to talk about my selling Wildfire in that cool way—the last thing I've got to call my own, and the best bit of horse-flesh I ever had in my life. And if you'd got a spark of pride in you, you'd be ashamed to see the stables emptied, and everybody sneering about it. But it's my belief you'd sell yourself, if it was only for the pleasure of making somebody feel he'd got a bad bargain."

"Ay, ay," said Dunstan, very placably, "you do me justice, I see. You know I'm a jewel for 'ticing people into bargains. For which reason I advise you to let *me* sell Wildfire. I'd ride him to the hunt to-morrow for you, with pleasure. I shouldn't look so handsome as you in the saddle, but it's the horse they'll bid for, and not the rider."

"Yes, I daresay—trust my horse to you!"

"As you please," said Dunstan, rapping the window-seat again with an air of great unconcern. "It's *you* have got to pay Fowler's money; it's none of my business. You received the money from him when you went to Bramcote, and *you* told the Squire it wasn't paid. I'd nothing to do with that; you chose to be so obliging as to give it to me, that was all. If you don't want to pay the money, let it alone; it's all one to me. But I was willing to accommodate you by undertaking to sell the horse, seeing it's not convenient to you to go so far to-morrow."

Godfrey was silent for some moments. He would have liked to spring on Dunstan, wrench the whip from his hand, and flog him to within an inch of his life; and no bodily fear could have deterred him; but he was mastered by another sort of fear, which was fed by feelings stronger even than his resentment. When he spoke again it was in a half-conciliatory tone.

"Well, you mean no nonsense about the horse, eh? You'll sell him all fair, and hand over the money? If you don't, you know, everything 'ull go to smash, for I've got nothing else to trust to. And you'll have less pleasure in pulling the house over my head, when your own skull's to be broken too."

"Ay, ay," said Dunstan, rising; "all right. I thought you'd come round. I'm the fellow to bring old Bryce up to the scratch. I'll get you a hundred and twenty for him, if I get you a penny."

"But it'll perhaps rain cats and dogs to-morrow, as it did yesterday, and then you can't go," said Godfrey, hardly knowing whether he wished for that obstacle or not.

"Not *it*," said Dunstan. "I'm always lucky in my weather. It might rain if you wanted to go yourself. You never hold trumps, you know — I always do. You've got the beauty, you see, and I've got the luck, so you must keep me by you for your crooked sixpence;[1] you'll *ne*-ver get along without me."

"Confound you, hold your tongue!" said Godfrey, impetuously. "And take care to keep sober to-morrow, else you'll get pitched on your head coming home, and Wildfire might be the worse for it."

"Make your tender heart easy," said Dunstan, opening the door. "You never knew me see double when I'd got a bargain to make; it 'ud spoil the fun. Besides, whenever I fall, I'm warranted to fall on my legs."

With that, Dunstan slammed the door behind him, and left Godfrey to that bitter rumination on his personal circumstances which was now unbroken from day to day save by the excitement of sporting, drinking, card-playing, or the rarer and less oblivious pleasure of seeing Miss Nancy Lammeter. The subtle and varied pains springing from the higher sensibility that accompanies higher culture, are perhaps less pitiable than that dreary absence of impersonal enjoyment and consolation which leaves ruder minds to the perpetual urgent companionship of their own griefs and discontents. The lives of those rural forefathers, whom we are apt to think very prosaic figures—men whose only work was to ride round their land, getting heavier and heavier in their saddles, and who passed the rest of their days in the half-listless gratification of senses dulled by monotony — had a certain pathos in them nevertheless. Calamities came to *them* too, and their early errors carried hard consequences: perhaps the love of some sweet maiden, the image of purity, order, and calm, had opened their eyes to the vision of a life in which the days would not seem too long, even without rioting; but the maiden was lost, and the vision passed away, and then what was left to them, especially when they had become too heavy for the hunt, or for carrying a gun over the furrows, but to drink and get merry, or to drink and get angry, so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again with eager emphasis the things they had said already any time that twelvemonth? Assuredly, among these flushed and dull-eyed men there were some whom—thanks to their native human kindness—even riot could never drive into brutality; men who, when their cheeks were fresh, had felt the keen point of sorrow or remorse, had been pierced by the reeds they leaned on, or had lightly put their limbs in fetters from which no struggle could loose them; and under these sad circumstances, common to us all, their thoughts could find no resting-place outside the ever trodden round of their own petty history.

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[1] A coin carried for luck.

That, at least, was the condition of Godfrey Cass in this six-and-twentieth year of his life. A movement of compunction, helped by those small indefinable influences which every personal relation exerts on a pliant nature, had urged him into a secret marriage, which was a blight on his life. It was an ugly story of low passion,[1] delusion, and waking from delusion, which needs not to be dragged from the privacy of Godfrey's bitter memory. He had long known that the delusion was partly due to a trap laid for him by Dunstan, who saw in his brother's degrading marriage the means of gratifying at once his jealous hate and his cupidity. And if Godfrey could have felt himself simply a victim, the iron bit that destiny had put into his mouth would have chafed him less intolerably. If the curses he muttered half aloud when he was alone had had no other object than Dunstan's diabolical cunning, he might have shrunk less from the consequences of avowal. But he had something else to curse—his own vicious folly, which now seemed as mad and unaccountable to him as almost all our follies and vices do when their promptings have long passed away. For four years he had thought of Nancy Lammeter, and wooed her with tacit patient worship, as the woman who made him think of the future with joy: she would be his wife, and would make home lovely to him, as his father's home had never been; and it would be easy, when she was always near, to shake off those foolish habits that were no pleasures, but only a feverish way of annulling vacancy. Godfrey's was an essentially domestic nature, bred up in a home where the hearth had no smiles, and where the daily habits were not chastised by the presence of household order. His easy disposition made him fall in unresistingly with the family courses, but the need of some tender permanent affection, the longing for some influence that would make the good he preferred easy to pursue, caused the neatness, purity, and liberal orderliness of the Lammeter household, sunned by the smile of Nancy, to seem like those fresh bright hours of the morning when temptations go to sleep and leave the ear open to the voice of the good angel, inviting to industry, sobriety, and peace. And yet the hope of this paradise had not been enough to save him from a course which shut him out of it for ever. Instead of keeping fast hold of the strong silken rope by which Nancy would have drawn him safe to the green banks where it was easy to step firmly, he had let himself be dragged back into mud and slime, in which it was useless to struggle. He had made ties for himself which robbed him of all wholesome motive and were a constant exasperation.

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[1] George Eliot is a realist, but she avoids or passes over loathsome details. A realist of the French school would probably have emphasized these details, and, perhaps, made of this episode a chief theme of the book. We should distinguish between the various kinds of realism. That of George Eliot is commendable both for its truth and its good taste.

Still, there was one position worse than the present: it was the position he would be in when the ugly secret was disclosed; and the desire that continually triumphed over every other was that of warding off the evil day, when he would have to bear the consequences of his father's violent resentment for the wound inflicted on his family pride—would have, perhaps, to turn his back on that hereditary ease and dignity which, after all, was a sort of reason for living, and would carry with him the certainty that he was banished for ever from the sight and esteem of Nancy Lammeter. The longer the interval, the more chance there was of deliverance from some, at least, of the hateful consequences to which he had sold himself; the more opportunities remained for him to snatch the strange gratification of seeing Nancy, and gathering some faint indications of her lingering regard. Towards this gratification he was impelled, fitfully, every now and then, after having passed weeks in which he had avoided her as the far-off bright-winged prize that only made him spring forward and find his chain all the more galling. One of those fits of yearning was on him now, and it would have been strong enough to have persuaded him to trust Wildfire to Dunstan rather than disappoint the yearning, even if he had not had another reason for his disinclination towards the morrow's hunt. That other reason was the fact that the morning's meet was near Batherley, the market-town where the unhappy woman lived, whose image became more odious to him every day; and to his thought the whole vicinage was haunted by her. The yoke a man creates for himself by wrong-doing will breed hate in the kindliest nature; and the good-humoured, affectionate-hearted Godfrey Cass was fast becoming a bitter man, visited by cruel wishes, that seemed to enter, and depart, and enter again, like demons who had found in him a ready-garnished home.

What was he to do this evening to pass the time? He might as well go to the Rainbow, and hear the talk about the cock-fighting: everybody was there, and what else was there to be done? Though, for his own part, he did not care a button for cock-fighting. Snuff, the brown spaniel, who had placed herself in front of him, and had been watching him for some time, now jumped up in impatience for the expected caress. But Godfrey thrust her away without looking at her, and left the room, followed humbly by the unresenting Snuff—perhaps because she saw no other career open to her.

CHAPTER IV

Dunstan Cass, setting off in the raw morning, at the judiciously quiet pace of a man who is obliged to ride to cover on his hunter, had to take his way along the lane which, at its farther extremity, passed by the piece of unenclosed ground called the Stone-pit, where stood the cottage, once a stone-cutter's shed, now for fifteen years inhabited by Silas Marner. The spot looked very dreary at this season, with the moist trodden clay about it, and the red, muddy water high up in the deserted quarry. That was Dunstan's first thought as he approached it; the second was, that the old fool of a weaver, whose loom he heard rattling already, had a great deal of money hidden somewhere. How was it that he, Dunstan Cass, who had often heard talk of Marner's miserliness, had never thought of suggesting to Godfrey that he should frighten or persuade the old fellow into lending the money on the excellent security of the young Squire's prospects? The resource occurred to him now as so easy and agreeable, especially as Marner's hoard was likely to be large enough to leave Godfrey a handsome surplus beyond his immediate needs, and enable him to accommodate his faithful brother, that he had almost turned the horse's head towards home again. Godfrey would be ready enough to accept the suggestion: he would snatch eagerly at a plan that might save him from parting with Wildfire.

But when Dunstan's meditation reached this point, the inclination to go on grew strong and prevailed. He didn't want to give Godfrey that pleasure: he preferred that Master Godfrey should be vexed. Moreover, Dunstan enjoyed the self-important consciousness of having a horse to sell, and the opportunity of driving a bargain, swaggering, and possibly taking somebody in. He might have all the satisfaction attendant on selling his brother's horse, and not the less have the further satisfaction of setting Godfrey to borrow Marner's money. So he rode on to cover.

Bryce and Keating were there, as Dunstan was quite sure they would be—he was such a lucky fellow.

"Heyday!" said Bryce, who had long had his eye on Wildfire, "you're on your brother's horse to-day: how's that?"

"Oh, I've swopped with him," said Dunstan, whose delight in lying, grandly independent of utility, was not to be diminished by the likelihood that his hearer would not believe him—"Wildfire's mine now."

"What! has he swopped with you for that big-boned hack of yours?" said Bryce, quite aware that he should get another lie in answer.

"Oh, there was a little account between us," said Dunsey, carelessly, "and Wildfire made it even. I accommodated him by taking the horse, though it was against my will, for I'd got an itch for a mare o' Jortin's—as rare a bit o' blood as ever you threw your leg across. But I shall keep Wildfire, now I've got him, though I'd a bid of a hundred and fifty for him the other day, from a man over at Flitton—he's buying for Lord Cromleck—a fellow with a cast in his eye, and a green waistcoat.

But I mean to stick to Wildfire: I shan't get a better at a fence in a hurry. The mare's got more blood, but she's a bit too weak in the hind-quarters."

Bryce of course divined that Dunstan wanted to sell the horse, and Dunstan knew that he divined it (horse-dealing is only one of many human transactions carried on in this ingenious manner); and they both considered that the bargain was in its first stage, when Bryce replied, ironically—

"I wonder at that now; I wonder you mean to keep him; for I never heard of a man who didn't want to sell his horse getting a bid of half as much again as the horse is worth. You'll be lucky if you get a hundred."

Keating rode up now, and the transaction became more complicated. It ended in the purchase of the horse by Bryce for a hundred and twenty, to be paid on the delivery of Wildfire, safe and sound, at the Batherley stables. It did occur to Dunsey that it might be wise for him to give up the day's hunting, proceed at once to Batherley, and, having waited for Bryce's return, hire a horse to carry him home with the money in his pocket. But the inclination for a run, encouraged by confidence in his luck, and by a draught of brandy from his pocket-pistol at the conclusion of the bargain, was not easy to overcome, especially with a horse under him that would take the fences to the admiration of the field. Dunstan, however, took one fence too many, and got his horse pierced with a hedge-stake. His own ill-favoured person, which was quite unmarketable, escaped without injury; but poor Wildfire, unconscious of his price, turned on his flank and painfully panted his last. It happened that Dunstan, a short time before, having had to get down to arrange his stirrup, had muttered a good many curses at this interruption, which had thrown him in the rear of the hunt near the moment of glory, and under this exasperation had taken the fences more blindly. He would soon have been up with the hounds again, when the fatal accident happened; and hence he was between eager riders in advance, not troubling themselves about what happened behind them, and far-off stragglers, who were as likely as not to pass quite aloof from the line of road in which Wildfire had fallen. Dunstan, whose nature it was to care more for immediate annoyances than for remote consequences, no sooner recovered his legs, and saw that it was all over with Wildfire, than he felt a satisfaction at the absence of witnesses to a position which no swaggering could make enviable. Reinforcing himself, after his shake, with a little brandy and much swearing, he walked as fast as he could to a coppice on his right hand, through which it occurred to him that he could make his way to Batherley without danger of encountering any member of the hunt. His first intention was to hire a horse there and ride home forthwith, for to walk many miles without a gun in his hand and along an ordinary road, was as much out of the question to him as to other spirited young men of his kind. He did not much mind about taking the bad news to Godfrey, for he had to offer him at the same time the resource of Marner's money; and if Godfrey kicked, as he always did, at the notion of making a fresh debt from which he himself got the smallest share of advantage, why, he wouldn't kick long: Dunstan felt sure he could worry Godfrey into anything. The idea of Marner's money kept growing in vividness, now the want of it had become immediate; the prospect of having to make his appearance with the muddy boots of a pedestrian at Batherley and to encounter the grinning queries of stablemen, stood unpleasantly in the way of his impatience to be back at Raveloe and carry out his felicitous plan; and a casual visitation of his waistcoat-pocket, as he was ruminating, awakened his memory to the fact that the two or three small coins his fore-finger encountered there, were of too pale a colour to cover that small debt, without payment of which the stable-keeper had declared he would never do any more business with Dunsey Cass. After all, according to the direction in which the run had brought him, he was not so very much farther from home than he was from Batherley; but Dunsey, not being remarkable for clearness of head, was only led to this conclusion by the gradual perception that there were other reasons for choosing the unprecedented course of walking home. It was now nearly four o'clock, and a mist was gathering: the sooner he got into the road the better. He remembered having crossed the road and seen the finger-post only a little while before Wildfire broke down; so, buttoning his coat, twisting the lash of his hunting-whip compactly round the handle, and rapping the tops of his boots with a self-possessed air, as if to assure himself that he was not at all taken by surprise, he set off with the sense that he was undertaking a remarkable feat of bodily exertion, which somehow and at some time he should be able to dress up and magnify to the admiration of a select circle at the Rainbow. When a young gentleman like Dunsey is reduced to so exceptional a mode of locomotion as walking, a whip in his hand is a desirable corrective to a too bewildering dreamy sense of unwontedness in his position; and Dunstan, as he went along through the gathering mist, was always rapping his whip somewhere. It was Godfrey's whip, which he had chosen to take without leave because it had a gold handle; of course no one could see, when Dunstan held it, that the name *Godfrey Cass* was cut in deep letters on that gold handle—they could only see that it was a very handsome whip. Dunsey was not without fear that he might meet some acquaintance in whose eyes he would cut a pitiable figure, for mist is no screen when people get close to each other; but when he at last found himself in the well-known Raveloe lanes without having met a soul, he silently remarked that that was part of his usual good-luck. But now the mist, helped by the evening darkness, was more of a screen than he desired, for it hid the ruts into which his feet were liable to slip—hid everything, so that he had to guide his steps by dragging his whip along the low bushes in advance of the hedgerow. He must soon, he thought, be getting near the opening at the Stone-pits: he should find it out by the break in the hedgerow. He found it out, however, by another circumstance which he had not expected—namely, by certain gleams of light, which he presently guessed to proceed from Silas Marner's cottage. That cottage and the money hidden within it had been in his mind continually during his walk, and he had been imagining ways of cajoling and tempting the weaver to part with the immediate possession of his money for the sake of receiving interest. Dunstan felt as if there must be a little frightening added to the cajolery, for his own arithmetical convictions were not clear enough to afford him any forcible demonstration as to the advantages of interest; and as for security, he regarded it vaguely as a means of cheating a man by making him believe that he would be paid. Altogether, the operation on the miser's mind was a task that Godfrey would be sure to hand over to his more daring and cunning brother: Dunstan had made up his mind to that; and by the time he saw the light gleaming through the chinks of Marner's shutters, the idea of a dialogue with the weaver had become so familiar to him, that it occurred to him as quite a natural thing to make the acquaintance forthwith. There might be several conveniences attending this course: the weaver had possibly got a lantern, and Dunstan was tired of feeling his way. He was still nearly three-quarters of a mile from home, and the lane was becoming unpleasantly slippery, for the mist was passing into rain. He turned up the bank, not without some fear lest he might miss the right way, since he was not certain whether the light were in front or on the side of the cottage. But he felt the ground before him cautiously with his whip-handle, and at last arrived safely at the door. He knocked loudly, rather enjoying the idea that the old fellow would be frightened at the sudden noise. He heard no movement in reply: all was silence in the cottage. Was the weaver gone to bed, then? If so, why had he left a light? That was a strange forgetfulness in the miser. Dunstan knocked still more loudly, and, without pausing for a reply, pushed his fingers through the latch-hole, intending to shake the door and pull the latch-string up and down, not doubting that the door was fastened. But, to his surprise, at this double motion the door opened, and he found himself in front of a bright fire which lit up every corner of the cottage—the bed, the loom, the three chairs, and the table—and showed him that Marner was not there.

Nothing at that moment could be much more inviting to Dunsey than the bright fire on the brick hearth: he walked in and seated himself by it at once. There was something in front of the fire, too, that would have been inviting to a hungry man, if it had been in a different stage of cooking. It was a small bit of pork suspended from the kettle-hanger by a string passed through a large door-key, in a way known to primitive housekeepers unpossessed of jacks. But the pork had been hung at the farthest extremity of the hanger, apparently to prevent the roasting from proceeding too rapidly during the owner's absence. The old staring simpleton had hot meat for his supper, then? thought Dunstan. People had always said he lived on mouldy bread, on purpose to check his appetite. But where could he be at this time, and on such an evening, leaving his supper in this stage of preparation, and his door unfastened? Dunstan's own recent difficulty in making his way suggested to him that the weaver had perhaps gone outside his cottage to fetch in fuel, or for some such brief purpose, and had slipped into the Stone-pit. That was an interesting idea to Dunstan, carrying consequences of entire novelty. If the weaver was dead, who had a right to his money? Who would know where his money was hidden? *Who would know that anybody had come to take it away?* He went no farther into the subtleties of evidence: the pressing question, "Where *is* the money?" now took such entire possession of him as to make him quite forget that the weaver's death was not a certainty. A dull mind, once arriving at an inference that flatters a desire, is rarely able to retain the impression that the notion from which the inference started was purely problematic. And Dunstan's mind was as dull as the mind of a possible felon usually is. There were only three hiding-places where he had ever heard of cottagers' hoards being found: the thatch, the bed, and a hole in the floor. Marner's cottage had no thatch; and Dunstan's first act, after a train of thought made rapid by the stimulus of cupidity, was to go up to the bed; but while he did so, his eyes travelled eagerly over the floor, where the bricks, distinct in the fire-light, were discernible under the sprinkling of sand. But not everywhere; for there was one spot, and one only, which was quite covered with sand, and sand showing the marks of fingers, which had apparently been careful to spread it over a given space. It was near the treddles of the loom. In an instant Dunstan darted to that spot, swept away the sand with his whip, and, inserting the thin end of the hook between the bricks, found that they were loose. In haste he lifted up two bricks, and saw what he had no doubt was the object of his search; for what could there be but money in those two leathern bags? And, from their weight, they must be filled with guineas. Dunstan felt round the hole, to be certain that it held no more; then hastily replaced the bricks, and spread the sand over them. Hardly more than five minutes had passed since he entered the cottage, but it seemed to Dunstan like a long while; and though he was without any distinct recognition of the possibility that Marner might be alive, and might re-enter the cottage at any moment, he felt an undefinable dread laying hold on him, as he rose to his feet with the bags in his hand. He would hasten out into the darkness, and then consider what he should do with the bags. He closed the door behind him immediately, that he might shut in the stream of light: a few steps would be enough to carry him beyond betrayal by the gleams from the shutter-chinks and the latch-hole. The rain and darkness had got thicker, and he was glad of it; though it was awkward walking with both hands filled, so that it was as much as he could do to grasp his whip along with one of the bags. But when he had gone a yard or two, he might take his time. So he stepped forward into the darkness.

CHAPTER V

When Dunstan Cass turned his back on the cottage, Silas Marner was not more than a hundred yards away from it, plodding along from the village with a sack thrown round his shoulders as an over-coat, and with a horn lantern in his hand. His legs were weary, but his mind was at ease, free from the presentiment of change. The sense of security more frequently springs from habit than from conviction, and for this reason it often subsists after such a change in the conditions as might have been expected to suggest alarm. The lapse of time during which a given event has not happened, is, in this logic of habit, constantly alleged as a reason why the event should never happen, even when the lapse of time is precisely the added condition which makes the event imminent. A man will tell you that he has worked in a mine for forty years unhurt by an accident as a reason why he should apprehend no danger, though the roof is beginning to sink; and it is often observable, that the older a man gets, the more difficult it is to him to retain a believing conception of his own death. This influence of habit was necessarily strong in a man whose life was so monotonous as Marner's—who saw no new people and heard of no new events to keep alive in him the idea of the unexpected and the changeful; and it explains simply enough, why his mind could be at ease, though he had left his house and his treasure more defenceless than usual. Silas was thinking with double complacency of his supper: first, because it would be hot and savoury; and secondly, because it would cost him nothing. For the little bit of pork was a present from that excellent housewife, Miss Priscilla Lammeter, to whom he had this day carried home a handsome piece of linen; and it was only on occasion of a present like this, that Silas indulged himself with roast-meat. Supper was his favourite meal, because it came at his time of revelry, when his heart warmed over his gold; whenever he had roast-meat, he always chose to have it for supper. But this evening, he had no sooner ingeniously knotted his string fast round his bit of pork, twisted the string according to rule over his door-key, passed it through the handle, and made it fast on the hanger, than he remembered that a piece of very fine twine was indispensable to his "setting up" a new piece of work in his loom early in the morning. It had slipped his memory, because, in coming from Mr. Lammeter's, he had not had to pass through the village; but to lose time by going on errands in the morning was out of the question. It was a nasty fog to turn out into, but there were things Silas loved better than his own comfort; so, drawing his pork to the extremity of the hanger, and arming himself with his lantern and his old sack, he set out on what, in ordinary weather, would have been a twenty minutes' errand. He could not have locked his door without undoing his well-knotted string and retarding his supper; it was not worth his while to make that sacrifice. What thief would find his way to the Stone-pits on such a night as this? and why should he come on this particular night, when he had never come through all the fifteen years before? These questions were not distinctly present in Silas's mind; they merely serve to represent the vaguely-felt foundation of his freedom from anxiety.

He reached his door in much satisfaction that his errand was done: he opened it, and to his short-sighted eyes everything remained as he had left it, except that the fire sent out a welcome increase of heat. He trod about the floor while putting by his lantern and throwing aside his hat and sack, so as to merge the marks of Dunstan's feet on the sand, in the marks of his own nailed boots. Then he moved his pork nearer to the fire, and sat down to the agreeable business of tending the meat and warming himself at the same time.

Any one who had looked at him as the red light shone upon his pale face, strange straining eyes, and meagre form, would perhaps have understood the mixture of contemptuous pity, dread, and suspicion with which he was regarded by his neighbours in Raveloe. Yet few men could be more harmless than poor Marner. In his truthful simple soul, not even the growing greed and worship of gold could beget any vice directly injurious to others. The light of his faith quite put out, and his affections made desolate, he had clung with all the force of his nature to his work and his money; and like all objects to which a man devotes himself, they had fashioned him into correspondence with themselves. His loom, as he wrought in it without ceasing, had in its turn wrought on him, and confirmed more and more the monotonous craving for its monotonous response. His gold, as he hung over it and saw it grow, gathered his power of loving together into a hard isolation like its own.

As soon as he was warm he began to think it would be a long while to wait till after supper before he drew out his guineas, and it would be pleasant to see them on the table before him as he ate his unwonted feast. For joy is the best of wine, and Silas's guineas were a golden wine of that sort.

He rose and placed his candle unsuspectingly on the floor near his loom, swept away the sand without noticing any change, and removed the bricks. The sight of the empty hole made his heart leap violently, but the belief that his gold was gone could not come at once—only terror, and the eager effort to put an end to the terror. He passed his trembling hand all about the hole, trying to think it possible that his eyes had deceived him; then he held the candle in the hole and examined it curiously, trembling more and more. At last he shook so violently that he let fall the candle, and lifted his hands to his head, trying to steady himself, that he might think. Had he put his gold somewhere else, by a sudden resolution last night, and then forgotten it? A man falling into dark waters seeks a momentary footing even on sliding stones; and Silas, by acting as if he believed in false hopes, warded off the moment of despair. He searched in every corner, he turned his bed over, and shook it, and kneaded it; he looked in his brick oven where he laid his sticks. When there was no other place to be searched, he kneeled down again and felt once more all round the hole. There was no untried refuge left for a moment's shelter from the terrible truth.

Yes, there was a sort of refuge which always comes with the prostration of thought under an overpowering passion: it was that expectation of impossibilities, that belief in contradictory images, which is still distinct from madness, because it is capable of being dissipated by the external fact. Silas got up from his knees trembling, and looked round at the table: didn't the gold lie there after all? The table was bare. Then he turned and looked behind him—looked all round his dwelling, seeming to strain his brown eyes after some possible appearance of the bags where he had already sought them in vain. He could see every object in his cottage—and his gold was not there.

Again he put his trembling hands to his head, and gave a wild ringing scream, the cry of desolation. For a few moments after, he stood motionless; but the cry had relieved him from the first maddening pressure of the truth. He turned, and tottered towards his loom, and got into the seat where he worked, instinctively seeking this as the strongest assurance of reality.

And now that all the false hopes had vanished, and the first shock of certainty was past, the idea of a thief began to present itself, and he entertained it eagerly, because a thief might be caught and made to restore the gold. The thought brought some new strength with it, and he started from his loom to the door. As he opened it the rain beat in upon him, for it was falling more and more heavily. There were no footsteps to be tracked on such a night—footsteps? When had the thief come? During Silas's absence in the daytime the door had been locked, and there had been no marks of any inroad on his return by daylight. And in the evening, too, he said to himself, everything was the same as when he had left it. The sand and bricks looked as if they had not been moved. *Was* it a thief who had taken the bags? or was it a cruel power that no hands could reach which had delighted in making him a second time desolate? He shrank from this vaguer dread, and fixed his mind with struggling effort on the robber with hands, who could be reached by hands. His thoughts glanced at all the neighbours who had made any remarks, or asked any questions which he might now regard as a ground of suspicion. There was Jem Rodney, a known poacher, and otherwise disreputable: he had often met Marner in his journeys across the fields, and had said something jestingly about the weaver's money; nay, he had once irritated Marner, by lingering at the fire when he called to light his pipe, instead of going about his business. Jem Rodney was the man—there was ease in the thought. Jem could be found and made to restore the money: Marner did not want to punish him, but only to get back his gold which had gone from him, and left his soul like a forlorn traveller on an unknown desert. The robber must be laid hold of. Marner's ideas of legal authority were confused, but he felt that he must go and proclaim his loss; and the great people in the village—the clergyman, the constable, and Squire Cass—would make Jem Rodney, or somebody else, deliver up the stolen money. He rushed out in the rain, under the stimulus of this hope, forgetting to cover his head, not caring to fasten his door; for he felt as if he had nothing left to lose. He ran swiftly, till want of breath compelled him to slacken his pace as he was entering the village at the turning close to the Rainbow.

The Rainbow, in Marner's view, was a place of luxurious resort for rich and stout husbands, whose wives had superfluous stores of linen; it was the place where he was likely to find the powers and dignities of Raveloe, and where he could most speedily make his loss public. He lifted the latch, and turned into the bright bar or kitchen on the right hand, where the less lofty customers of the house were in the habit of assembling, the parlour on the left being reserved for the more select society in which Squire Cass frequently enjoyed the double pleasure of conviviality and condescension. But the parlour was dark to-night, the chief personages who ornamented its circle being all at Mrs. Osgood's birthday dance, as Godfrey Cass was. And in consequence of this, the party on the high-screened seats in the kitchen was more numerous than usual; several personages, who would otherwise have been admitted into the parlour and enlarged the opportunity of hectoring and condescension for their betters, being content this evening to vary their enjoyment by taking their spirits-and-water where they could themselves hector and condescend in company that called for beer.

CHAPTER VI

The conversation, which was at a high pitch of animation when Silas approached the door of the Rainbow, had, as usual, been slow and intermittent when the company first assembled. The pipes began to be puffed in a silence which had an air of severity; the more important customers, who drank spirits and sat nearest the fire, staring at each other as if a bet were depending on the first man who winked; while the beer-drinkers, chiefly men in fustian[1] jackets and smock-frocks,[2] kept their eyelids down and rubbed their hands across their mouths, as if their draughts of beer were a funereal duty attended with embarrassing sadness. At last, Mr. Snell, the landlord, a man of a neutral disposition, accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings who were all alike in need of liquor, broke silence, by saying in a doubtful tone to his cousin the butcher—

"Some folks 'ud say that was a fine beast you druv in yesterday, Bob?"

The butcher, a jolly, smiling, red-haired man, was not disposed to answer rashly. He gave a few puffs before he spat and replied, "And they wouldn't be fur wrong, John."

After this feeble delusive thaw, the silence set in as severely as before.

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[1] Fustian is cloth of coarse cotton or corduroy.

[2] A smock-frock is a long, shirt-like outer garment, worn by the rural laborers in England.

"Was it a red Durham?" said the farrier,[1] taking up the thread of discourse after the lapse of a few minutes.

The farrier looked at the landlord, and the landlord looked at the butcher, as the person who must take the responsibility of answering.

"Red it was," said the butcher, in his good-humoured husky treble—"and a Durham it was."

"Then you needn't tell *me* who you bought it of," said the farrier, looking round with some triumph; "I know who it is has got the red Durhams o' this country-side. And she'd a white star on her brow, I'll bet a penny?" The farrier leaned forward with his hands on his knees as he put this question, and his eyes twinkled knowingly.

"Well; yes—she might," said the butcher, slowly, considering that he was giving a decided affirmative. "I don't say contrairy."

"I knew that very well," said the farrier, throwing himself backward again, and speaking defiantly; "if *I* don't know Mr. Lammeter's cows, I should like to know who does—that's all. And as for the cow you've bought, bargain or no bargain, I've been at the drenching[2] of her—contradick me who will."

The farrier looked fierce, and the mild butcher's conversational spirit was roused a little.

'I'm not for contradicking no man," he said; "I'm for peace and quietness. Some are for cutting long ribs—I'm for cutting 'em short myself; but *I* don't quarrel with 'em. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss—and anybody as was reasonable, it 'ud bring tears into their eyes to look at it."

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[1] Sometimes a shoer of horses, at other times a veterinary surgeon.

[2] To drench an animal is to pour medicine forcibly down its throat.

"Well, it's the cow as I drenched, whatever it is," pursued the farrier angrily; "and it was Mr. Lammeter's cow, else you told a lie when you said it was a red Durham."

"I tell no lies," said the butcher, with the same mild huskiness as before, "and I contradick none—not if a man was to swear himself black: he's no meat o' mine, nor none o' my bargains. All I say is, it's a lovely carkiss. And what I say I'll stick to; but I'll quarrel wi' no man."

"No," said the farrier, with bitter sarcasm, looking at the company generally; "and p'rhaps you aren't pigheaded; and p'rhaps you didn't say the cow was a red Durham; and p'rhaps you didn't say she'd got a star on her brow—stick to that, now you're at it."

"Come, come," said the landlord; "let the cow alone. The truth lies atween you: you're both right and both wrong, as I allays say. And as for the cow's being Mr. Lammeter's, I say nothing to that; but this I say, as the Rainbow's the Rainbow. And for the matter o' that, if the talk is to be o' the Lammeters, *you* know the most upo' that head, eh, Mr. Macey? You remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come to these parts, and took the Warrens?"

Mr. Macey, tailor and parish-clerk, the latter of which functions rheumatism had of late obliged him to share with a small-featured young man who sat opposite him, held his white head on one side, and twirled his thumbs with an air of complacency, slightly seasoned with criticism. He smiled pityingly, in answer to the landlord's appeal, and said—

"Ay, ay; I know, I know; but I let other folks talk. I've laid by now, and gev up to the young uns. Ask them as have been to school at Tarley: they've learnt pernouncing; that's come up since my day."

"If you're pointing at me, Mr. Macey," said the deputy-clerk, with an air of anxious propriety, "I'm nowise a man to speak out of my place. As the psalm says—

'I know what's right, nor only so,
But also practise what I know.'"

"Well, then, I wish you'd keep hold o' the tune, when it's set for you; if you're for prac*tis*ing, I wish you'd prac*tise* that," said a large jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sundays leader of the choir. He winked, as he spoke, at two of the company, who were known officially as the "bassoon" and the "key-bugle," in the confidence that he was expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe.

Mr. Tookey, the deputy clerk, who shared the unpopularity common to deputies, turned very red, but replied, with careful moderation—"Mr. Winthrop, if you'll bring me any proof as I'm in the wrong, I'm not the man to say I won't alter. But there's people set up their own ears for a standard, and expect the whole choir to follow 'em. There may be two opinions, I hope."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, who felt very well satisfied with this attack on youthful presumption; "you're right there, Tookey: there's allays two 'pinions; there's the 'pinion a man has of himsen, and there's the 'pinion other folks have on him. There'd be two 'pinions about a cracked bell, if the bell could hear itself."

"Well, Mr. Macey," said poor Tookey, serious amidst the general laughter, "I undertook to partially fill up the office of parish-clerk by Mr. Crackenthorp's desire, whenever your infirmities should make you unfitting; and it's one of the rights thereof to sing in the choir—else why have you done the same yourself?"

"Ah! but the old gentleman and you are two folks," said Ben Winthrop. "The old gentleman's got a gift. Why the Squire used to invite him to take a glass, only to hear him sing the 'Red Rovier;' didn't he, Mr. Macey? It's a nat'ral gift. There's my little lad Aaron, he's got a gift—he can sing a tune off straight, like a throstle. But as for you, Master Tookey, you'd better stick to your 'Amens': your voice is well enough when you keep it up in your nose. It's your inside as isn't right made for music: it's no better nor a hollow stalk."

This kind of unflinching frankness was the most piquant form of joke to the company at the Rainbow, and Ben Winthrop's insult was felt by everybody to have capped Mr. Macey's epigram.

"I see what it is plain enough," said Mr. Tookey, unable to keep cool any longer. "There's a consperacy to turn me out o' the choir, as I shouldn't share the Christmas money—that's where it is. But I shall speak to Mr. Crackenthorp; I'll not be put upon by no man."

"Nay, nay, Tookey," said Ben Winthrop. "We'll pay you your share to keep out of it—that's what we'll do. There's things folks 'ud pay to be rid on, besides varmin."

"Come, come," said the landlord, who felt that paying people for their absence was a principle dangerous to society; "a joke's a joke. We're all good friends here, I hope. We must give and take. You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say. I agree wi' Mr. Macey here, as there's two opinions; and if mine was asked, I should say they're both right. Tookey's right and Winthrop's right, and they've only to split the difference and make themselves even."

The farrier was puffing his pipe rather fiercely, in some contempt at this trivial discussion. He had no ear for music himself, and never went to church, as being of the medical profession, and likely to be in requisition for delicate cows. But the butcher, having music in his soul, had listened with a divided desire for Tookey's defeat and for the preservation of the peace.

"To be sure," he said, following up the landlord's conciliatory view, "we're fond of our old clerk; it's nat'ral, and him used to be such a singer, and got a brother as is known for the first fiddler in this country-side. Eh, it's a pity but what Solomon lived in our village, and could give us a tune when we liked; eh, Mr. Macey? I'd keep him in liver and lights for nothing—that I would."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey, in the height of complacency; "our family's been known for musicianers as far back as anybody can tell. But them things are dying out, as I tell Solomon every time he comes round; there's no voices like what there used to be, and there's nobody remembers what we remember, if it isn't the old crows."

"Ay, you remember when first Mr. Lammeter's father come into these parts, don't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"I should think I did," said the old man, who had now gone through that complimentary process necessary to bring him up to the point of narration; "and a fine old gentleman he was—as fine, and finer nor the Mr. Lammeter as now is. He came from a bit north'ard, so far as I could ever make out. But there's nobody rightly knows about those parts: only it couldn't be far north'ard, nor much different from this country, for he brought a fine breed o' sheep with him, so there must be pastures there, and everything reasonable. We heared tell as he'd sold his own land to come and take the Warrens, and that seemed odd for a man as had land of his own, to come and rent a farm in a strange place. But they said it was along of his wife's dying; though there's reasons in things as nobody knows on—that's pretty much what I've made out; yet some folks are so wise, they'll find you fifty reasons straight off, and all the while the real reason's winking at 'em in the corner, and they niver see't. Howsomever, it was soon seen as we'd got a new parish'ner as know'd the rights and customs o' things, and kep a good house, and was well looked on by everybody. And the young man—that's the Mr. Lammeter as now is, for he'd niver a sister—soon begun to court Miss Osgood, that's the sister o' the Mr. Osgood as now is, and a fine handsome lass she was—eh, you can't think—they pretend this young lass is like her, but that's the way wi' people as don't know

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what come before 'em. *I* should know, for I helped the old rector, Mr. Drumlow as was, I helped him marry 'em."

Here Mr. Macey paused; he always gave his narrative in instalments, expecting to be questioned according to precedent.

"Ay, and a partic'lar thing happened, didn't it, Mr. Macey, so as you were likely to remember that marriage?" said the landlord, in a congratulatory tone.

"I should think there did—a *very* partic'lar thing," said Mr. Macey, nodding sideways. "For Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him, though he'd got a bit confused in his head, what wi' age and wi' taking a drop o' summat warm when the service come of a cold morning. And young Mr. Lammeter he'd have no way but he must be married in Janiwary, which, to be sure, 's a unreasonable time to be married in, for it isn't like a christening or a burying, as you can't help; and so Mr. Drumlow—poor old gentleman, I was fond on him—but when he come to put the questions, he put 'em by the rule o' contrairy, like, and he says, 'Wilt thou have this man to thy wedded wife?' says he, and then he says, 'Wilt thou have this woman to thy wedded husband?' says he. But the partic'larest thing of all is, as nobody took any notice on it but me, and they answered straight off 'yes,' like as if it had been me saying 'Amen' i' the right place, without listening to what went before."

"But *you* knew what was going on well enough, didn't you, Mr. Macey? You were live enough, eh?" said the butcher.

"Lor bless you!" said Mr. Macey, pausing, and smiling in pity at the impotence of his hearer's imagination —"why, I was all of a tremble: it was as if I'd been a coat pulled by the two tails, like; for I couldn't stop the parson, I couldn't take upon me to do that; and yet I said to myself, I says, 'Suppose they shouldn't be fast married, 'cause the words are contrairy?' and my head went working like a mill, for I was allays uncommon for turning things over and seeing all round 'em; and I says to myself, 'Is't the meanin' or the words as makes folks fast i' wedlock?' For the parson meant right, and the bride and bridegroom meant right. But then, when I come to think on it, meanin' goes but a little way i' most things, for you may mean to stick things together and your glue may be bad, and then where are you? And so I says to mysen, 'It isn't the meanin', it's the glue.' And I was worreted as if I'd got three bells to pull at once, when we went into the vestry, and they begun to sign their names. But where's the use o' talking?—you can't think what goes on in a 'cute man's inside."

"But you held in for all that, didn't you, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, I held in tight till I was by mysen wi' Mr. Drumlow, and then I out wi' everything, but respectful, as I allays did. And he made light on it, and he says, 'Pooh, pooh, Macey, make yourself easy,' he says; 'it's neither the meaning nor the words—it's the re*ges*ter does it—that's the glue.' So you see he settled it easy; for parsons and doctors know everything by heart, like, so as they aren't worreted wi' thinking what's the rights and wrongs o' things, as I'n been many and many's the time. And sure enough the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on."

Every one of Mr. Macey's audience had heard this story many times, but it was listened to as if it had been a favourite tune, and at certain points the puffing of the pipes was momentarily suspended, that the listeners might give their whole minds to the expected words. But there was more to come; and Mr. Snell, the landlord, duly put the leading question.

"Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin, didn't they say, when he come into these parts?"

"Well, yes," said Mr. Macey; "but I daresay it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens: though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land."

"Ay, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the butcher.

"How should they?" said the old clerk, with some contempt. "Why, my grandfather made the groom's livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor bless you! they said he'd got no more grip o' the hoss than if his legs had been cross-sticks: my grandfather heared old Squire Cass say so many and many a time. But ride he would as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said. And it was a common saying as the father wanted to ride the tailor out o' the lad, and make a gentleman on him—not but what I'm a tailor myself, but in respect as God made me such, I'm proud on it, for 'Macey, tailor,' 's been wrote up over our door since afore the Queen's heads went out on the shillings. But Cliff, he was ashamed o' being called a tailor, and he was sore vexed as his riding was laughed at, and nobody o' the gentlefolks hereabout could abide him. Howsomever, the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead o' the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em —they're out o' all charicter—lor bless you! if you was to set the doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish."

"Ay, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?" said the landlord.

"Ay, ay; go that way of a dark night, that's all," said Mr. Macey, winking mysteriously, "and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. 'Cliff's Holiday' has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business."

"What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas?" said the landlord, turning to the farrier, who was swelling with impatience for his cue. "There's a nut for *you* to crack."

Mr. Dowlas was the negative spirit in the company, and was proud of his position.

"Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say, as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of."

"Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is," said Ben Winthrop. "You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a-going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound."

"If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it," said Mr. Macey, with a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together, "he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong."

"Thank you! I'm obliged to you," said the farrier, with a snort of scorn. "If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es: I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe."

"Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet," said the butcher.

"No fair bet?" replied Mr. Dowlas, angrily. "I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it."

"Very like you would," said the butcher. "But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody 'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am."

"Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him," said the farrier. "But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. *I* aren't a turn-tail cur."

"Ay, but there's this in it, Dowlas," said the landlord, speaking in a tone of much candour and tolerance. "There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pike-staff before 'em.

And there's reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, 'Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em.' I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways. And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by."

The landlord's analogical argument was not well received by the farrier—a man intensely opposed to compromise.

"Tut, tut," he said, setting down his glass with refreshed irritation; "what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles."

"As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant!" said Mr. Macey, in deep disgust at the farrier's crass incompetence to apprehend the conditions of ghostly phenomena.

CHAPTER VII

Yet the next moment there seemed to be some evidence that ghosts had a more condescending disposition than Mr. Macey attributed to them; for the pale thin figure of Silas Marner was suddenly seen standing in the warm light, uttering no word, but looking round at the company with his strange unearthly eyes. The long pipes gave a simultaneous movement, like the antennæ of startled insects, and every man present, not excepting even the sceptical farrier, had an impression that he saw, not Silas Marner in the flesh, but an apparition; for the door by which Silas had entered was hidden by the high-screened seats, and no one had noticed his approach. Mr. Macey, sitting a long way off the ghost, might be supposed to have felt an argumentative triumph, which would tend to neutralize his share of the general alarm. Had he not always said that when Silas Marner was in that strange trance of his, his soul went loose from his body? Here was the demonstration: nevertheless, on the whole, he would have been as well contented without it. For a few moments there was a dead silence, Marner's want of breath and agitation not allowing him to speak. The landlord, under the habitual sense that he was bound to keep his house open to all company, and confident in the protection of his unbroken neutrality, at last took on himself the task of adjuring the ghost.

"Master Marner," he said, in a conciliatory tone, "what's lacking to you? What's your business here?"

"Robbed!" said Silas, gaspingly. "I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp."

"Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney," said the landlord, the idea of a ghost subsiding; "he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through."

Jem Rodney was the outermost man, and sat conveniently near Marner's standing-place; but he declined to give his services.

"Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you've a mind," said Jem, rather sullenly. "He's been robbed, and murdered too, for what I know," he added, in a muttering tone.

"Jem Rodney!" said Silas, turning and fixing his strange eyes on the suspected man.

"Ay, Master Marner, what do ye want wi' me?" said Jem, trembling a little, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon.

"If it was you stole my money," said Silas, clasping his hands entreatingly, and raising his voice to a cry, "give it me back—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea."

"Me stole your money!" said Jem, angrily. "I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money."

"Come, come, Master Marner," said the landlord, now rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder, "if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drownded rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight forrard."

"Ah, to be sure, man," said the farrier, who began to feel that he had not been quite on a par with himself and the occasion. "Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I the man's run mad."

"Ay, ay, make him sit down," said several voices at once, well pleased that the reality of ghosts remained still an open question.

The landlord forced Marner to take off his coat, and then to sit down on a chair aloof from every one else, in the centre of the circle and in the direct rays of the fire. The weaver, too feeble to have any distinct purpose beyond that of getting help to recover his money, submitted unresistingly. The transient fears of the company were now forgotten in their strong curiosity, and all faces were turned towards Silas, when the landlord, having seated himself again, said—

"Now then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out."

"He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him," cried Jem Rodney, hastily. "What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it."

"Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say," said the landlord. "Now then, Master Marner."

Silas now told his story, under frequent questioning as the mysterious character of the robbery became evident.

This strangely novel situation of opening his trouble to his Raveloe neighbours, of sitting in the warmth of a hearth not his own, and feeling the presence of faces and voices which were his nearest promise of help, had doubtless its influence on Marner, in spite of his passionate preoccupation with his loss. Our consciousness rarely registers the beginning of a growth within us any more than without us: there have been many circulations of the sap before we detect the smallest sign of the bud.

The slight suspicion with which his hearers at first listened to him, gradually melted away before the convincing simplicity of his distress: it was impossible for the neighbours to doubt that Marner was telling the truth, not because they were capable of arguing at once from the nature of his statements to the absence of any motive for making them falsely, but because, as Mr. Macey observed, "Folks as had the devil to back 'em were not likely to be so mushed"[1] as poor Silas was. Rather, from the strange fact that the robber had left no traces, and had happened to know the nick of time, utterly incalculable by mortal agents, when Silas would go away from home without locking his door, the more probable conclusion seemed to be, that his disreputable intimacy in that quarter, if it ever existed, had been broken up, and that, in consequence, this ill turn had been done to Marner by somebody it was quite in vain to set the constable after. Why this preternatural felon should be obliged to wait till the door was left unlocked, was a question which did not present itself.

"It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master

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[1] Colloquial for "upset."

Marner," said the landlord. "You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against Jem for the matter of a hare or so if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account."

"Ay, ay," said Mr. Macey; "let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innicent, Master Marner."

Memory was not so utterly torpid in Silas that it could not be wakened by these words. With a movement of compunction as new and strange to him as everything else within the last hour, he started from his chair, and went close up to Jem, looking at him as if he wanted to assure himself of the expression in his face.

"I was wrong," he said—"yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only," he added, lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery, "I try—I try to think where my guineas can be."

"Ay, ay, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt," said Mr. Macey.

"Tchuh!" said the farrier. And then he asked, with a cross-examining air, "How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner?"

"Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence, last night when I counted it," said Silas, seating himself again, with a groan.

"Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and as for the no footmarks, and the bricks and the sand being all right—why, your eyes are pretty much like a insect's, Master Marner; they're obliged to look so close, you can't see much at a time. It's my opinion as, if I'd been you, or you'd been me—for it comes to the same thing—you wouldn't have thought you'd found everything as you left it. But what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deppity; for that's the law, and I don't think anybody 'ull take upon him to contradick me there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man."

By this pregnant speech the farrier had re-established his self-complacency, and waited with confidence to hear himself named as one of the superlatively sensible men.

"Let us see how the night is, though," said the landlord, who also considered himself personally concerned in this proposition. "Why, it rains heavy still," he said, returning from the door.

"Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain," said the farrier. "For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps."

The landlord agreed with this view, and after taking the sense of the company, and duly rehearsing a small ceremony known in high ecclesiastical life as the *nolo episcopari*,[1] he consented to take on himself the chill dignity of going to Kench's. But to the farrier's strong disgust, Mr. Macey now started an objection to his proposing himself as a deputy-constable; for that oracular old gentlemen, claiming to know the law, stated, as a fact delivered to him by his father, that no doctor could be a constable.

"And you're a doctor, I reckon, though you're only a cow-doctor, for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss fly," concluded Mr. Macey, wondering a little at his own " 'cuteness."

There was a hot debate upon this, the farrier being of course indisposed to renounce the quality of doctor, but contending that a doctor could be a constable if he liked—the law meant, he needn't be one if he didn't like. Mr. Macey thought this was nonsense, since the law was not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. Moreover, if it was in the nature of doctors more than of other men not to like being constables, how came Mr. Dowlas to be so eager to act in that capacity?

"*I* don't want to act the constable," said the farrier, driven into a corner by this merciless reasoning; "and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there's to be any jealousy and en*vy*ing about going to Kench's in the rain, let them go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you."

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[1] *I do not wish to be a bishop.* A phrase used by those appointed bishops of the Established Church. The landlord, like the bishops, makes a pretence of taking the honor and responsibility unwillingly.

By the landlord's intervention, however, the dispute was accommodated. Mr. Dowlas consented to go as a second person disinclined to act officially; and so poor Silas, furnished with some old coverings, turned out with his two companions into the rain again, thinking of the long night hours before him, not as those do who long to rest, but as those who expect to "watch for the morning."

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN Godfrey Cass returned from Mrs. Osgood's party at midnight, he was not much surprised to learn that Dunsey had not come home. Perhaps he had not sold Wildfire, and was waiting for another chance—perhaps, on that foggy afternoon, he had preferred housing himself at the Red Lion at Batherley for the night, if the run had kept him in that neighborhood; for he was not likely to feel much concern about leaving his brother in suspense. Godfrey's mind was too full of Nancy Lammeter's looks and behaviour, too full of the exasperation against himself and his lot, which the sight of her always produced in him, for him to give much thought to Wildfire, or to the probabilities of Dunstan's conduct.

The next morning the whole village was excited by the story of the robbery, and Godfrey, like every one else, was occupied in gathering and discussing news about it, and in visiting the Stone-pits. The rain had washed away all possibility of distinguishing footmarks, but a close investigation of the spot had disclosed, in the direction opposite to the village, a tinder-box, with a flint and steel, half sunk in the mud. It was not Silas's tinder-box, for the only one he had ever had was still standing on his shelf; and the inference generally accepted was, that the tinder-box in the ditch was somehow connected with the robbery. A small minority shook their heads, and intimated their opinion that it was not a robbery to have much light thrown on it by tinder-boxes, that Master Marner's tale had a queer look with it, and that such things had been known as a man's doing himself a mischief, and then setting the justice to look for the doer. But when questioned closely as to their grounds for this opinion, and what Master Marner had to gain by such false pretences, they only shook their heads as before, and observed that there was no knowing what some folks counted gain; moreover, that everybody had a right to their own opinions, grounds or no grounds, and that the weaver, as everybody knew, was partly crazy. Mr. Macey, though he joined in the defence of Marner against all suspicions of deceit, also pooh-poohed the tinder-box; indeed, repudiated it as a rather impious suggestion, tending to imply that everything must be done by human hands, and that there was no power which could make away with the guineas without moving the bricks. Nevertheless, he turned round rather sharply on Mr. Tookey, when the zealous deputy, feeling that this was a view of the case peculiarly suited to a parish-clerk, carried it still further, and doubted whether it was right to inquire into a robbery at all when the circumstances were so mysterious.

"As if," concluded Mr. Tookey—"as if there was nothing but what could be made out by justices and constables."

"Now, don't you be for overshooting the mark, Tookey," said Mr. Macey, nodding his head aside, admonishingly. "That's what you're allays at; if I throw a stone and hit, you think there's summat better than hitting, and you try to throw a stone beyond.

What I said was against the tinder-box: I said nothing against justices and constables, for they're o' King George's making, and it 'ud be ill-becoming a man in a parish office to fly out again' King George."

While these discussions were going on amongst the group outside the Rainbow, a higher consultation was being carried on within, under the presidency of Mr. Crackenthorp, the rector, assisted by Squire Cass and other substantial parishioners. It had just occurred to Mr. Snell, the landlord—he being, as he observed, a man accustomed to put two and two together—to connect with the tinder-box, which, as deputy-constable, he himself had had the honourable distinction of finding, certain recollections of a pedlar who had called to drink at the house about a month before, and had actually stated that he carried a tinder-box about with him to light his pipe. Here, surely, was a clue to be followed out. And as memory, when duly impregnated with ascertained facts, is sometimes surprisingly fertile, Mr. Snell gradually recovered a vivid impression of the effect produced on him by the pedlar's countenance and conversation. He had a "look with his eye" which fell unpleasantly on Mr. Snell's sensitive organism. To be sure, he didn't say anything particular—no, except that about the tinder-box—but it isn't what a man says, it's the way he says it. Moreover, he had a swarthy foreignness of complexion which boded little honesty.

"Did he wear ear-rings?" Mr. Crackenthorp wished to know, having some acquaintance with foreign customs.

"Well — stay — let me see," said Mr. Snell, like a docile clairvoyante, who would really not make a mistake if she could help it. After stretching the corners of his mouth and contracting his eyes, as if he were trying to see the ear-rings, he appeared to give up the effort, and said, "Well, he'd got ear-rings in his box to sell, so it's nat'ral to suppose he might wear 'em. But he called at every house, a'most, in the village; there's somebody else, mayhap, saw 'em in his ears, though I can't take upon me rightly to say."

Mr. Snell was correct in his surmise, that somebody else would remember the pedlar's ear-rings. For on the spread of inquiry among the villagers it was stated, with gathering emphasis, that the parson had wanted to know whether the pedlar wore ear-rings in his ears, and an impression was created that a great deal depended on the eliciting of this fact. Of course, every one who heard the question, not having any distinct image of the pedlar as *without* ear-rings, immediately had an image of him *with* ear-rings, larger or smaller, as the case might be; and the image was presently taken for a vivid recollection, so that the glazier's wife, a well-intentioned woman, not given to lying, and whose house was among the cleanest in the village, was ready to declare, as sure as ever she meant to take the sacrament the very next Christmas that was ever coming, that she had seen big ear-rings, in the shape of the young moon, in the pedlar's two ears; while Jinny Oates, the cobbler's daughter, being a more imaginative person, stated not only that she had seen them too, but that they had made her blood creep, as it did at that very moment while there she stood.

Also, by way of throwing further light on this clue of the tinder-box, a collection was made of all the articles purchased from the pedlar at various houses, and carried to the Rainbow to be exhibited there. In fact, there was a general feeling in the village, that for the clearing-up of this robbery there must be a great deal done at the Rainbow, and that no man need offer his wife an excuse for going there while it was the scene of severe public duties.

Some disappointment was felt, and perhaps a little indignation also, when it became known that Silas Marner, on being questioned by the Squire and the parson, had retained no other recollection of the pedlar than that he called at his door, but had not entered his house, having turned away at once when Silas, holding the door ajar, had said that he wanted nothing. This had been Silas's testimony, though he clutched strongly at the idea of the pedlar's being the culprit, if only because it gave him a definite image of a whereabout for his gold after it had been taken away from its hiding place: he could see it now in the pedlar's box. But it was observed with some irritation in the village, that anybody but a "blind creatur" like Marner would have seen the man prowling about, for how came he to leave his tinder-box in the ditch close by, if he hadn't been lingering there? Doubtless, he had made his observations when he saw Marner at the door. Anybody might know—and only look at him—that the weaver was a half-crazy miser. It was a wonder the pedlar hadn't murdered him; men of that sort, with rings in their ears, had been known for murderers often and often; there had been one tried at the 'sizes, not so long ago but what there were people living who remembered it.

Godfrey Cass, indeed, entering the Rainbow during one of Mr. Snell's frequently repeated recitals of his testimony, had treated it lightly, stating that he himself had bought a pen-knife of the pedlar, and thought him a merry grinning fellow enough; it was all nonsense, he said, about the man's evil looks. But this was spoken of in the village as the random talk of youth, "as if it was only Mr. Snell who had seen something odd about the pedlar!" On the contrary, there were at least half-a-dozen who were ready to go before Justice Malam, and give in much more striking testimony than any the landlord could furnish. It was to be hoped Mr. Godfrey would not go to Tarley and throw cold water on what Mr. Snell said there, and so prevent the justice from drawing up a warrant. He was suspected of intending this, when, after mid-day, he was seen setting off on horseback in the direction of Tarley.

But by this time Godfrey's interest in the robbery had faded before his growing anxiety about Dunstan and Wildfire, and he was going, not to Tarley, but to Batherley, unable to rest in uncertainty about them any longer. The possibility that Dunstan had played him the ugly trick of riding away with Wildfire, to return at the end of a month, when he had gambled away or otherwise squandered the price of the horse, was a fear that urged itself upon him more, even, than the thought of an accidental injury; and now that the dance at Mrs. Osgood's was past, he was irritated with himself that he had trusted his horse to Dunstan. Instead of trying to still his fears he encouraged them, with that superstitious impression which clings to us all, that if we expect evil very strongly it is the less likely to come; and when he heard a horse approaching at a trot, and saw a hat rising above a hedge beyond an angle of the lane, he felt as if his conjuration had succeeded. But no sooner did the horse come within sight, than his heart sank again. It was not Wildfire; and in a few moments more he discerned that the rider was not Dunstan, but Bryce, who pulled up to speak, with a face that implied something disagreeable.

"Well, Mr. Godfrey, that's a lucky brother of yours, that Master Dunsey, isn't he?"

"What do you mean?" said Godfrey, hastily.

"Why, hasn't he been home yet?" said Bryce.

"Home? no. What has happened? Be quick. What has he done with my horse?"

"Ah, I thought it was yours, though he pretended you had parted with it to him."

"Has he thrown him down and broken his knees?" said Godfrey, flushed with exasperation.

"Worse than that," said Bryce. "You see, I'd made a bargain with him to buy the horse for a hundred and twenty—a swinging price,[1] but I always liked the horse. And what does he do but go and stake him—fly at a hedge with stakes in it, atop of a bank with a ditch before it. The horse had been dead a pretty good while when he was found. So he hasn't been home since, has he?"

"Home? no," said Godfrey, "and he'd better keep away. Confound me for a fool! I might have known this would be the end of it."

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Bryce, "after I'd bargained for the horse, it did come into my head that he might be riding and selling the horse without your knowledge, for I didn't believe it was his own. I knew Master Dunsey was up to his tricks sometimes. But where can he be gone? He's never been seen at Batherley. He couldn't have been hurt, for he must have walked off."

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[1] A good round sum.

"Hurt?" said Godfrey, bitterly. "He'll never be hurt—he's made to hurt other people."

"And so you *did* give him leave to sell the horse, eh?" said Bryce.

"Yes; I wanted to part with the horse — he was always a little too hard in the mouth for me," said Godfrey; his pride making him wince under the idea that Bryce guessed the sale to be a matter of necessity. "I was going to see after him—I thought some mischief had happened. I'll go back now," he added, turning the horse's head, and wishing he could get rid of Bryce; for he felt that the long-dreaded crisis of his life was close upon him. "You're coming on to Raveloe, aren't you?"

"Well, no, not now," said Bryce. "I *was* coming round there, for I had to go to Flitton, and I thought I might as well take you in my way, and just let you know all I knew myself about the horse. I suppose Master Dunsey didn't like to show himself till the ill news had blown over a bit. He's perhaps gone to pay a visit at the Three Crowns, by Whitbridge—I know he's fond of the house."

"Perhaps he is," said Godfrey, rather absently. Then rousing himself, he said, with an effort at carelessness, "We shall hear of him soon enough, I'll be bound."

"Well, here's my turning," said Bryce, not surprised to perceive that Godfrey was rather "down;" "so I'll bid you good-day, and wish I may bring you better news another time."

Godfrey rode along slowly, representing to himself the scene of confession to his father from which he felt that there was now no longer any escape. The revelation about the money must be made the very next morning; and if he withheld the rest, Dunstan would be sure to come back shortly, and, finding that he must bear the brunt of his father's anger, would tell the whole story out of spite, even though he had nothing to gain by it. There was one step, perhaps, by which he might still win Dunstan's silence and put off the evil day: he might tell his father that he had himself spent the money paid to him by Fowler; and as he had never been guilty of such an offence before, the affair would blow over after a little storming. But Godfrey could not bend himself to this. He felt that in letting Dunstan have the money, he had already been guilty of a breach of trust hardly less culpable than that of spending the money directly for his own behoof; and yet there was a distinction between the two acts which made him feel that the one was so much more blackening than the other as to be intolerable to him.

"I don't pretend to be a good fellow," he said to himself; "but I'm not a scoundrel—at least, I'll stop short somewhere. I'll bear the consequences of what I *have* done sooner than make believe I've done what I never would have done. I'd never have spent the money for my own pleasure—I was tortured into it."

Through the remainder of this day Godfrey, with only occasional fluctuations, kept his will bent in the direction of a complete avowal to his father, and he withheld the story of Wildfire's loss till the next morning, that it might serve him as an introduction to heavier matter. The old Squire was accustomed to his son's frequent absence from home, and thought neither Dunstan's nor Wildfire's non-appearance a matter calling for remark. Godfrey said to himself again and again, that if he let slip this one opportunity of confession, he might never have another; the revelation might be made even in a more odious way than by Dunstan's malignity: *she* might come as she had threatened to do. And then he tried to make the scene easier to himself by rehearsal: he made up his mind how he would pass from the admission of his weakness in letting Dunstan have the money to the fact that Dunstan had a hold on him which he had been unable to shake off, and how he would work up his father to expect something very bad before he told him the fact. The old Squire was an implacable man: he made resolutions in violent anger, and he was not to be moved from them after his anger had subsided—as fiery volcanic matters cool and harden into rock. Like many violent and implacable men, he allowed evils to grow under favour of his own heedlessness, till they pressed upon him with exasperating force, and then he turned round with fierce severity and became unrelentingly hard. This was his system with his tenants: he allowed them to get into arrears, neglect their fences, reduce their stock, sell their straw, and otherwise go the wrong way—and then, when he became short of money in consequence of this indulgence, he took the hardest measures and would listen to no appeal. Godfrey knew all this, and felt it with the greater force because he had constantly suffered annoyance from witnessing his father's sudden fits of unrelentingness, for which his own habitual irresolution deprived him of all sympathy. (He was not critical on the faulty indulgence which preceded these fits; *that* seemed to him natural enough.) Still there was just the chance, Godfrey thought, that his father's pride might see this marriage in a light that would induce him to hush it up, rather than turn his son out and make the family the talk of the country for ten miles round.

This was the view of the case that Godfrey managed to keep before him pretty closely till midnight, and he went to sleep thinking that he had done with inward debating. But when he awoke in the still morning darkness he found it impossible to reawaken his evening thoughts; it was as if they had been tired out and were not to be roused to further work. Instead of arguments for confession, he could now feel the presence of nothing but its evil consequences: the old dread of disgrace came back—the old shrinking from the thought of raising a hopeless barrier between himself and Nancy—the old disposition to rely on chances which might be favourable to him, and save him from betrayal. Why, after all, should he cut off the hope of them by his own act? He had seen the matter in a wrong light yesterday. He had been in a rage with Dunstan, and had thought of nothing but a thorough break-up of their mutual understanding; but what it would be really wisest for him to do, was to try and soften his father's anger against Dunsey, and keep things as nearly as possible in their old condition. If Dunsey did not come back for a few days (and Godfrey did not know but that the rascal had enough money in his pocket to enable him to keep away still longer), everything might blow over.

CHAPTER IX

GODFREY rose and took his own breakfast earlier than usual, but lingered in the wainscoted parlour till his younger brothers had finished their meal and gone out; awaiting his father, who always took a walk with his managing-man before breakfast. Every one breakfasted at a different hour in the Red House, and the Squire was always the latest, giving a long chance to a rather feeble morning appetite before he tried it. The table had been spread with substantial eatables nearly two hours before he presented himself—a tall, stout man of sixty, with a face in which the knit brow and rather hard glance seemed contradicted by the slack and feeble mouth. His person showed marks of habitual neglect, his dress was slovenly; and yet there was something in the presence of the old Squire distinguishable from that of the ordinary farmers in the parish, who were perhaps every whit as refined as he, but, having slouched their way through life with a consciousness of being in the vicinity of their "betters," wanted that self-possession and authoritativeness of voice and carriage which belonged to a man who thought of superiors as remote existences with whom he had personally little more to do than with America or the stars. The Squire had been used to parish homage all his life, used to the presupposition that his family, his tankards, and everything that was his, were the oldest and best; and as he never associated with any gentry higher than himself, his opinion was not disturbed by comparison.

He glanced at his son as he entered the room, and said, "What, sir! haven't *you* had your breakfast yet?" but there was no pleasant morning greeting between them; not because of any unfriendliness, but because the sweet flower of courtesy is not a growth of such homes as the Red House.

"Yes, sir," said Godfrey, "I've had my breakfast, but I was waiting to speak to you."

"Ah! well," said the Squire, throwing himself indifferently into his chair, and speaking in a ponderous coughing fashion, which was felt in Raveloe to be a sort of privilege of his rank, while he cut a piece of beef, and held it up before the deer-hound that had come in with him. "Ring the bell for my ale, will you? You youngsters' business is your own pleasure, mostly. There's no hurry about it for anybody but yourselves."

The Squire's life was quite as idle as his sons', but it was a fiction kept up by himself and his contemporaries in Raveloe that youth was exclusively the period of folly, and that their aged wisdom was constantly in a state of endurance mitigated by sarcasm. Godfrey waited, before he spoke again, until the ale had been brought and the door closed—an interval during which Fleet, the deer-hound, had consumed enough bits of beef to make a poor man's holiday dinner.

"There's been a cursed piece of ill-luck with Wildfire," he began; "happened the day before yesterday."

"What! broke his knees?" said the Squire, after taking a draught of ale. "I thought you knew how to ride better than that, sir. I never threw a horse down in my life. If I had, I might ha' whistled for another, for *my* father wasn't quite so ready to unstring[1] as some other fathers I know of. But they must turn over a new leaf—*they* must. What with mortgages and arrears, I'm as short o' cash as a roadside pauper. And that fool Kimble says the newspaper's talking about peace. Why, the country wouldn't have a leg to stand on. Prices 'ud run down like a jack, and I should never get my arrears, not if I sold all the fellows up. And there's that damned Fowler, I won't put up with him any longer; I've told Winthrop to go to Cox this very day. The lying scoundrel told me he'd be sure to pay me a hundred last month. He takes advantage because he's on that outlying farm, and thinks I shall forget him."

The Squire had delivered this speech in a coughing and interrupted manner, but with no pause long enough for Godfrey to make it a pretext for taking up the word again. He felt that his father meant to ward off any request for money on the ground of the misfortune with Wildfire, and that the emphasis he had thus been led to lay on his shortness of cash and his arrears was likely to produce an attitude of mind the utmost unfavourable for his own disclosure. But he must go on, now he had begun.

"It's worse than breaking the horse's knees — he's been staked and killed," he said, as soon as his father was silent, and had begun to cut his meat. "But I wasn't thinking of asking you to buy me another horse;

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[1] So ready to untie the strings of his purse. In medieval times the purse was a sort of bag carried hanging from the girdle.

I was only thinking I'd lost the means of paying you with the price of Wildfire, as I'd meant to do. Dunsey took him to the hunt to sell him for me the other day, and after he'd made a bargain for a hundred and twenty with Bryce, he went after the hounds, and took some fool's leap or other that did for the horse at once. If it hadn't been for that, I should have paid you a hundred pounds this morning."

The Squire had laid down his knife and fork, and was staring at his son in amazement, not being sufficiently quick of brain to form a probable guess as to what could have caused so strange an inversion of the paternal and filial relations as this proposition of his son to pay him a hundred pounds.

"The truth is, sir—I'm very sorry—I was quite to blame," said Godfrey. "Fowler did pay that hundred pounds. He paid it to me, when I was over there one day last month. And Dunsey bothered me for the money, and I let him have it, because I hoped I should be able to pay it you before this."

The Squire was purple with anger before his son had done speaking, and found utterance difficult. "You let Dunsey have it, sir? And how long have you been so thick with Dunsey that you must *collogue*[1] with him to embezzle my money? Are you turning out a scamp? I tell you I won't have it. I'll turn the whole pack of you out of the house together, and marry again. I'd have you to remember, sir, my property's got no entail[2] on it;—since my grandfather's time the Casses can do as they like with their land. Remember that, sir. Let Dunsey have the money! Why should you let Dunsey have the money? There's some lie at the bottom of it."

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[1] Conspire or plot.

[2] An estate was entailed when the law limited the inheritance to a particular class of heirs, as, for example, the eldest sons.

"There's no lie, sir," said Godfrey. "I wouldn't have spent the money myself, but Dunsey bothered me, and I was a fool, and let him have it. But I meant to pay it, whether he did or not. That's the whole story. I never meant to embezzle money, and I'm not the man to do it. You never knew me do a dishonest trick, sir."

"Where's Dunsey, then? What do you stand talking there for? Go and fetch Dunsey, as I tell you, and let him give account of what he wanted the money for, and what he's done with it. He shall repent. I'll turn him out. I said I would, and I'll do it. He shan't brave me. Go and fetch him."

"Dunsey isn't come back, sir."

"What! did he break his own neck, then?" said the Squire, with some disgust at the idea that, in that case, he could not fulfill his threat.

"No, he wasn't hurt, I believe, for the horse was found dead, and Dunsey must have walked off. I daresay we shall see him again by-and-by. I don't know where he is."

"And what must you be letting him have my money for? Answer me that," said the Squire, attacking Godfrey again, since Dunsey was not within reach.

"Well, sir, I don't know," said Godfrey, hesitatingly. That was a feeble evasion, but Godfrey was not fond of lying, and, not being sufficiently aware that no sort of duplicity can long flourish without the help of vocal falsehoods, he was quite unprepared with invented motives.

"You don't know? I tell you what it is, sir. You've been up to some trick, and you've been bribing him not to tell," said the Squire, with a sudden acuteness which startled Godfrey, who felt his heart beat violently at the nearness of his father's guess. The sudden alarm pushed him on to take the next step—a very slight impulse suffices for that on a downward road.

"Why, sir," he said, trying to speak with careless ease, "it was a little affair between me and Dunsey; it's no matter to anybody else. It's hardly worth while to pry into young men's fooleries: it wouldn't have made any difference to you, sir, if I'd not had the bad luck to lose Wildfire. I should have paid you the money."

"Fooleries! Pshaw! it's time you'd done with fooleries. And I'd have you know, sir, you *must* ha' done with 'em," said the Squire, frowning and casting an angry glance at his son. "Your goings-on are not what I shall find money for any longer. There's my grandfather had his stables full o' horses, and kept a good house, too, and in worse times, by what I can make out; and so might I, if I hadn't four good-for-nothing fellows to hang on me like horse-leeches. I've been too good a father to you all—that's what it is. But I shall pull up, sir."

Godfrey was silent. He was not likely to be very penetrating in his judgments, but he had always had a sense that his father's indulgence had not been kindness, and had had a vague longing for some discipline that would have checked his own errant weakness and helped his better will. The Squire ate his bread and meat hastily, took a deep draught of ale, then turned his chair from the table, and began to speak again.

"It'll be all the worse for you, you know—you'd need try and help me keep things together."

"Well, sir, I've often offered to take the management of things, but you know you've taken it ill always, and seemed to think I wanted to push you out of your place."

"I know nothing o' your offering or o' my taking it ill," said the Squire, whose memory consisted in certain strong impressions unmodified by detail; "but I know, one while you seemed to be thinking o' marrying, and I didn't offer to put any obstacles in your way, as some fathers would. I'd as lieve you married Lammeter's daughter as anybody. I suppose, if I'd said you nay, you'd ha' kept on with it; but, for want o' contradiction, you've changed your mind. You're a shilly-shally fellow:[1] you take after your poor mother. She never had a will of her own; a woman has no call for one, if she's got a proper man for her husband. But *your* wife had need have one, for you hardly know your own mind enough to make both your legs walk one way. The lass hasn't said downright she won't have you, has she?"

"No," said Godfrey, feeling very hot and uncomfortable; "but I don't think she will."

"Think! why haven't you the courage to ask her? Do you stick to it, you want to have *her*—that's the thing?"

"There's no other woman I want to marry," said Godfrey, evasively.

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[1] An irresolute person. "Shall I? Shall I?" Continual questioning, indicating indecision.

"Well, then, let me make the offer for you, that's all, if you haven't the pluck to do it yourself. Lammeter isn't likely to be loath for his daughter to marry into *my* family, I should think. And as for the pretty lass, she wouldn't have her cousin—and there's nobody else, as I see, could ha' stood in your way."

"I'd rather let it be, please sir, at present," said Godfrey in alarm. "I think she's a little offended with me just now, and I should like to speak for myself. A man must manage these things for himself."

"Well, speak, then, and manage it, and see if you can't turn over a new leaf. That's what a man must do when he thinks o' marrying."

"I don't see how I can think of it at present, sir. You wouldn't like to settle me on one of the farms, I suppose, and I don't think she'd come to live in this house with all my brothers. It's a different sort of life to what she's been used to."

"Not come to live in this house? Don't tell me. You ask her, that's all," said the Squire, with a short, scornful laugh.

"I'd rather let the thing be, at present, sir," said Godfrey. "I hope you won't try to hurry it on by saying anything."

"I shall do what I choose," said the Squire, "and I shall let you know I'm master; else you may turn out, and find an estate to drop into somewhere else. Go out and tell Winthrop not to go to Cox's, but wait for me. And tell 'em to get my horse saddled. And stop: look out and get that hack o' Dunsey's sold, and hand me the money, will you? He'll keep no more hacks at my expense. And if you know where he's sneaking — I daresay you do—you may tell him to spare himself the journey o' coming back home. Let him turn ostler, and keep himself. He shan't hang on me any more."

"I don't know where he is; and if I did, it isn't my place to tell him to keep away," said Godfrey, moving towards the door.

"Confound it, sir, don't stay arguing, but go and order my horse," said the Squire, taking up a pipe.

Godfrey left the room, hardly knowing whether he were more relieved by the sense that the interview was ended without having made any change in his position, or more uneasy that he had entangled himself still further in prevarication and deceit. What had passed about his proposing to Nancy had raised a new alarm, lest by some after-dinner words of his father's to Mr. Lammeter he should be thrown into the embarrassment of being obliged absolutely to decline her when she seemed to be within his reach. He fled to his usual refuge, that of hoping for some unforeseen turn of fortune, some favorable chance which would save him from unpleasant consequences—perhaps even justify his insincerity by manifesting its prudence.

In this point of trusting to some throw of fortune's dice, Godfrey can hardly be called old-fashioned. Favourable Chance is the god of all men who follow their own devices instead of obeying a law they believe in. Let even a polished man of these days get into a position he is ashamed to avow, and his mind will be bent on all the possible issues that may deliver him from the calculable results of that position. Let him live outside his income, or shirk the resolute honest work that brings wages, and he will presently find himself dreaming of a possible benefactor, a possible simpleton who may be cajoled into using his interest, a possible state of mind in some possible person not yet forthcoming. Let him neglect the responsibilities of his office, and he will inevitably anchor himself on the chance, that the thing left undone may turn out not to be of the supposed importance. Let him betray his friend's confidence, and he will adore that same cunning complexity called Chance, which gives him the hope that his friend will never know. Let him forsake a decent craft that he may pursue the gentilities of a profession to which nature never called him, and his religion will infallibly be the worship of blessed Chance, which he will believe in as the mighty creator of success. The evil principle deprecated in that religion, is the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind.

CHAPTER X

Justice Malam was naturally regarded in Tarley and Raveloe as a man of capacious mind, seeing that he could draw much wider conclusions without evidence than could be expected of his neighbours who were not on the Commission of the Peace. Such a man was not likely to neglect the clue of the tinder-box, and an inquiry was set on foot concerning a pedlar, name unknown, with curly black hair and a foreign complexion, carrying a box of cutlery and jewellery, and wearing large rings in his ears. But either because inquiry was too slow-footed to overtake him, or because the description applied to so many pedlars that inquiry did not know how to choose among them, weeks passed away, and there was no other result concerning the robbery than a gradual cessation of the excitement it had caused in Raveloe. Dunstan Cass's absence was hardly a subject of remark; he had once before had a quarrel with his father, and had gone off, nobody knew whither, to return at the end of six weeks, take up his old quarters unforbidden and swagger as usual. His own family, who equally expected this issue, with the sole difference that the Squire was determined this time to forbid him the old quarters, never mentioned his absence; and when his uncle Kimble or Mr. Osgood noticed it, the story of his having killed Wildfire and committed some offence against his father was enough to prevent surprise. To connect the fact of Dunsey's disappearance with that of the robbery occurring on the same day, lay quite away from the track of every one's thought—even Godfrey's, who had better reason than any one else to know what his brother was capable of. He remembered no mention of the weaver between them since the time, twelve years ago, when it was their boyish sport to deride him; and, besides, his imagination constantly created an *alibi* for Dunstan: he saw him continually in some congenial haunt, to which he had walked off on leaving Wildfire—saw him sponging on chance acquaintances, and meditating a return home to the old amusement of tormenting his elder brother. Even if any brain in Raveloe had put the said two facts together, I doubt whether a combination so injurious to the prescriptive respectability of a family with a mural monument and venerable tankards, would not have been suppressed as of unsound tendency. But Christmas puddings, brawn,[1] and abundance of spirituous liquors, throwing the mental originality into the channel of nightmare, are great preservatives against a dangerous spontaneity of waking thought.

When the robbery was talked of at the Rainbow and elsewhere, in good company, the balance continued to waver between the rational explanation founded on the tinder-box, and the theory of an impenetrable mystery that mocked investigation. The advocates of the tinder-box-and-pedlar view considered the other side a muddle-headed and credulous set, who, because they themselves were wall-eyed, supposed everybody else to have the same blank outlook; and the adherents of the inexplicable more than hinted that their antagonists were animals inclined to crow before they had found any corn —mere skimming-dishes in point of depth—whose clear-sightedness consisted in supposing there was nothing behind a barn-door because they couldn't see through it; so that, though their controversy did not serve to elicit the fact concerning the robbery, it elicited some true opinions of collateral importance.

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[1] The salted flesh of a boar.

But while poor Silas's loss served thus to brush the slow current of Raveloe conversation, Silas himself was feeling the withering desolation of that bereavement about which his neighbours were arguing at their ease. To any one who had observed him before he lost his gold, it might have seemed that so withered and shrunken a life as his could hardly be susceptible of a bruise, could hardly endure any subtraction but such as would put an end to it altogether. But in reality it had been an eager life, filled with immediate purpose which fenced him in from the wide, cheerless unknown. It had been a clinging life; and though the object round which its fibres had clung was a dead disrupted thing, it satisfied the need for clinging. But now the fence was broken down—the support was snatched away. Marner's thoughts could no longer move in their old round, and were baffled by a blank like that which meets a plodding ant when the earth has broken away on its homeward path. The loom was there, and the weaving, and the growing pattern in the cloth; but the bright treasure in the hole under his feet was gone; the prospect of handling and counting was gone: the evening had no phantasm of delight to still the poor soul's craving. The thought of the money he would get by his actual work could bring no joy, for its meagre image was only a fresh reminder of his loss; and hope was too heavily crushed by the sudden blow, for his imagination to dwell on the growth of a new hoard from that small beginning.

He filled up the blank with grief. As he sat weaving, he every now and then moaned low, like one in pain: it was the sign that his thoughts had come round again to the sudden chasm—to the empty evening time. And all the evening, as he sat in his loneliness by his dull fire, he leaned his elbows on his knees, and clasped his head with his hands, and moaned very low—not as one who seeks to be heard.

And yet he was not utterly forsaken in his trouble. The repulsion Marner had always created in his neighbours was partly dissipated by the new light in which this misfortune had shown him. Instead of a man who had more cunning than honest folks could come by, and, what was worse, had not the inclination to use that cunning in a neighbourly way, it was now apparent that Silas had not cunning enough to keep his own. He was generally spoken of as a "poor mushed creatur;" and that avoidance of his neighbours, which had before been referred to his ill-will and to a probable addiction to worse company, was now considered mere craziness.

This change to a kindlier feeling was shown in various ways. The odour of Christmas cooking being on the wind, it was the season when superfluous pork and black puddings[1] are suggestive of charity in well-to-do families; and Silas's misfortune had brought him uppermost in the memory of housekeepers like Mrs. Osgood. Mr.

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[1] Sausages made of blood and suet, and thickened with meal.

Crackenthorp, too, while he admonished Silas that his money had probably been taken from him because he thought too much of it and never came to church, enforced the doctrine by a present of pigs' pettitoes,[1] well calculated to dissipate unfounded prejudices against the clerical character. Neighbours who had nothing but verbal consolation to give showed a disposition not only to greet Silas and discuss his misfortune at some length when they encountered him in the village, but also to take the trouble of calling at his cottage and getting him to repeat all the details on the very spot; and then they would try to cheer him by saying, "Well, Master Marner, you're no worse off nor other poor folks, after all; and if you was to be crippled, the parish 'ud give you a 'lowance."

I suppose one reason why we are seldom able to comfort our neighbours with our words is that our goodwill gets adulterated, in spite of ourselves, before it can pass our lips. We can send black puddings and pettitoes, without giving them a flavour of our own egoism; but language is a stream that is almost sure to smack of a mingled soil. There was a fair proportion of kindness in Raveloe; but it was often of a beery and bungling sort, and took the shape least allied to the complimentary and hypocritical.

Mr. Macey, for example, coming one evening expressly to let Silas know that recent events had given him the advantage of standing more favourably in the opinion of a man whose judgment was not formed lightly, opened the conversation by saying, as soon as he had seated himself and adjusted his thumbs—

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[1] Pigs' feet.

"Come, Master Marner, why, you've no call to sit a-moaning. You're a deal better off to ha' lost your money, nor to ha' kep it by foul means. I used to think, when you first come into these parts, as you were no better nor you should be; you were younger a deal than what you are now; but you were allays a staring, white-faced creatur, partly like a bald-faced calf, as I may say. But there's no knowing: it isn't every queer-looksed thing as Old Harry's had the making of—I mean, speaking o' toads and such; for they're often harmless, and useful against varmin. And it's pretty much the same wi' you, as fur as I can see. Though as to the yarbs and stuff to cure the breathing, if you brought that sort o' knowledge from distant parts, you might ha' been a bit freer of it. And if the knowledge wasn't well come by, why, you might ha' made up for it by coming to church reg'lar; for as for the children as the Wise Woman charmed, I've been at the christening of 'em again and again, and they took the water just as well. And that's reasonable; for if Old Harry's a mind to do a bit o' kindness for a holiday, like, who's got anything against it? That's my thinking; and I've been clerk o' this parish forty year, and I know, when the parson and me does the cussing of a Ash Wednesday, there's no cussing o' folks as have a mind to be cured without a doctor, let Kimble say what he will. And so, Master Marner, as I was saying—for there's windings i' things as they may carry you to the fur end o' the prayer-book afore you get back to 'em—my advice is, as you keep up your sperrits; for as for thinking you're a deep un, and ha' got more inside you nor 'ull bear daylight. I'm not o' that opinion at all, and so I tell the neighbours. For, says I, you talk o' Master Marner making out a tale—why, it's nonsense, that is: it 'ud take a cute man to make a tale like that; and, says I, he looked as scared as a rabbit."

During this discursive address[1] Silas had continued motionless in his previous attitude, leaning his elbows on his knees, and pressing his hands against his head. Mr. Macey, not doubting that he had been listened to, paused, in the expectation of some appreciatory reply, but Marner remained silent. He had a sense that the old man meant to be good-natured and neighbourly; but the kindness fell on him as sunshine falls on the wretched—he had no heart to taste it, and felt that it was very far off him.

"Come, Master Marner, have you got nothing to say to that?" said Mr. Macey at last, with a slight accent of impatience.

"Oh," said Marner, slowly, shaking his head between his hands, "I thank you—thank you—kindly."

"Ay, ay, to be sure: I thought you would," said Mr. Macey; "and my advice is—have you got a Sunday suit?"

"No," said Marner.

"I doubted it was so," said Mr. Macey. "Now, let me advise you to get a Sunday suit: there's Tookey, he's a poor creatur, but he's got my tailoring business, and some o' my money in it, and he shall make a suit at a low price, and give you trust, and then you can come to church, and be a bit neighbourly. Why, you've never heared me say 'Amen' since you come into these parts, and I recommend you to lose no time, for it'll be poor work when Tookey has it all to himself, for I mayn't be equil to stand i' the desk at all, come another winter." Here Mr. Macey paused, perhaps expecting some sign of emotion in his hearer; but not observing any, he went on. "And as for the money for the suit o' clothes, why, you get a matter of a pound a-week at your weaving, Master Marner, and you're a young man, eh, for all you look so mushed. Why, you couldn't ha' been five-and-twenty when you come into these parts, eh?"

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[1] Compare this scene with that between Job and his consolatory friends.

Silas started a little at the change to a questioning tone, and answered mildly, "I don't know; I can't rightly say—it's a long while since."

After receiving such an answer as this, it is not surprising that Mr. Macey observed, later on in the evening at the Rainbow, that Marner's head was "all of a muddle," and that it was to be doubted if he ever knew when Sunday came round, which showed him a worse heathen than many a dog.

Another of Silas's comforters, besides Mr. Macey, came to him with a mind highly charged on the same topic. This was Mrs. Winthrop, the wheelwright's wife. The inhabitants of Raveloe were not severely regular in their church-going, and perhaps there was hardly a person in the parish who would not have held that to go to church every Sunday in the calendar would have shown a greedy desire to stand well with Heaven, and get an undue advantage over their neighbours—a wish to be better than the "common run," that would have implied a reflection on those who had had godfathers and godmothers as well as themselves, and had an equal right to the burying-service. At the same time, it was understood to be requisite for all who were not household servants, or young men, to take the sacrament at one of the great festivals: Squire Cass himself took it on Christmas-day; while those who were held to be "good-livers" went to church with greater, though still with moderate, frequency.

Mrs. Winthrop was one of these: she was in all respects a woman of scrupulous conscience, so eager for duties that life seemed to offer them too scantily unless she rose at half-past four, though this threw a scarcity of work over the more advanced hours of the morning, which it was a constant problem with her to remove. Yet she had not the vixenish temper which is sometimes supposed to be a necessary condition of such habits: she was a very mild, patient woman, whose nature it was to seek out all the sadder and more serious elements of life, and pasture her mind upon them. She was the person always first thought of in Raveloe when there was illness or death in the family, when leeches were to be applied, or there was a sudden disappointment in a monthly nurse. She was a "comfortable woman"—good-looking, fresh-complexioned, having her lips always slightly screwed, as if she felt herself in a sick-room with a doctor or the clergyman present. But she was never whimpering; no one had seen her shed tears; she was simply grave and inclined to shake her head and sigh, almost imperceptibly, like a funereal mourner who is not a relation. It seemed surprising that Ben Winthrop, who loved his quart-pot and his joke, got along so well with Dolly; but she took her husband's jokes and joviality as patiently as everything else, considering that "men *would* be so," and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkey-cocks.

This good wholesome woman could hardly fail to have her mind drawn strongly towards Silas Marner, now that he appeared in the light of a sufferer; and one Sunday afternoon she took her little boy Aaron with her, and went to call on Silas, carrying in her hand some small lard-cakes, flat paste-like articles much esteemed in Raveloe. Aaron, an apple-cheeked youngster of seven, with a clean starched frill which looked like a plate for the apples, needed all his adventurous curiosity to embolden him against the possibility that the big-eyed weaver might do him some bodily injury; and his dubiety was much increased when, on arriving at the Stone-pits, they heard the mysterious sound of the loom.

"Ah, it is as I thought," said Mrs. Winthrop, sadly.

They had to knock loudly before Silas heard them; but when he did come to the door he showed no impatience, as he would once have done, at a visit that had been unasked for and unexpected. Formerly, his heart had been as a locked casket with its treasure inside; but now the casket was empty, and the lock was broken. Left groping in darkness, with his prop utterly gone, Silas had inevitably a sense, though a dull and half-despairing one, that if any help came to him it must come from without; and there was a slight stirring of expectation at the sight of his fellow-men, a faint consciousness of dependence on their goodwill. He opened the door wide to admit Dolly, but without otherwise returning her greeting than by moving the arm-chair a few inches as a sign that she was to sit down in it. Dolly, as soon as she was seated, removed the white cloth that covered her lard-cakes, and said in her gravest way—

"I'd a baking yisterday, Master Marner, and the lard-cakes turned out better nor common, and I'd ha' asked you to accept some, if you'd thought well. I don't eat such things myself, for a bit o' bread's what I like from one year's end to the other; but men's stomichs are made so comical, they want a change—they do, I know, God help 'em."

Dolly sighed gently as she held out the cakes to Silas, who thanked her kindly and looked very close at them, absently, being accustomed to look so at everything he took into his hand—eyed all the while by the wondering bright orbs of the small Aaron, who had made an outwork of his mother's chair, and was peeping from behind it.

"There's letters pricked on 'em," said Dolly. "I can't read 'em myself, and there's nobody, not Mr. Macey himself, rightly knows what they mean; but they've a good meaning, for they're the same as is on the pulpit-cloth at church. What are they, Aaron, my dear?"

Aaron retreated completely behind his outwork.

"Oh go, that's naughty," said his mother, mildly. "Well, whativer the letters are, they've a good meaning; and it's a stamp as has been in our house, Ben says, ever since he was a little un, and his mother used to put it on the cakes, and I've allays put it on too; for if there's any good, we've need of it i' this world."

"It's I. H. S.,"[1] said Silas, at which proof of learning Aaron peeped round the chair again.

"Well, to be sure, you can read 'em off," said Dolly. "Ben's read 'em to me many and many a time, but they slip out o' my mind again; the more's the pity, for they're good letters, else they wouldn't be in the church; and so I prick 'em on all the loaves and all the cakes, though sometimes they won't hold, because o' the rising —for, as I said, if there's any good to be got we've need of it i' this world—that we have; and I hope they'll bring good to you, Master Marner, for it's wi' that will I brought you the cakes; and you see the letters have held better nor common."

Silas was as unable to interpret the letters as Dolly, but there was no possibility of misunderstanding the desire to give comfort that made itself heard in her quiet tones. He said, with more feeling than before—"Thank you—thank you kindly." But he laid down the cakes and seated himself absently—drearily unconscious of any distinct benefit towards which the cakes and the letters, or even Dolly's kindness, could tend for him.

"Ah, if there's good anywhere, we've need of it," repeated Dolly, who did not lightly forsake a serviceable phrase. She looked at Silas pityingly as she went on. "But you didn't hear the church-bells this morning, Master Marner? I doubt you didn't know it was Sunday. Living so lone here, you lose your count, I daresay; and then, when your loom makes a noise, you can't hear the bells, more partic'lar now the frost kills the sound."

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[1] The first three letters of the Greek word for Jesus. The letters are regarded as the symbols of Christianity, and are commonly but mistakenly supposed to stand either for *Jesus Hominum Salvator* or *In hoc signo*, the latter phrase being the legend under the miraculous cross seen by the Emperor Constantine.

"Yes, I did; I heard 'em," said Silas, to whom Sunday bells were a mere accident of the day, and not part of its sacredness. There had been no bells in Lantern Yard.

"Dear heart!" said Dolly, pausing before she spoke again. "But what a pity it is you should work of a Sunday, and not clean yourself—if you *didn't* go to church; for if you'd a roasting bit, it might be as you couldn't leave it, being a lone man. But there's the bakehus, if you could make up your mind to spend a twopence on the oven now and then—not every week, in course—I shouldn't like to do that myself—you might carry your bit o' dinner there, for it's nothing but right to have a bit o' summat hot of a Sunday, and not to make it as you can't know your dinner from Saturday. But now, upo' Christmas-day, this blessed Christmas as is ever coming, if you was to take your dinner to the bakehus, and go to church, and see the holly and the yew, and hear the anthim, and then take the sacramen', you'd be a deal the better, and you'd know which end you stood on, and you could put your trust i' Them as knows better nor we do, seein' you'd ha' done what it lies on us all to do."

Dolly's exhortation, which was an unusually long effort of speech for her, was uttered in the soothing persuasive tone with which she would have tried to prevail on a sick man to take his medicine, or a basin of gruel for which he had no appetite. Silas had never before been closely urged on the point of his absence from church, which had only been thought of as a part of his general queerness; and he was too direct and simple to evade Dolly's appeal.

"Nay, nay," he said, "I know nothing o' church. I've never been to church."

"No!" said Dolly, in a low tone of wonderment. Then bethinking herself of Silas's advent from an unknown country, she said, "Could it ha' been as they'd no church where you was born?"

"Oh yes," said Silas, meditatively, sitting in his usual posture of leaning on his knees, and supporting his head. "There was churches — a many — it was a big town. But I knew nothing of 'em—I went to chapel."[1]

Dolly was much puzzled at this new word, but she was rather afraid of inquiring further, lest "chapel" might mean some haunt of wickedness. After a little thought, she said—

"Well, Master Marner, it's niver too late to turn over a new leaf, and if you've niver had no church, there's no telling the good it'll do you. For I feels so set up and comfortable as niver was, when I've been and heard the prayers, and the singing to the praise and glory o' God, as Mr. Macey gives out—and Mr. Crackenthorp saying good words, and more partic'lar on Sacramen' Day; and if a bit o' trouble comes, I feel as I can put up wi' it, for I've looked for help i' the right quarter, and gev myself up to Them as we must all give ourselves up to at the last; and if we'n done our part, it is'nt to be believed as Them as are above us 'ull be worse nor we are, and come short o' Their'n."

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[1] In England the main divisions among the Protestants are the Conformists, or Established church, and the Non-conformists, or Dissenters. The places of worship of the latter are called chapels, as distinguished from the churches of the former.

Poor Dolly's exposition of her simple Raveloe theology fell rather unmeaningly on Silas's ears, for there was no word in it that could rouse a memory of what he had known as religion, and his comprehension was quite baffled by the plural pronoun, which was no heresy of Dolly's, but only her way of avoiding a presumptuous familiarity. He remained silent, not feeling inclined to assent to the part of Dolly's speech which he fully understood—her recommendation that he should go to church. Indeed, Silas was so unaccustomed to talk beyond the brief questions and answers necessary for the transaction of his simple business, that words did not easily come to him without the urgency of a distinct purpose.

But now, little Aaron, having become used to the weaver's awful presence, had advanced to his mother's side, and Silas, seeming to notice him for the first time, tried to return Dolly's signs of goodwill by offering the lad a bit of lard-cake. Aaron shrank back a little, and rubbed his head against his mother's shoulder, but still thought the piece of cake worth the risk of putting his hand out for it.

"Oh, for shame, Aaron," said his mother, taking him on her lap, however; "why, you don't want cake again yet awhile. He's wonderful hearty," she went on, with a little sigh—"that he is, God knows. He's my youngest, and we spoil him sadly, for either me or the father must allays hev him in our sight—that we must."

She stroked Aaron's brown head, and thought it must do Master Marner good to see such a "pictur of a child." But Marner, on the other side of the hearth, saw the neat-featured rosy face as a mere dim round, with two dark spots in it.

"And he's got a voice like a bird—you wouldn't think," Dolly went on; "he can sing a Christmas carril as his father's taught him; and I take it for a token as he'll come to good, as he can learn the good tunes so quick. Come, Aaron, stan' up and sing the carril to Master Marner, come."

Aaron replied by rubbing his forehead against his mother's shoulder.

"Oh, that's naughty," said Dolly, gently. "Stan' up, when mother tells you, and let me hold the cake till you've done."

Aaron was not indisposed to display his talents, even to an ogre, under protecting circumstances; and after a few more signs of coyness, consisting chiefly in rubbing the backs of his hands over his eyes, and then peeping between them at Master Marner, to see if he looked anxious for the "carril," he at length allowed his head to be duly adjusted, and standing behind the table, which let him appear above it only as far as his broad frill, so that he looked like a cherubic head untroubled with a body, he began with a clear chirp, and in a melody that had the rhythm of an industrious hammer—

'God rest you, merry gentlemen,
Let nothing you dismay,
For Jesus Christ our Saviour
Was born on Christmas-day."

Dolly listened with a devout look, glancing at Marner in some confidence that this strain would help to allure him to church.

"That's Christmas music," she said, when Aaron had ended, and had secured his piece of cake again. "There's no other music equil to the Christmas music—'Hark the erol angils sing.' And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place a'ready—for I wouldn't speak ill o' this world, seeing as Them put us in it as knows best—but what wi' the drink, and the quarrelling, and the bad illnesses, and the hard dying, as I've seen times and times, one's thankful to hear of a better. The boy sings pretty, don't he, Master Marner?"

"Yes," said Silas, absently, "very pretty."

The Christmas carol, with its hammer-like rhythm, had fallen on his ears as strange music, quite unlike a hymn, and could have none of the effect Dolly contemplated. But he wanted to show her that he was grateful, and the only mode that occurred to him was to offer Aaron a bit more cake.

"Oh no, thank you, Master Marner," said Dolly, holding down Aaron's willing hands. "We must be going home now. And so I wish you good-bye, Master Marner; and if you ever feel anyways bad in your inside, as you can't fend[1] for yourself, I'll come and clean up for you, and get you a bit o' victual, and willing. But I beg and pray of you to leave off weaving of a Sunday, for it's bad for soul and body—and the money as comes i' that way 'ull be a bad bed to lie down on at the last, if it doesn't fly away, nobody knows where, like the white frost. And you'll excuse me being that free with you, Master Marner, for I wish you well—I do. Make your bow, Aaron."

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[1] Provide for.

Silas said "Good-bye, and thank you kindly," as he opened the door for Dolly, but he couldn't help feeling relieved when she was gone—relieved that he might weave again and moan at his ease. Her simple view of life and its comforts, by which she had tried to cheer him, was only like a report of unknown objects, which his imagination could not fashion. The fountains of human love and of faith in a divine love had not yet been unlocked, and his soul was still the shrunken rivulet, with only this difference, that its little groove of sand was blocked up, and it wandered confusedly against dark obstruction.

And so, notwithstanding the honest persuasions of Mr. Macey and Dolly Winthrop, Silas spent his Christmas-day in loneliness, eating his meat in sadness of heart, though the meat had come to him as a neighbourly present. In the morning he looked out on the black frost that seemed to press cruelly on every blade of grass, while the half-icy red pool shivered under the bitter wind; but towards evening the snow began to fall, and curtained from him even that dreary outlook, shutting him close up with his narrow grief. And he sat in his robbed home through the livelong evening, not caring to close his shutters or lock his door, pressing his head between his hands and moaning, till the cold grasped him and told him that his fire was grey.

Nobody in this world but himself knew that he was the same Silas Marner who had once loved his fellow with tender love, and trusted in an unseen goodness. Even to himself that past experience had become dim.

But in Raveloe village the bells rang merrily, and the church was fuller than all through the rest of the year, with red faces among the abundant dark-green boughs—faces prepared for a longer service than usual by an odorous breakfast of toast and ale. Those green boughs, the hymn and anthem never heard but at Christmas—even the Athanasian Creed, which was discriminated from the others only as being longer and of exceptional virtue, since it was only read on rare occasions—brought a vague exulting sense, for which the grown men could as little have found words as the children, that something great and mysterious had been done for them in heaven above and in earth below, which they were appropriating by their presence. And then the red faces made their way through the black biting frost to their own homes, feeling themselves free for the rest of the day to eat, drink, and be merry, and using that Christian freedom without diffidence.

At Squire Cass's family party that day nobody mentioned Dunstan—nobody was sorry for his absence, or feared it would be too long. The doctor and his wife, uncle and aunt Kimble, were there, and the annual Christmas talk was carried through without any omissions, rising to the climax of Mr. Kimble's experience when he walked the London hospitals thirty years back, together with striking professional anecdotes then gathered. Whereupon cards followed, with aunt Kimble's annual failure to follow suit, and uncle Kimble's irascibility concerning the odd trick which was rarely explicable to him, when it was not on his side, without a general visitation of tricks to see that they were formed on sound principles: the whole being accompanied by a strong steaming odour of spirits-and-water.

But the party on Christmas-day, being a strictly family party, was not the pre-eminently brilliant celebration of the season at the Red House. It was the great dance on New Year's Eve that made the glory of Squire Cass's hospitality, as of his forefathers', time out of mind. This was the occasion when all the society of Raveloe and Tarley, whether old acquaintances separated by long rutty distances, or cooled acquaintances separated by misunderstandings concerning runaway calves, or acquaintances founded on intermittent condescension, counted on meeting and on comporting themselves with mutual appropriateness. This was the occasion on which fair dames who came on pillions sent their bandboxes before them, supplied with more than their evening costume; for the feast was not to end with a single evening, like a paltry town entertainment, where the whole supply of eatables is put on the table at once, and bedding is scanty. The Red House was provisioned as if for a siege; and as for the spare feather-beds ready to be laid on floors, they were as plentiful as might naturally be expected in a family that had killed its own geese for many generations.

Godfrey Cass was looking forward to this New Year's Eve with a foolish reckless longing, that made him half deaf to his importunate companion, Anxiety.

"Dunsey will be coming home soon: there will be a great blow-up, and how will you bribe his spite to silence?" said Anxiety.

"Oh, he won't come home before New Year's Eve, perhaps," said Godfrey; "and I shall sit by Nancy then, and dance with her, and get a kind look from her in spite of herself."

"But money is wanted in another quarter," said Anxiety in a louder voice, "and how will you get it without selling your mother's diamond pin? And if you don't get it . . . ?"

"Well, but something may happen to make things easier. At any rate, there's one pleasure for me close at hand: Nancy is coming."

"Yes, and suppose your father should bring matters to a pass that will oblige you to decline marrying her—and to give your reasons?"

"Hold your tongue, and don't worry me. I can see Nancy's eyes, just as they will look at me, and feel her hand in mine already."

But Anxiety went on, though in noisy Christmas company; refusing to be utterly quieted even by much drinking.

CHAPTER XI

SOME women, I grant, would not appear to advantage seated on a pillion, and attired in a drab joseph[1] and a drab beaver bonnet, with a crown resembling a small stew-pan; for a garment suggesting a coachman's great-coat, cut out under an exiguity of cloth that would only allow of miniature capes, is not well adapted to conceal deficiencies of contour, nor is drab a colour that will throw sallow cheeks into lively contrast. It was all the greater triumph to Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty that she looked thoroughly bewitching in that costume, as, seated on the pillion behind her tall, erect father, she held one arm round him, and looked down, with open-eyed anxiety, at the treacherous snow-covered pools and puddles, which sent up formidable splashings of mud under the stamp of Dobbin's foot. A painter would, perhaps, have preferred her in those moments when she was free from self-consciousness; but certainly the bloom on her cheeks was at its highest point of contrast with the surrounding drab when she arrived at the door of the Red House, and saw Mr. Godfrey Cass ready to lift her from the pillion. She wished her sister Priscilla had come up at the same time behind the servant, for then she would have contrived that Mr. Godfrey should have lifted off Priscilla first, and, in the meantime, she would have persuaded her father to go round to the horse-block instead of alighting at the door-steps. It was very painful, when you had made it quite clear to a young man that you were determined not to marry him, however much he might wish it, that he would still continue to pay you marked attentions; besides, why didn't he always show the same attentions, if he meant them sincerely, instead of being so strange as Mr. Godfrey Cass was, sometimes behaving as if he didn't want to speak to her, and taking no notice of her for weeks and weeks, and then, all on a sudden, almost making love again? Moreover, it was quite plain he had no real love for her, else he would not let people have *that* to say of him which they did say. Did he suppose that Miss Nancy Lammeter was to be won by any man, squire or no squire, who led a bad life? That was not what she had been used to see in her own father, who was the soberest and best man in that country-side, only a little hot and hasty now and then, if things were not done to the minute.

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[1] A woman's riding habit, buttoned all the way down the front.

All these thoughts rushed through Miss Nancy's mind, in their habitual succession, in the moments between her first sight of Mr. Godfrey Cass standing at the door and her own arrival there. Happily, the Squire came out too and gave a loud greeting to her father, so that, somehow, under cover of this noise she seemed to find concealment for her confusion and neglect of any suitably formal behaviour, while she was being lifted from the pillion by strong arms which seemed to find her ridiculously small and light. And there was the best reason for hastening into the house at once, since the snow was beginning to fall again, threatening an unpleasant journey for such guests as were still on the road. These were a small minority; for already the afternoon was beginning to decline, and there would not be too much time for the ladies who came from a distance to attire themselves in readiness for the early tea which was to inspirit them for the dance.

There was a buzz of voices through the house, as Miss Nancy entered, mingled with the scrape of a fiddle preluding in the kitchen; but the Lammeters were guests whose arrival had evidently been thought of so much that it had been watched for from the windows, for Mrs. Kimble, who did the honours at the Red House on these great occasions, came forward to meet Miss Nancy in the hall, and conduct her up-stairs. Mrs. Kimble was the Squire's sister, as well as the doctor's wife—a double dignity, with which her diameter was in direct proportion; so that, a journey up-stairs being rather fatiguing to her, she did not oppose Miss Nancy's request to be allowed to find her way alone to the Blue Room, where the Miss Lammeters' bandboxes had been deposited on their arrival in the morning.

There was hardly a bedroom in the house where feminine compliments were not passing and feminine toilettes going forward, in various stages, in space made scanty by extra beds spread upon the floor; and Miss Nancy, as she entered the Blue Room, had to make her little formal curtsy to a group of six. On the one hand, there were ladies no less important than the two Miss Gunns, the wine merchant's daughters from Lytherly, dressed in the height of fashion, with the tightest skirts and the shortest waists, and gazed at by Miss Ladbrook (of the

Old Pastures) with a shyness not unsustained by inward criticism. Partly, Miss Ladbrook felt that her own skirt must be regarded as unduly lax by the Miss Gunns, and partly, that it was a pity the Miss Gunns did not show that judgment which she herself would show if she were in their place, by stopping a little on this side of the fashion. On the other hand, Mrs. Ladbrook was standing in skull-cap and front, with her turban in her hand, curtsying and smiling blandly and saying, "After you, ma'am," to another lady in similar circumstances, who had politely offered the precedence at the looking-glass.

But Miss Nancy had no sooner made her curtsy than an elderly lady came forward, whose full white muslin kerchief, and mob-cap round her curls of smooth grey hair, were in daring contrast with the puffed yellow satins and top-knotted caps of her neighbours. She approached Miss Nancy with much primness, and said, with a slow, treble suavity—

"Niece, I hope I see you well in health." Miss Nancy kissed her aunt's cheek dutifully, and answered, with the same sort of amiable primness, "Quite well, I thank you, aunt; and I hope I see you the same."

"Thank you, niece; I keep my health for the present. And how is my brother-in law?"

These dutiful questions and answers were continued until it was ascertained in detail that the Lammeters were all as well as usual, and the Osgoods likewise, also that niece Priscilla must certainly arrive shortly, and that travelling on pillions in snowy weather was unpleasant, though a joseph was a great protection. Then Nancy was formally introduced to her aunt's visitors, the Miss Gunns, as being the daughters of a mother known to *their* mother, though now for the first time induced to make a journey into these parts; and these ladies were so taken by surprise at finding such a lovely face and figure in an out-of-the-way country place, that they began to feel some curiosity about the dress she would put on when she took off her joseph. Miss Nancy, whose thoughts were always conducted with the propriety and moderation conspicuous in her manners, remarked to herself that the Miss Gunns were rather hard featured than otherwise, and that such very low dresses as they wore might have been attributed to vanity if their shoulders had been pretty, but that, being as they were, it was not reasonable to suppose that they showed their necks from a love of display, but rather from some obligation not inconsistent with sense and modesty. She felt convinced, as she opened her box, that this must be her aunt Osgood's opinion, for Miss Nancy's mind resembled her aunt's to a degree that everybody said was surprising, considering the kinship was on Mr. Osgood's side; and though you might not have supposed it from the formality of their greeting, there was a devoted attachment and mutual admiration between aunt and niece. Even Miss Nancy's refusal of her cousin Gilbert Osgood (on the ground solely that he was her cousin), though it had grieved her aunt greatly, had not in the least cooled the preference which had determined her to leave Nancy several of her hereditary ornaments, let Gilbert's future wife be whom she might.

Three of the ladies quickly retired, but the Miss Gunns were quite content that Mrs. Osgood's inclination to remain with her niece gave them also a reason for staying to see the rustic beauty's toilette. And it was really a pleasure—from the first opening of the band-box, where everything smelt of lavender and rose-leaves, to the clasping of the small coral necklace that fitted closely round her little white neck. Everything belonging to Miss Nancy was of delicate purity and nattiness: not a crease was where it had no business to be, not a bit of her linen professed whiteness without fulfilling its profession; the very pins on her pincushion were stuck in after a pattern from which she was careful to allow no aberration; and as for her own person, it gave the same idea of perfect unvarying neatness as the body of a little bird. It is true that her light-brown hair was cropped behind like a boy's, and was dressed in front in a number of flat rings, that lay quite away from her face; but there was no sort of coiffure that could make Miss Nancy's cheek and neck look otherwise than pretty; and when at last she stood complete in her silvery twilled silk, her lace tucker, her coral necklace, and coral ear-drops, the Miss Gunns could see nothing to criticise except her hands, which bore the traces of butter-making, cheese-crushing, and even still coarser work. But Miss Nancy was not ashamed of that, for while she was dressing she narrated to her aunt how she and Priscilla had packed their boxes yesterday, because this morning was baking morning, and since they were leaving home, it was desirable to make a good supply of meat-pies for the kitchen; and as she concluded this judicious remark, she turned to the Miss Gunns that she might not commit the rudeness of not including them in the conversation. The Miss Gunns smiled stiffly, and thought what a pity it was that these rich country people, who could afford to buy such good clothes (really Miss Nancy's lace and silk were very costly), should be brought up in utter ignorance and vulgarity. She actually said "mate" for "meat," "'appen" for "perhaps," and "oss" for "horse," which to young ladies living in good Lytherly society, who habitually said 'orse, even in domestic privacy, and only said 'appen on the right occasions, was necessarily shocking. Miss Nancy, indeed, had never been to any school higher than Dame Tedman's; her acquaintance with profane literature hardly went beyond the rhymes she had worked in her large sampler under the lamb and the shepherdess; and in order to balance an account, she was obliged to effect her subtraction by removing visible metallic shillings and sixpences from a visible metallic total. There is hardly a servant-maid in these days who is not better informed than Miss Nancy; yet she had the essential attributes of a lady—high veracity, delicate honour in her dealings, deference to others, and refined personal habits;—and lest these should not suffice to convince grammatical fair ones that her feelings can at all resemble theirs, I will add that she was slightly proud and exacting, and as constant in her affection towards a baseless opinion as towards an erring lover.

The anxiety about sister Priscilla, which had grown rather active by the time the coral necklace was clasped, was happily ended by the entrance of that cheerful-looking lady herself, with a face made blowsy by cold and damp. After the first questions and greetings, she turned to Nancy, and surveyed her from head to foot—

then wheeled her round, to ascertain that the back view was equally faultless.

"What do you think o' *these* gowns, aunt Osgood?" said Priscilla, while Nancy helped her to unrobe.

"Very handsome indeed, niece," said Mrs. Osgood, with a slight increase of formality. She always thought niece Priscilla too rough.

"I'm obliged to have the same as Nancy, you know, for all I'm five years older, and it makes me look yallow; for she never *will* have anything without I have mine just like it, because she wants us to look like sisters. And I tell her, folks 'ull think it's my weakness makes me fancy as I shall look pretty in what she looks pretty in. For I *am* ugly—there's no denying that; I feature my father's family. But, law! I don't mind, do you?" Priscilla here turned to the Miss Gunns, rattling on in too much preoccupation with the delight of talking, to notice that her candour was not appreciated. "The pretty uns do for fly-catchers—they keep the men off us. I've no opinion o' the men, Miss Gunn—I don't know what *you* have. And as for fretting and stewing about what *they*'ll think of you from morning till night, and making your life uneasy about what they're doing when they're out o' your sight—as I tell Nancy, it's a folly no woman need be guilty of, if she's got a good father and a good home; let her leave it to them as have got no fortin, and can't help themselves. As I say, Mr. Have-your-own-way is the best husband, and the only one I'd ever promise to obey. I know it isn't pleasant, when you've been used to living in a big way, and managing hogsheads and all that, to go and put your nose in by somebody else's fireside, or to sit down by yourself to a scrag or a knuckle;[1] but, thank God! my father's a sober man and likely to live; and if you've got a man by the chimney-corner, it doesn't matter if he's childish—the business needn't be broke up."

The delicate process of getting her narrow gown over her head without injury to her smooth curls, obliged Miss Priscilla to pause in this rapid survey of life, and Mrs. Osgood seized the opportunity of rising and saying—

"Well, niece, you'll follow us. The Miss Gunns will like to go down."

"Sister," said Nancy, when they were alone, "you've offended the Miss Gunns, I'm sure."

"What have I done, child?" said Priscilla, in some alarm.

"Why, you asked them if they minded about being ugly—you're so very blunt."

"Law, did I? Well, it popped out: it's a mercy I said no more, for I'm a bad un to live with folks when they don't like the truth. But as for being ugly, look at me, child, in this silver-coloured silk—I told you how it 'ud be—I look as yallow as a daffodil. Anybody 'ud say you wanted to make a mawkin[2] of me."

"No, Priscy, don't say so. I begged and prayed of you not to let us have this silk if you'd like another better. I was willing to have *your* choice, you know I was," said Nancy, in anxious self-vindication.

"Nonsense, child! you know you'd set your heart on this; and reason good, for you're the colour o' cream.

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[1] A bony piece of meat or a knee joint.

[2] Maud-kin, the diminutive of Maud: at first a kitchen maid, then a scarecrow.

It 'ud be fine doings for you to dress yourself to suit *my* skin. What I find fault with, is that notion o' yours as I must dress myself just like you. But you do as you like with me—you always did, from when first you begun to walk. If you wanted to go the field's length, the field's length you'd go; and there was no whipping you, for you looked as prim and innicent as a daisy all the while."

"Priscy," said Nancy, gently, as she fastened a coral necklace, exactly like her own, round Priscilla's neck, which was very far from being like her own, "I'm sure I'm willing to give way as far as is right, but who shouldn't dress alike if it isn't sisters? Would you have us go about looking as if we were no kin to one another—us that have got no mother and not another sister in the world? I'd do what was right, if I dressed in a gown dyed with cheese-colouring; and I'd rather you'd choose, and let me wear what pleases you."

"There you go again! You'd come round to the same thing if one talked to you from Saturday night till Saturday morning. It'll be fine fun to see how you'll master your husband and never raise your voice above the singing o' the kettle all the while. I like to see the men mastered!"

"Don't talk *so*, Priscy," said Nancy, blushing. "You know I don't mean ever to be married."

"Oh, you never mean a fiddlestick's end!" said Priscilla, as she arranged her discarded dress, and closed her bandbox. "Who shall *I* have to work for when father's gone, if you are to go and take notions in your head and be an old maid, because some folks are no better than they should be? I haven't a bit o' patience with you—sitting on an addled egg for ever, as if there was never a fresh un in the world. One old maid's enough out o' two sisters; and I shall do credit to a single life, for God A'mighty meant me for it. Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin *can* be—there's nothing awanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my ear-droppers in."

As the two Miss Lammeters walked into the large parlour together, any one who did not know the character of both might certainly have supposed that the reason why the square-shouldered, clumsy, high-featured Priscilla wore a dress the facsimile of her pretty sister's, was either the mistaken vanity of the one, or the malicious contrivance of the other in order to set off her own rare beauty. But the good-natured self-forgetful cheeriness and common-sense of Priscilla would soon have dissipated the one suspicion; and the modest calm of Nancy's speech and manners told clearly of a mind free from all disavowed devices.

Places of honour had been kept for the Miss Lammeters near the head of the principal tea-table in the wainscoted parlour, now looking fresh and pleasant with handsome branches of holly, yew, and laurel, from the abundant growths of the old garden; and Nancy felt an inward flutter, that no firmness of purpose could prevent, when she saw Mr. Godfrey Cass advancing to lead her to a seat between himself and Mr. Crackenthorp, while Priscilla was called to the opposite side between her father and the Squire. It certainly did make some difference to Nancy that the lover she had given up was the young man of quite the highest consequence in the parish—at home in a venerable and unique parlour, which was the extremity of grandeur in her experience, a parlour where *she* might one day have been mistress, with the consciousness that she was spoken of as "Madam Cass," the Squire's wife. These circumstances exalted her inward drama in her own eyes, and deepened the emphasis with which she declared to herself that not the most dazzling rank should induce her to marry a man whose conduct showed him careless of his character, but that, "love once, love always," was the motto of a true and pure woman, and no man should ever have any right over her which would be a call on her to destroy the dried flowers that she treasured, and always would treasure, for Godfrey Cass's sake. And Nancy was capable of keeping her word to herself under very trying conditions. Nothing but a becoming blush betrayed the moving thoughts that urged themselves upon her as she accepted the seat next to Mr. Crackenthorp; for she was so instinctively neat and adroit in all her actions, and her pretty lips met each other with such quiet firmness, that it would have been difficult for her to appear agitated.

It was not the Rector's practice to let a charming blush pass without an appropriate compliment. He was not in the least lofty or aristocratic, but simply a merry-eyed, small-featured, grey-haired man, with his chin propped by an ample many-creased white neckcloth which seemed to predominate over every other point in his person, and somehow to impress its peculiar character on his remarks; so that to have considered his amenities apart from his cravat would have been a severe, and perhaps a dangerous, effort of abstraction.

"Ha, Miss Nancy," he said, turning his head within his cravat and smiling down pleasantly upon her, "when anybody pretends this has been a severe winter, I shall tell them I saw the roses blooming on New Year's Eve —eh, Godfrey, what do *you* say?"

Godfrey made no reply, and avoided looking at Nancy very markedly; for though these complimentary personalities were held to be in excellent taste in old-fashioned Raveloe society, reverent love has a politeness of its own which it teaches to men otherwise of small schooling. But the Squire was rather impatient at Godfrey's showing himself a dull spark in this way. By this advanced hour of the day, the Squire was always in higher spirits than we have seen him in at the breakfast-table, and felt it quite pleasant to fulfil the hereditary duty of being noisily jovial and patronising: the large silver snuff-box was in active service and was offered without fail to all neighbours from time to time, however often they might have declined the favour. At present, the Squire had only given an express welcome to the heads of families as they appeared; but always as the evening deepened, his hospitality rayed out more widely, till he had tapped the youngest guests on the back and shown a peculiar fondness for their presence, in the full belief that they must feel their lives made happy by their belonging to a parish where there was such a hearty man as Squire Cass to invite them and wish them well. Even in this early stage of the jovial mood, it was natural that he should wish to supply his son's deficiencies by looking and speaking for him.

"Ay, ay," he began, offering his snuff-box to Mr. Lammeter, who for the second time bowed his head and waved his hand in stiff rejection of the offer, "us old fellows may wish ourselves young to-night, when we see the mistletoe-bough in the White Parlour. It's true, most things are gone back'ard in these last thirty years —the country's going down since the old king fell ill. But when I look at Miss Nancy here, I begin to think the lasses keep up their quality;—ding me if I remember a sample to match her, not when I was a fine young fellow, and thought a deal about my pigtail. No offence to you, madam," he added, bending to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who sat by him; "I didn't know *you* when you were as young as Miss Nancy here."

Mrs. Crackenthorp—a small blinking woman, who fidgeted incessantly with her lace, ribbons, and gold chain, turning her head about and making subdued noises, very much like a guinea-pig that twitches its nose and soliloquises in all company indiscriminately—now blinked and fidgeted towards the Squire, and said, "Oh no—no offence."

This emphatic compliment of the Squire's to Nancy was felt by others besides Godfrey to have a diplomatic significance; and her father gave a slight additional erectness to his back, as he looked across the table at her with complacent gravity. That grave and orderly senior was not going to bate a jot of his dignity by seeming elated at the notion of a match between his family and the Squire's: he was gratified by any honour paid to his daughter; but he must see an alteration in several ways before his consent would be vouchsafed. His spare but healthy person, and high-featured firm face, that looked as if it had never been flushed by excess, was in strong contrast, not only with the Squire's, but with the appearance of the Raveloe farmers generally—in accordance with a favourite saying of his own, that "breed was stronger than pasture."

"Miss Nancy's wonderful like what her mother was, though; isn't she, Kimble?" said the stout lady of that name, looking round for her husband.

But Doctor Kimble (country apothecaries in old days enjoyed that title without authority of diploma), being a thin and agile man, was flitting about the room with his hands in his pockets, making himself agreeable to his feminine patients, with medical impartiality, and being welcomed everywhere as a doctor by hereditary right—not one of those miserable apothecaries who canvass for practice in strange neighbourhoods, and spend all their income in starving their one horse, but a man of substance, able to keep an extravagant table like the best of his patients. Time out of mind the Raveloe doctor had been a Kimble; Kimble was inherently a doctor's name; and it was difficult to contemplate firmly the melancholy fact that the actual Kimble had no son, so that his practice might one day be handed over to a successor with the incongruous name of Taylor or Johnson. But in that case the wiser people in Raveloe would employ Dr. Blick of Flitton—as less unnatural. "Did you speak to me, my dear?" said the authentic doctor, coming quickly to his wife's side; but, as if foreseeing that she would be too much out of breath to repeat her remark, he went on immediately—"Ha, Miss Priscilla, the sight of you revives the taste of that super-excellent pork-pie. I hope the batch isn't near an end."

"Yes, indeed, it is, doctor," said Priscilla; "but I'll answer for it the next shall be as good. My pork-pies don't turn out well by chance."

"Not as your doctoring does, eh, Kimble!—because folks forget to take your physic, eh?" said the Squire, who regarded physic and doctors as many loyal churchmen regard the church and the clergy—tasting a joke against them when he was in health, but impatiently eager for their aid when anything was the matter with him. He tapped his box, and looked round with a triumphant laugh.

"Ah, she has a quick wit, my friend Priscilla has," said the doctor, choosing to attribute the epigram to a lady rather than allow a brother-in-law that advantage over him. "She saves a little pepper to sprinkle over her talk—that's the reason why she never puts too much into her pies. There's my wife, now, she never has an answer at her tongue's end; but if I offend her, she's sure to scarify my throat with black pepper the next day, or else give me the colic with watery greens. That's an awful tit-for-tat." Here the vivacious doctor made a pathetic grimace.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, laughing above her double chin with much good-humour, aside to Mrs. Crackenthorp, who blinked and nodded, and amiably intended to smile, but the intention lost itself in small twitchings and noises.

"I suppose that's the sort of tit-for-tat adopted in your profession, Kimble, if you've a grudge against a patient," said the rector.

"Never do have a grudge against our patients," said Mr. Kimble, "except when they leave us: and then, you see, we haven't the chance of prescribing for 'em. Ha, Miss Nancy," he continued, suddenly skipping to

Nancy's side, "you won't forget your promise? You're to save a dance for me, you know."

"Come, come, Kimble, don't you be too for'ard," said the Squire. "Give the young uns fair-play. There's my son Godfrey 'll be wanting to have a round with you if you run off with Miss Nancy. He's bespoke her for the first dance, I'll be bound. Eh, sir! what do you say?" he continued, throwing himself backward, and looking at Godfrey. "Haven't you asked Miss Nancy to open the dance with you?"

Godfrey, sorely uncomfortable under this significant insistence about Nancy, and afraid to think where it would end by the time his father had set his usual hospitable example of drinking before and after supper, saw no course open but to turn to Nancy and say, with as little awkwardness as possible—

"No; I've not asked her yet, but I hope she'll consent—if somebody else hasn't been before me."

"No, I've not engaged myself," said Nancy, quietly, though blushingly. (If Mr. Godfrey founded any hopes on her consenting to dance with him, he would soon be undeceived; but there was no need for her to be uncivil.)

"Then I hope you've no objections to dancing with me," said Godfrey, beginning to lose the sense that there was anything uncomfortable in this arrangement.

"No, no objections," said Nancy, in a cold tone.

"Ah, well, you're a lucky fellow, Godfrey," said uncle Kimble; "but you're my godson, so I won't stand in your way. Else I'm not so very old, eh, my dear ?" he went on, skipping to his wife's side again. "You wouldn't mind my having a second after you were gone—not if I cried a good deal first?"

"Come, come, take a cup o' tea and stop your tongue, do," said good-humoured Mrs. Kimble, feeling some pride in a husband who must be regarded as so clever and amusing by the company generally. If he had only not been irritable at cards!

While safe, well-tested personalities were enlivening the tea in this way, the sound of the fiddle approaching within a distance at which it could be heard distinctly, made the young people look at each other with sympathetic impatience for the end of the meal.

"Why, there's Solomon in the hall," said the Squire, "and playing my fav'rite tune, *I* believe—'The flaxen-headed ploughboy'—he's for giving us a hint as we aren't enough in a hurry to hear him play. Bob," he called out to his third long-legged son, who was at the other end of the room, "open the door, and tell Solomon to come in. He shall give us a tune here."

Bob obeyed, and Solomon walked in, fiddling as he walked, for he would on no account break off in the middle of a tune.

"Here, Solomon," said the Squire, with loud patronage. "Round here, my man. Ah, I knew it was 'The flaxen-headed ploughboy': there's no finer tune."

Solomon Macey, a small hale old man, with an abundant crop of long white hair reaching nearly to his shoulders, advanced to the indicated spot, bowing reverently while he fiddled, as much as to say that he respected the company though he respected the key-note more. As soon as he had repeated the tune and lowered his fiddle, he bowed again to the Squire and the Rector, and said, "I hope I see your honour and your reverence well, and wishing you health and long life and a happy New Year. And wishing the same to you, Mr. Lammeter, sir; and to the other gentlemen, and the madams, and the young lasses."

As Solomon uttered the last words, he bowed in all directions solicitously, lest he should be wanting in due respect. But thereupon he immediately began to prelude, and fell into the tune which he knew would be taken as a special compliment by Mr. Lammeter.

"Thank ye, Solomon, thank ye," said Mr. Lammeter when the fiddle paused again. "That's 'Over the hills and far away,' that is. My father used to say to me, whenever we heard that tune, 'Ah, lad, *I* come from over the hills and far away.' There's a many tunes I don't make head or tail of; but that speaks to me like the blackbird's whistle. I suppose it's the name: there's a deal in the name of a tune."

But Solomon was already impatient to prelude again, and presently broke with much spirit into "Sir Roger de Coverley," at which there was a sound of chairs pushed back, and laughing voices.

"Ay, ay, Solomon, we know what that means," said the Squire, rising. "It's time to begin the dance, eh? Lead the way, then, and we'll all follow you."

So Solomon, holding his white head on one side, and playing vigorously, marched forward at the head of the gay procession into the White Parlour, where the mistletoe-bough was hung, and multitudinous tallow candles made rather a brilliant effect, gleaming from among the berried holly-boughs, and reflected in the old-fashioned oval mirrors fastened in the panels of the white wainscot. A quaint procession! Old Solomon, in his seedy clothes and long white locks, seemed to be luring that decent company by the magic scream of his fiddle—luring discreet matrons in turban-shaped caps, nay, Mrs. Crackenthorp herself, the summit of whose perpendicular feather was on a level with the Squire's shoulder—luring fair lasses complacently conscious of very short waists and skirts blameless of front-folds—luring burly fathers in large variegated waistcoats, and ruddy sons, for the most part shy and sheepish, in short nether garments and very long coat-tails.

Already Mr. Macey and a few other privileged villagers, who were allowed to be spectators on these great occasions, were seated on benches placed for them near the door; and great was the admiration and satisfaction in that quarter when the couples had formed themselves for the dance, and the Squire led off with Mrs. Crackenthorp, joining hands with the Rector and Mrs. Osgood. That was as it should be—that was what everybody had been used to—and the charter of Raveloe seemed to be renewed by the ceremony. It was not thought of as an unbecoming levity for the old and middle-aged people to dance a little before sitting down to cards, but rather as part of their social duties. For what were these if not to be merry at appropriate times, interchanging visits and poultry with due frequency, paying each other old-established compliments in sound traditional phrases, passing well-tried personal jokes, urging your guests to eat and drink too much out of hospitality, and eating and drinking too much in your neighbour's house to show that you liked your cheer? And the parson naturally set an example in these social duties. For it would not have been possible for the Raveloe mind, without a peculiar revelation, to know that a clergyman should be a pale-faced memento of solemnities, instead of a reasonably faulty man whose exclusive authority to read prayers and preach, to christen, marry, and bury you, necessarily coexisted with the right to sell you the ground to be buried in and to take tithe in kind;[1] on which last point, of course, there was a little grumbling, but not to the extent of irreligion—not of deeper significance than the grumbling at the rain, which was by no means accompanied with a spirit of impious defiance, but with a desire that the prayer for fine weather might be read forthwith.

There was no reason, then, why the rector's dancing should not be received as part of the fitness of things quite as much as the Squire's, or why, on the other hand, Mr. Macey's official respect should restrain him from subjecting the parson's performance to that criticism with which minds of extraordinary acuteness must necessarily contemplate the doings of their falliblo fellow-men.

"The Squire's pretty springe,[2] considering his weight," said Mr. Macey, "and he stamps uncommon well. But Mr. Lammeter beats 'em all for shapes: you see he holds his head like a sodger, and he isn't so cushiony as most o' the oldish gentlefolks—they run fat in general; and he's got a fine leg. The parson's nimble enough, but he hasn't got much of a leg: it's a bit too thick down'ard, and his knees might be a bit nearer wi'out damage; but he might do worse, he might do worse. Though he hasn't that grand way o' waving his hand as the Squire has."

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[1] To receive in merchandise the tenth due the church.

[2] A provincialism for "active."

"Talk o' nimbleness, look at Mrs. Osgood," said Ben Winthrop, who was holding his son Aaron between his knees. "She trips along with her little steps, so as nobody can see how she goes—it's like as if she had little wheels to her feet. She doesn't look a day older nor last year: she's the finest-made woman as is, let the next be where she will."

"I don't heed how the women are made," said Mr. Macey, with some contempt. "They wear nayther coat nor breeches: you can't make much out o' their shapes."

"Fayder," said Aaron, whose feet were busy beating out the tune, "how does that big cock's-feather stick in Mrs. Crackenthorp's yead? Is there a little hole for it, like in my shuttle-cock?"

"Hush, lad, hush; that's the way the ladies dress theirselves, that is," said the father, adding, however, in an under-tone to Mr. Macey, "It does make her look funny, though—partly like a short-necked bottle wi' a long quill in it. Hey, by jingo, there's the young Squire leading off now, wi' Miss Nancy for partners! There's a lass for you!—like a pink-and-white posy—there's nobody 'ud think as anybody could be so pritty. I shouldn't wonder if she's Madam Cass some day, arter all—and nobody more rightfuller, for they'd make a fine match. You can find nothing against Master Godfrey's shapes, Macey, *I*'ll bet a penny."

Mr. Macey screwed up his mouth, leaned his head further on one side, and twirled his thumbs with a presto movement as his eyes followed Godfrey up the dance. At last he summed up his opinion.

"Pretty well down-ard, but a bit too round i' the shoulder-blades. And as for them coats as he gets from the Flitton tailor, they're a poor cut to pay double money for."

"Ah, Mr. Macey, you and me are two folks," said Ben, slightly indignant at this carping. "When I've got a pot o' good ale, I like to swaller it, and do my inside good, i'stead o' smelling and staring at it to see if I can't find faut wi' the brewing. I should like you to pick me out a finer-limbed young fellow nor Master Godfrey—one as 'ud knock you down easier, or 's more pleasanter looksed when he's piert and merry."

"Tchuh!" said Mr. Macey, provoked to increased severity, "he isn't come to his right color yet: he's partly like a slack-baked pie. And I doubt he's got a soft place in his head, else why should he be turned round the finger by that offal Dunsey as nobody's seen o' late, and let him kill that fine hunting hoss as was the talk o' the country? And one while he was allays after Miss Nancy, and then it all went off again, like a smell o' hot porridge, as I may say. That wasn't my way when *I* went a-coorting."

"Ah, but mayhap Miss Nancy hung off like, and your lass didn't," said Ben.

"I should say she didn't," said Mr. Macey, significantly. "Before I said 'sniff,' I took care to know as she'd say 'snaff,' and pretty quick too. I wasn't a-going to open *my* mouth, like a dog at a fly, and snap it to again, wi' nothing to swaller."

"Well, I think Miss Nancy's a-coming round again," said Ben, "for Master Godfrey doesn't look so downhearted to-night. And I see he's for taking her away to sit down, now they're at the end o' the dance: that looks like sweethearting, that does."

The reason why Godfrey and Nancy had left the dance was not so tender as Ben imagined. In the close press of couples a slight accident had happened to Nancy's dress, which, while it was short enough to show her neat ankle in front, was long enough behind to be caught under the stately stamp of the Squire's foot, so as to rend certain stitches at the waist, and cause much sisterly agitation in Priscilla's mind, as well as serious concern in Nancy's. One's thoughts may be much occupied with love-struggles, but hardly so as to be insensible to a disorder in the general framework of things. Nancy had no sooner completed her duty in the figure they were dancing than she said to Godfrey, with a deep blush, that she must go and sit down till Priscilla could come to her; for the sisters had already exchanged a short whisper and an open-eyed glance full of meaning. No reason less urgent than this could have prevailed on Nancy to give Godfrey this opportunity of sitting apart with her. As for Godfrey, he was feeling so happy and oblivious under the long charm of the country-dance with Nancy, that he got rather bold on the strength of her confusion, and was capable of leading her straight away, without leave asked, into the adjoining small parlour, where the card-tables were set.

"O no, thank you," said Nancy, coldly, as soon as she perceived where he was going, "not in there. I'll wait here till Priscilla's ready to come to me. I'm sorry to bring you out of the dance and make myself troublesome."

"Why, you'll be more comfortable here by yourself," said the artful Godfrey: "I'll leave you here till your sister can come." He spoke in an indifferent tone.

That was an agreeable proposition, and just what Nancy desired; why, then, was she a little hurt that Mr. Godfrey should make it? They entered, and she seated herself on a chair against one of the card-tables, as the stiffest and most unapproachable position she could choose.

"Thank you, sir," she said immediately. "I needn't give you any more trouble. I'm sorry you've had such an unlucky partner."

"That's very ill-natured of you," said Godfrey, standing by her without any sign of intended departure, "to be sorry you've danced with me."

"Oh no, sir, I don't mean to say what's ill-natured at all," said Nancy, looking distractingly prim and pretty. "When gentlemen have so many pleasures, one dance can matter but very little."

"You know that isn't true. You know one dance with you matters more to me than all the other pleasures in the world."

It was a long, long while since Godfrey had said anything so direct as that, and Nancy was startled. But her instinctive dignity and repugnance to any show of emotion made her sit perfectly still, and only throw a little more decision into her voice, as she said—

"No, indeed, Mr. Godfrey, that's not known to me, and I have very good reasons for thinking different. But if it's true, I don't wish to hear it."

"Would you never forgive me, then, Nancy—never think well of me, let what would happen—would you never think the present made amends for the past? Not if I turned a good fellow, and gave up everything you didn't like?"

Godfrey was half conscious that this sudden opportunity of speaking to Nancy alone had driven him beside himself; but blind feeling had got the mastery of his tongue. Nancy really felt much agitated by the possibility Godfrey's words suggested, but this very pressure of emotion that she was in danger of finding too strong for her roused all her power of self-command.

"I should be glad to see a good change in anybody, Mr. Godfrey," she answered, with the slightest discernible difference of tone, "but it 'ud be better if no change was wanted."

"You're very hard-hearted, Nancy," said Godfrey, pettishly. "You might encourage me to be a better fellow. I'm very miserable—but you've no feeling."

"I think those have the least feeling that act wrong to begin with," said Nancy, sending out a flash in spite of herself. Godfrey was delighted with that little flash, and would have liked to go on and make her quarrel with him; Nancy was so exasperatingly quiet and firm. But she was not indifferent to him *yet*.

The entrance of Priscilla, bustling forward and saying, "Dear heart alive, child, let us look at this gown," cut off Godfrey's hopes of a quarrel.

"I suppose I must go now," he said to Priscilla.

"It's no matter to me whether you go or stay," said that frank lady, searching for something in her pocket, with a preoccupied brow.

"Do *you* want me to go?" said Godfrey, looking at Nancy, who was now standing up by Priscilla's order.

"As you like," said Nancy, trying to recover all her former coldness, and looking down carefully at the hem of her gown.

"Then I like to stay," said Godfrey, with a reckless determination to get as much of this joy as he could to-night, and think nothing of the morrow.

CHAPTER XII

While Godfrey Cass was taking draughts of forgetfulness from the sweet presence of Nancy, willingly losing all sense of that hidden bond which at other moments galled and fretted him so as to mingle irritation with the very sunshine, Godfrey's wife was walking with slow uncertain steps through the snow-covered Raveloe lanes, carrying her child in her arms.

This journey on New Year's Eve was a premeditated act of vengeance which she had kept in her heart ever since Godfrey, in a fit of passion, had told her he would sooner die than acknowledge her as his wife. There would be a great party at the Red House on New Year's Eve, she knew: her husband would be smiling and smiled upon, hiding *her* existence in the darkest corner of his heart. But she would mar his pleasure: she would go in her dingy rags, with her faded face, once as handsome as the best, with her little child that had its father's hair and eyes, and disclose herself to the Squire as his eldest son's wife. It is seldom that the miserable can help regarding their misery as a wrong inflicted by those who are less miserable. Molly knew that the cause of her dingy rags was not her husband's neglect, but the demon Opium to whom she was enslaved, body and soul, except in the lingering mother's tenderness that refused to give him her hungry child. She knew this well; and yet, in the moments of wretched unbenumbed consciousness, the sense of her want and degradation transformed itself continually into bitterness towards Godfrey. *He* was well off; and if she had her rights she would be well off too. The belief that he repented his marriage, and suffered from it, only aggravated her vindictiveness. Just and self-reproving thoughts do not come to us too thickly, even in the purest air and with the best lessons of heaven and earth; how should those white-winged delicate messengers make their way to Molly's poisoned chamber, inhabited by no higher memories than those of a barmaid's paradise of pink ribbons and gentlemen's jokes?

She had set out at an early hour, but had lingered on the road, inclined by her indolence to believe that if she waited under a warm shed the snow would cease to fall. She had waited longer than she knew, and now that she found herself belated in the snow-hidden ruggedness of the long lanes, even the animation of a vindictive purpose could not keep her spirit from failing. It was seven o'clock, and by this time she was not very far from Raveloe, but she was not familiar enough with those monotonous lanes to know how near she was to her journey's end. She needed comfort, and she knew but one comforter—the familiar demon in her bosom; but she hesitated a moment, after drawing out the black remnant, before she raised it to her lips. In that moment the mother's love pleaded for painful consciousness rather than oblivion—pleaded to be left in aching weariness, rather than to have the encircling arms benumbed so that they could not feel the dear burden. In another moment Molly had flung something away, but it was not the black remnant—it was an empty phial. And she walked on again under the breaking cloud, from which there came now and then the light of a quickly veiled star, for a freezing wind had sprung up since the snowing had ceased. But she walked always more and more drowsily, and clutched more and more automatically the sleeping child at her bosom.

Slowly the demon was working his will, and cold and weariness were his helpers. Soon she felt nothing but a supreme immediate longing that curtained off all futurity—the longing to lie down and sleep. She had arrived at a spot where her footsteps were no longer checked by a hedgerow, and she had wandered vaguely, unable to distinguish any objects, notwithstanding the wide whiteness around her, and the growing starlight. She sank down against a straggling furze bush, an easy pillow enough; and the bed of snow, too, was soft. She did not feel that the bed was cold, and did not heed whether the child would wake and cry for her. But her arms had not yet relaxed their instinctive clutch; and the little one slumbered on as gently as if it had been rocked in a lace-trimmed cradle.

But the complete torpor came at last: the fingers lost their tension, the arms unbent; then the little head fell away from the bosom, and the blue eyes opened wide on the cold starlight. At first there was a little peevish cry of "mammy," and an effort to regain the pillowing arm and bosom; but mammy's ear was deaf, and the pillow seemed to be slipping away backward. Suddenly, as the child rolled downward on its mother's knees, all wet with snow, its eyes were caught by a bright glancing light on the white ground, and, with the ready transition of infancy, it was immediately absorbed in watching the bright living thing running towards it, yet never arriving. That bright living thing must be caught; and in an instant the child had slipped on all fours, and held out one little hand to catch the gleam. But the gleam would not be caught in that way, and now the head was held up to see where the cunning gleam came from. It came from a very bright place; and the little one, rising on its legs, toddled through the snow, the old grimy shawl in which it was wrapped trailing behind it, and the queer little bonnet dangling at its back—toddled on to the open door of Silas Marner's cottage, and right up to the warm hearth, where there was a bright fire of logs and sticks, which had thoroughly warmed the old sack (Silas's greatcoat) spread out on the bricks to dry. The little one, accustomed to be left to itself for long hours without notice from its mother, squatted down on the sack, and spread its tiny hands towards the blaze, in perfect contentment, gurgling and making many inarticulate communications to the cheerful fire, like a new-hatched gosling beginning to find itself comfortable. But presently the warmth had a lulling effect, and the little golden head sank down on the old sack, and the blue eyes were veiled by their delicate half-transparent lids.

But where was Silas Marner while this strange visitor had come to his hearth? He was in the cottage, but he did not see the child. During the last few weeks, since he had lost his money, he had contracted the habit of opening his door and looking out from time to time, as if he thought that his money might be somehow coming back to him, or that some trace, some news of it, might be mysteriously on the road, and be caught by the listening ear or the straining eye. It was chiefly at night, when he was not occupied in his loom, that he fell into this repetition of an act for which he could have assigned no definite purpose, and which can hardly be understood except by those who have undergone a bewildering separation from a supremely loved object. In the evening twilight, and later whenever the night was not dark, Silas looked out on that narrow prospect round the Stone-pits, listening and gazing, not with hope, but with mere yearning and unrest.

This morning he had been told by some of his neighbours that it was New Year's Eve, and that he must sit up and hear the old year rung out and the new rung in, because that was good luck, and might bring his money back again. This was only a friendly Raveloe-way of jesting with the half-crazy oddities of a miser, but it had perhaps helped to throw Silas into a more than usually excited state. Since the on-coming of twilight he had opened his door again and again, though only to shut it immediately at seeing all distance veiled by the falling snow. But the last time he opened it the snow had ceased, and the clouds were parting here and there. He stood and listened, and gazed for a long while—there was really something on the road coming towards him then, but he caught no sign of it; and the stillness and the wide trackless snow seemed to narrow his solitude, and touched his yearning with the chill of despair. He went in again, and put his right hand on the latch of the door to close it—but he did not close it: he was arrested, as he had been already since his loss, by the invisible wand of catalepsy, and stood like a graven image, with wide but sightless eyes, holding open his door, powerless to resist either the good or evil that might enter there.

When Marner's sensibility returned, he continued the action which had been arrested, and closed his door, unaware of the chasm in his consciousness, unaware of any intermediate change, except that the light had grown dim, and that he was chilled and faint. He thought he had been too long standing at the door and looking out. Turning towards the hearth, where the two logs had fallen apart, and sent forth only a red uncertain glimmer, he seated himself on his fireside chair, and was stooping to push his logs together, when, to his blurred vision, it seemed as if there were gold on the floor in front of the hearth. Gold!—his own gold—brought back to him as mysteriously as it had been taken away! He felt his heart begin to beat violently, and for a few moments he was unable to stretch out his hand and grasp the restored treasure. The heap of gold seemed to glow and get larger beneath his agitated gaze. He leaned forward at last, and stretched forth his hand; but instead of the hard coin with the familiar resisting outline, his fingers encountered soft warm curls. In utter amazement, Silas fell on his knees and bent his head low to examine the marvel: it was a sleeping child—a round, fair thing, with soft yellow rings all over its head. Could this be his little sister come back to him in a dream—his little sister whom he had carried about in his arms for a year before she died, when he was a small boy without shoes or stockings? That was the first thought that darted across Silas's blank wonderment. *Was* it a dream? He rose to his feet again, pushed his logs together, and, throwing on some dried leaves and sticks, raised a flame; but the flame did not disperse the vision—it only lit up more distinctly the little round form of the child, and its shabby clothing. It was very much like his little sister. Silas sank into his chair powerless, under the double presence of an inexplicable surprise and a hurrying influx of memories. How and when had the child come in without his knowledge? He had never been beyond the door. But along with that question, and almost thrusting it away, there was a vision of the old home and the old streets leading to Lantern Yard—and within that vision another, of the thoughts which had been present with him in those far-off scenes. The thoughts were strange to him now, like old friendships impossible to revive; and yet he had a dreamy feeling that this child was somehow a message come to him from that far-off life: it stirred fibres that had never been moved in Raveloe — old quiverings of tenderness — old impressions of awe at the presentiment of some Power presiding over his life; for his imagination had not yet extricated itself from the sense of mystery in the child's sudden presence, and had formed no conjectures of ordinary natural means by which the event could have been brought about.

But there was a cry on the hearth: the child had awaked, and Marner stooped to lift it on his knee. It clung round his neck, and burst louder and louder into that mingling of inarticulate cries with "mammy" by which little children express the bewilderment of waking. Silas pressed it to him, and almost unconsciously uttered sounds of hushing tenderness, while he bethought himself that some of his porridge, which had got cool by the dying fire, would do to feed the child with if it were only warmed up a little.

He had plenty to do through the next hour. The porridge, sweetened with some dry brown sugar from an old store which he had refrained from using for himself, stopped the cries of the little one, and made her lift her blue eyes with a wide quiet gaze at Silas, as he put the spoon into her mouth. Presently she slipped from his knee and began to toddle about, but with a pretty stagger that made Silas jump up and follow her lest she should fall against anything that would hurt her. But she only fell in a sitting posture on the ground, and began to pull at her boots, looking up at him with a crying face as if the boots hurt her. He took her on his knee again, but it was some time before it occurred to Silas's dull bachelor mind that the wet boots were the grievance, pressing on her warm ankles. He got them off with difficulty, and baby was at once happily occupied with the primary mystery of her own toes, inviting Silas, with much chuckling, to consider the mystery too. But the wet boots had at last suggested to Silas that the child had been walking on the snow, and this roused him from his entire oblivion of any ordinary means by which it could have entered or been brought into his house. Under the prompting of this new idea, and without waiting to form conjectures, he raised the child in his arms, and went to the door. As soon as he had opened it, there was the cry of "mammy" again, which Silas had not heard since the child's first hungry waking. Bending forward, he could just discern the marks made by the little feet on the virgin snow, and he followed their track to the furze bushes. "Mammy!" the little one cried again and again, stretching itself forward so as almost to escape from Silas's arms, before he himself was aware that there was something more than the bush before him—that there was a human body, with the head sunk low in the furze, and half-covered with the shaken snow.

CHAPTER XIII

It was after the early supper-time at the Red House, and the entertainment was in that stage when bashfulness itself had passed into easy jollity, when gentlemen, conscious of unusual accomplishments, could at length be prevailed on to dance a hornpipe, and when the Squire preferred talking loudly, scattering snuff, and patting his visitors' backs, to sitting longer at the whist-table—a choice exasperating to uncle Kimble, who, being always volatile in sober business hours, became intense and bitter over cards and brandy, shuffled before his adversary's deal with a glare of suspicion, and turned up a mean trump-card with an air of inexpressible disgust, as if in a world where such things could happen one might as well enter on a course of reckless profligacy. When the evening had advanced to this pitch of freedom and enjoyment, it was usual for the servants, the heavy duties of supper being well over, to get their share of amusement by coming to look on at the dancing; so that the back regions of the house were left in solitude.

There were two doors by which the White Parlour was entered from the hall, and they were both standing open for the sake of air; but the lower one was crowded with the servants and villagers, and only the upper doorway was left free. Bob Cass was figuring in a hornpipe, and his father, very proud of this lithe son, whom he repeatedly declared to be just like himself in his young days in a tone that implied this to be the very highest stamp of juvenile merit, was the centre of a group who had placed themselves opposite the performer, not far from the upper door. Godfrey was standing a little way off, not to admire his brother's dancing, but to keep sight of Nancy, who was seated in the group, near her father. He stood aloof, because he wished to avoid suggesting himself as a subject for the Squire's fatherly jokes in connection with matrimony and Miss Nancy Lammeter's beauty, which were likely to become more and more explicit. But he had the prospect of dancing with her again when the hornpipe was concluded, and in the meanwhile it was very pleasant to get long glances at her quite unobserved.

But when Godfrey was lifting his eyes from one of those long glances, they encountered an object as startling to him at that moment as if it had been an apparition from the dead. It *was* an apparition from that hidden life which lies, like a dark by-street, behind the goodly ornamented façade that meets the sunlight and the gaze of respectable admirers. It was his own child carried in Silas Marner's arms. That was his instantaneous impression, unaccompanied by doubt, though he had not seen the child for months past; and when the hope was rising that he might possibly be mistaken, Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Lammeter had already advanced to Silas, in astonishment at this strange advent. Godfrey joined them immediately, unable to rest without hearing every word—trying to control himself, but conscious that if any one noticed him, they must see that he was white-lipped and trembling.

But now all eyes at that end of the room were bent on Silas Marner; the Squire himself had risen, and asked angrily, "How's this?—what's this?—what do you do coming in here in this way?"

"I'm come for the doctor—I want the doctor," Silas had said, in the first moment, to Mr. Crackenthorp.

"Why, what's the matter, Marner?" said the rector. "The doctor's here; but say quietly what you want him for."

"It's a woman," said Silas, speaking low, and half-breathlessly, just as Godfrey came up. "She's dead, I think—dead in the snow at the Stone-pits—not far from my door."

Godfrey felt a great throb: there was one terror in his mind at that moment: it was, that the woman might *not* be dead. That was an evil terror—an ugly inmate to have found a nestling-place in Godfrey's kindly disposition; but no disposition is a security from evil wishes to a man whose happiness hangs on duplicity.

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Crackenthorp. "Go out into the hall there. I'll fetch the doctor to you. Found a woman in the snow—and thinks she's dead," he added, speaking low, to the squire. "Better say as little about it as possible: it will shock the ladies. Just tell them a poor woman is ill from cold and hunger. I'll go and fetch Kimble."

By this time, however, the ladies had pressed forward, curious to know what could have brought the solitary linen-weaver there under such strange circumstances, and interested in the pretty child, who, half alarmed and half attracted by the brightness and the numerous company, now frowned and hid her face, now lifted up her head again and looked round placably, until a touch or a coaxing word brought back the frown, and made her bury her face with new determination.

"What child is it?" said several ladies at once, and, among the rest, Nancy Lammeter, addressing Godfrey.

"I don't know—some poor woman's who has been found in the snow, I believe," was the answer Godfrey wrung from himself with a terrible effort. ("After all, *am* I certain?" he hastened to add, in anticipation of his own conscience.)

"Why, you'd better leave the child here, then, Master Marner," said good-natured Mrs. Kimble, hesitating, however, to take those dingy clothes into contact with her own ornamented satin boddice. "I'll tell one o' the girls to fetch it."

"No—no—I can't part with it,[1] I can't let it go," said Silas, abruptly. "It's come to me—I've a right to keep it."

The proposition to take the child from him had come to Silas quite unexpectedly, and his speech, uttered under a strong sudden impulse, was almost like a revelation to himself: a minute before, he had no distinct intention about the child.

"Did you ever hear the like?" said Mrs. Kimble, in mild surprise, to her neighbour.

"Now, ladies, I must trouble you to stand aside," said Mr. Kimble, coming from the card-room, in some bitterness at the interruption, but drilled by the long habit of his profession into obedience to unpleasant calls, even when he was hardly sober.

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[1] Note how eagerly the empty soul of Silas clings to an object of affection.

"It's a nasty business turning out now, eh, Kimble?" said the Squire. "He might ha' gone for your young fellow—the 'prentice, there—what's his name?"

"Might? ay—what's the use of talking about might?" growled uncle Kimble, hastening out with Marner, and followed by Mr. Crackenthorp and Godfrey. "Get me a pair of thick boots, Godfrey, will you? And stay, let somebody run to Winthrop's and fetch Dolly—she's the best woman to get. Ben was here himself before supper; is he gone?"

"Yes, sir, I met him," said Marner; "but I couldn't stop to tell him anything, only I said I was going for the doctor, and he said the doctor was at the Squire's. And I made haste and ran, and there was nobody to be seen at the back o' the house, and so I went in to where the company was."

The child, no longer distracted by the bright light and the smiling women's faces, began to cry and call for "mammy," though always clinging to Marner, who had apparently won her thorough confidence. Godfrey had come back with the boots, and felt the cry as if some fibre were drawn tight within him.

"I'll go," he said, hastily, eager for some movement; "I'll go and fetch the woman—Mrs. Winthrop."

"O, pooh—send somebody else," said uncle Kimble, hurrying away with Marner.

"You'll let me know if I can be of any use, Kimble," said Mr. Crackenthorp. But the doctor was out of hearing.

Godfrey, too, had disappeared: he was gone to snatch his hat and coat, having just reflection enough to remember that he must not look like a madman; but he rushed out of the house into the snow without heeding his thin shoes.

In a few minutes he was on his rapid way to the Stone-pits by the side of Dolly, who, though feeling that she was entirely in her place in encountering cold and snow on an errand of mercy, was much concerned at a young gentleman's getting his feet wet under a like impulse.

"You'd a deal better go back, sir," said Dolly, with respectful compassion. "You've no call to catch cold; and I'd ask you if you'd be so good as tell my husband to come, on your way back—he's at the Rainbow, I doubt—if you found him anyway sober enough to be o' use. Or else, there's Mrs. Snell 'ud happen send the boy up to fetch and carry, for there may be things wanted from the doctor's."

"No, I'll stay, now I'm once out—I'll stay outside here," said Godfrey, when they came opposite Marner's cottage. "You can come and tell me if I can do anything."

"Well, sir, you're very good: you've a tender heart," said Dolly, going to the door.

Godfrey was too painfully preoccupied to feel a twinge of self-reproach at this undeserved praise. He walked up and down, unconscious that he was plunging ankle-deep in snow, unconscious of everything but trembling suspense about what was going on in the cottage, and the effect of each alternative on his future lot. No, not quite unconscious of everything else. Deeper down, and half-smothered by passionate desire and dread, there was the sense that he ought not to be waiting on these alternatives; that he ought to accept the consequences of his deeds, own the miserable wife, and fulfil the claims of the helpless child. But he had not moral courage enough to contemplate that active renunciation of Nancy as possible for him: he had only conscience and heart enough to make him for ever uneasy under the weakness that forbade the renunciation. And at this moment his mind leaped away from all restraint toward the sudden prospect of deliverance from his long bondage.

"Is she dead?" said the voice that predominated over every other within him. "If she is, I may marry Nancy; and then I shall be a good fellow in future, and have no secrets, and the child—shall be taken care of somehow." But across that vision came the other possibility—"She may live, and then it's all up with me."

Godfrey never knew how long it was before the door of the cottage opened and Mr. Kimble came out. He went forward to meet his uncle, prepared to suppress the agitation he must feel, whatever news he was to hear.

"I waited for you, as I'd come so far," he said, speaking first.

"Pooh, it was nonsense for you to come out: why didn't you send one of the men? There's nothing to be done. She's dead—has been dead for hours, I should say."

"What sort of woman is she?" said Godfrey, feeling the blood rush to his face.

"A young woman, but emaciated, with long black hair. Some vagrant—quite in rags. She's got a wedding-ring on, however. They must fetch her away to the workhouse to-morrow. Come, come along."

"I want to look at her," said Godfrey. "I think I saw such a woman yesterday. I'll overtake you in a minute or two."

Mr. Kimble went on, and Godfrey turned back to the cottage. He cast only one glance at the dead face on the pillow, which Dolly had smoothed with decent care; but he remembered that last look at his unhappy hated wife so well, that at the end of sixteen years every line in the worn face was present to him when he told the full story of this night.

He turned immediately towards the hearth, where Silas Marner sat lulling the child. She was perfectly quiet now, but not asleep—only soothed by sweet porridge and warmth into that wide-gazing calm which makes us older human beings, with our inward turmoil, feel a certain awe in the presence of a little child, such as we feel before some quiet majesty or beauty in the earth or sky—before a steady glowing planet, or a full-flowered eglantine, or the bending trees over a silent pathway. The wide-open blue eyes looked up at Godfrey's without any uneasiness or sign of recognition: the child could make no visible audible claim on its father; and the father felt a strange mixture of feelings, a conflict of regret and joy, that the pulse of that little heart had no response for the half-jealous yearning in his own, when the blue eyes turned away from him slowly, and fixed themselves on the weaver's queer face, which was bent low down to look at them, while the small hand began to pull Marner's withered cheek with loving disfiguration.

"You'll take the child to the parish to-morrow?" asked Godfrey, speaking as indifferently as he could.

"Who says so?" said Marner, sharply. "Will they make me take her?"

"Why, you wouldn't like to keep her, should you—an old bachelor like you?"

"Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me," said Marner. "The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father: it's a lone thing—and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone, I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed."

"Poor little thing!" said Godfrey. "Let me give something towards finding it clothes."

He had put his hand in his pocket and found half-a-guinea, and, thrusting it into Silas's hand, he hurried out of the cottage to overtake Mr. Kimble.

"Ah, I see it's not the same woman I saw," he said, as he came up. "It's a pretty little child: the old fellow seems to want to keep it; that's strange for a miser like him. But I gave him a trifle to help him out: the parish isn't likely to quarrel with him for the right to keep the child."

"No; but I've seen the time when I might have quarrelled with him for it myself. It's too late now, though. If the child ran into the fire, your aunt's too fat to overtake it: she could only sit and grunt like an alarmed sow. But what a fool you are, Godfrey, to come out in your dancing shoes and stockings in this way—and you one of the beaux of the evening, and at your own house! What do you mean by such freaks, young fellow? Has Miss Nancy been cruel, and do you want to spite her by spoiling your pumps?"

"O, everything has been disagreeable to-night. I was tired to death of jigging and gallanting, and that bother about the hornpipes. And I'd got to dance with the other Miss Gunn," said Godfrey, glad of the subterfuge his uncle had suggested to him.

The prevarication and white lies which a mind that keeps itself ambitiously pure is as uneasy under as a great artist under the false touches that no eye detects but his own, are worn as lightly as mere trimmings when once the actions have become a lie.

Godfrey reappeared in the White Parlour with dry feet, and, since the truth must be told, with a sense of relief and gladness that was too strong for painful thoughts to struggle with. For could he not venture now, whenever opportunity offered, to say the tenderest things to Nancy Lammeter—to promise her and himself that he would always be just what she would desire to see him? There was no danger that his dead wife would be recognised: those were not days of active inquiry and wide report; and as for the registry of their marriage, that was a long way off, buried in unturned pages, away from every one's interest but his own. Dunsey might betray him if he came back; but Dunsey might be won to silence.

And when events turn out so much better for a man than he has had reason to dread, is it not a proof that his conduct has been less foolish and blameworthy than it might otherwise have appeared? When we are treated well, we naturally begin to think that we are not altogether unmeritorious, and that it is only just we should treat ourselves well, and not mar our own good fortune. Where, after all, would be the use of his confessing the past to Nancy Lammeter, and throwing away his happiness?—nay, hers? for he felt some confidence that she loved him. As for the child, he would see that it was cared for: he would never forsake it; he would do everything but own it. Perhaps it would be just as happy in life without being owned by its father, seeing that nobody could tell how things would turn out, and that —is there any other reason wanted?—well, then, that the father would be much happier without owning the child.

CHAPTER XIV

THERE was a pauper's burial that week in Raveloe, and up Kench Yard at Batherley it was known that the dark-haired woman with the fair child, who had lately come to lodge there, was gone away again. That was all the express note taken that Molly had disappeared from the eyes of men. But the unwept death which, to the general lot, seemed as trivial as the summer-shed leaf, was charged with the force of destiny to certain human lives that we know of, shaping their joys and sorrows even to the end.

Silas Marner's determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet;" lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighbourly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy, no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy." The "mammy" was not a cry of need or uneasiness: Baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?''

''Yes,'' said Silas, meditatively. ''Yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where.''

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

''Ah,'' said Dolly, with soothing gravity, ''it's like the night and morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you: I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome.''

''Thank you . . . kindly,'' said Silas, hesitating a little. ''I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But,'' he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at Baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—''But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon Baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by Baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you've got anything as can be split or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless 'em, I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechise, as my little

Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed,'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphin child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner—'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed for ever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened'?" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?''

''Yes,'' said Silas, in a low voice; ''I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different: my country was a good way off.'' He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, ''But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me.''

''Well, then, Master Marner,'' said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, ''I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened.''

''My mother's name was Hephzibah,'' said Silas, ''and my little sister was named after her.''

''Eh, that's a hard name,'' said Dolly. ''I partly think it isn't a christened name.''

''It's a Bible name,'' said Silas, old ideas recurring.

''Then I've no call to speak again' it,'' said Dolly, rather startled by Silas's knowledge on this head; ''but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?''

''We called her Eppie,'' said Silas.

''Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master

Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark; and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child;—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby *was* christened, the rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbours. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas: and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshipped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing towards the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbours. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy.

And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favourite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory: as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupefied in a cold narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year: the tones that stirred Silas's heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas's patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him that punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively: "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for I was that silly wi' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly[1] him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole —else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favoured mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors, and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the unenclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanor must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

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[1] To begrime.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm, gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half-expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go into the coal-hole—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas's belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble, I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly, sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em: it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience: and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfaction and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that: but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do out-door work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen arm-chairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—

from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion: as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

CHAPTER XV

There was one person, as you will believe, who watched with keener though more hidden interest than any other, the prosperous growth of Eppie under the weaver's care. He dared not do anything that would imply a stronger interest in a poor man's adopted child than could be expected from the kindliness of the young Squire, when a chance meeting suggested a little present to a simple old fellow whom others noticed with good-will; but he told himself that the time would come when he might do something towards furthering the welfare of his daughter without incurring suspicion. Was he very uneasy in the meantime at his inability to give his daughter her birthright? I cannot say that he was. The child was being taken care of, and would very likely be happy, as people in humble stations often were—happier, perhaps, than those brought up in luxury.

That famous ring that pricked its owner when he forgot duty and followed desire—I wonder if it pricked very hard when he set out on the chase, or whether it pricked but lightly then, and only pierced to the quick when the chase had long been ended, and hope, folding her wings, looked backward and became regret?

Godfrey Cass's cheek and eye were brighter than ever now. He was so undivided in his aims, that he seemed like a man of firmness. No Dunsey had come back:

people had made up their minds that he was gone for a soldier, or gone "out of the country," and no one cared to be specific in their inquiries on a subject delicate to a respectable family. Godfrey had ceased to see the shadow of Dunsey across his path; and the path now lay straight forward to the accomplishment of his best, longest-cherished wishes. Everybody said Mr. Godfrey had taken the right turn; and it was pretty clear what would be the end of things, for there were not many days in the week that he was not seen riding to the Warrens. Godfrey himself, when he was asked jocosely if the day had been fixed, smiled with the pleasant consciousness of a lover who could say "yes," if he liked. He felt a reformed man, delivered from temptation; and the vision of his future life seemed to him as a promised land for which he had no cause to fight. He saw himself with all his happiness centred on his own hearth, while Nancy would smile on him as he played with the children.

And that other child, not on the hearth—he would not forget it; he would see that it was well provided for. That was a father's duty.

PART II

CHAPTER XVI

It was a bright autumn Sunday, sixteen years after Silas Marner had found his new treasure on the hearth. The bells of the old Raveloe church were ringing the cheerful peal that told that the morning service was ended; and out of the arched door-way in the tower came slowly, retarded by friendly greetings and questions, the richer parishioners who had chosen this bright Sunday morning as eligible for church-going. It was the rural fashion of that time for the more important members of the congregation to depart first, while their humbler neighbours waited and looked on, stroking their bent heads or dropping their curtsies to any large ratepayer who turned to notice them.

Foremost among these advancing groups of well-clad people, there are some whom we shall recognise, in spite of Time, who has laid his hand on them all. The tall blond man of forty is not much changed in features from the Godfrey Cass of six-and-twenty: he is only fuller in flesh, and has only lost the indefinable look of youth—a loss which is marked even when the eye is undulled and the wrinkles are not yet come. Perhaps the pretty woman, not much younger than he, who is leaning on his arm, is more changed than her husband:

the lovely bloom that used to be always on her cheek now comes but fitfully, with the fresh morning air or with some strong surprise; yet to all who love human faces best for what they tell of human experience, Nancy's beauty has a heightened interest. Often the soul is ripened into fuller goodness while age has spread an ugly film, so that mere glances can never divine the preciousness of the fruit. But the years have not been so cruel to Nancy. The firm yet placid mouth, the clear veracious glance of the brown eyes, speak now of a nature that has been tested and has kept its highest qualities; and even the costume, with its dainty neatness and purity, has more significance now the coquetries of youth can have nothing to do with it.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Cass (any higher title has died away from Raveloe lips since the old Squire was gathered to his fathers and his inheritance was divided) have turned round to look for the tall aged man and the plainly dressed woman who are a little behind—Nancy having observed that they must wait for "father and Priscilla"—and now they all turn into a narrower path leading across the churchyard to a small gate opposite the Red House. We will not follow them now; for may there not be some others in this departing congregation whom we should like to see again—some of those who are not likely to be handsomely clad, and whom we may not recognise so easily as the master and mistress of the Red House?

But it is impossible to mistake Silas Marner. His large brown eyes seem to have gathered a longer vision, as is the way with eyes that have been short-sighted in early life, and they have a less vague, a more answering gaze; but in everything else one sees signs of a frame much enfeebled by the lapse of the sixteen years. The weaver's bent shoulders and white hair give him almost the look of advanced age, though he is not more than five-and-fifty; but there is the freshest blossom of youth close by his side—a blond dimpled girl of eighteen, who has vainly tried to chastise her curly auburn hair into smoothness under her brown bonnet: the hair ripples as obstinately as a brooklet under the March breeze, and the little ringlets burst away from the restraining comb behind and show themselves below the bonnet crown. Eppie cannot help being rather vexed about her hair, for there is no other girl in Raveloe who has hair at all like it, and she thinks hair ought to be smooth. She does not like to be blameworthy even in small things: you see how neatly her prayer-book is folded in her spotted handkerchief.

That good-looking young fellow, in a new fustian suit, who walks behind her, is not quite sure upon the question of hair in the abstract, when Eppie puts it to him, and thinks that perhaps straight hair is the best in general, but he doesn't want Eppie's hair to be different. She surely divines that there is some one behind her who is thinking about her very particularly, and mustering courage to come to her side as soon as they are out in the lane, else why should she look rather shy, and take care not to turn away her head from her father Silas, to whom she keeps murmuring little sentences as to who was at church, and who was not at church, and how pretty the red mountain-ash is over the Rectory wall!

"I wish *we* had a little garden, father, with double daisies in it, like Mrs. Winthrop's," said Eppie, when they were out in the lane; "only they say it 'ud take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil—and you couldn't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I shouldn't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you."

"Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden: these long evenings, I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn wi' the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why didn't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?"

"*I* can dig it for you, Master Marner," said the young man in fustian, who was now by Eppie's side, entering into the conversation without the trouble of formalities. "It'll be play to me after I've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the work's slack. And I'll bring you some soil from Mr. Cass's garden—he'll let me, and willing."

"Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there?" said Silas; "I wasn't aware of you; for when Eppie's talking o' things, I see nothing but what she's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner."

"Then, if you think well and good," said Aaron, "I'll come to the Stone-pits this afternoon, and we'll settle what land's to be taken in, and I'll get up an hour earlier i' the morning, and begin on it."

"But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father," said Eppie. "For I shouldn't ha' said anything about it," she added, half-bashfully, half-roguishly, "only Mrs. Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good, and——"

"And you might ha' known it without her telling you," said Aaron. "And Master Marner knows too, I hope, as I'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands."

"There, now, father, you won't work in it till it's all easy," said Eppie, "and you and me can mark out the beds, and make holes and plant the roots. It'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we've got some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us, and know what we're talking about. And I'll have a bit of rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they're so sweet-smelling; but there's no lavender only in the gentlefolks' gardens, I think."

"That's no reason why you shouldn't have some," said Aaron, "for I can bring you slips of anything; I'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I'm gardening, and I throw 'em away mostly. There's a big bed o' lavender at the Red House; the missus is very fond of it."

"Well," said Silas, gravely, "so as you don't make free for us, or ask for anything as is worth much at the Red House: for Mr. Cass's been so good to us, and built us up the new end o' the cottage, and given us beds and things, as I couldn't abide to be imposin' for garden-stuff or anything else."

"No, no, there's no imposin'," said Aaron; "there's never a garden in all the parish but what there's endless waste in it for want o' somebody as could use everything up. It's what I think to myself sometimes, as there need nobody run short o' victuals if the land was made the most on, and there was never a morsel but what could find its way to a mouth. It sets one thinking o' that—gardening does. But I must go back now, else mother 'ull be in trouble as I aren't there."

"Bring her with you this afternoon, Aaron," said Eppie; "I shouldn't like to fix about the garden, and her not know everything from the first—should *you*, father?"

"Ay, bring her if you can, Aaron," said Silas; "she's sure to have a word to say as 'll help us to set things on their right end."

Aaron turned back up the village, while Silas and Eppie went on up the lonely sheltered lane.

"O daddy!" she began, when they were in privacy, clasping and squeezing Silas's arm, and skipping round to give him an energetic kiss. "My little old daddy! I'm so glad. I don't think I shall want anything else when we've got a little garden; and I knew Aaron would dig it for us," she went on with roguish triumph—"I knew that very well."

"You're a deep little puss, you are," said Silas, with the mild passive happiness of love-crowned age in his face; "but you'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron."

"O no, I shan't," said Eppie, laughing and frisking; "he likes it."

"Come, come, let me carry your prayer-book, else you'll be dropping it, jumping i' that way."

Eppie was now aware that her behaviour was under observation, but it was only the observation of a friendly donkey, browsing with a log fastened to his foot—a meek donkey, not scornfully critical of human trivialities, but thankful to share in them, if possible, by getting his nose scratched; and Eppie did not fail to gratify him with her usual notice, though it was attended with the inconvenience of his following them, painfully, up to the very door of their home.

But the sound of a sharp bark inside, as Eppie put the key in the door, modified the donkey's views, and he limped away again without bidding. The sharp bark was the sign of an excited welcome that was awaiting them from a knowing brown terrier, who, after dancing at their legs in a hysterical manner, rushed with a worrying noise at a tortoise-shell kitten under the loom, and then rushed back with a sharp bark again, as much as to say, "I have done my duty by this feeble creature, you perceive;" while the lady-mother of the kitten sat sunning her white bosom in the window, and looked round with a sleepy air of expecting caresses, though she was not going to take any trouble for them.

The presence of this happy animal life was not the only change which had come over the interior of the stone cottage. There was no bed now in the living-room, and the small space was well filled with decent furniture, all bright and clean enough to satisfy Dolly Winthrop's eye. The oaken table and three-cornered oaken chair were hardly what was likely to be seen in so poor a cottage: they had come, with the beds and other things, from the Red House; for Mr. Godfrey Cass, as every one said in the village, did very kindly by the weaver; and it was nothing but right a man should be looked on and helped by those who could afford it, when he had brought up an orphan child, and been father and mother to her—and had lost his money too, so as he had nothing but what he worked for week by week, and when the weaving was going down too—for there was less and less flax spun—and Master Marner was none so young. Nobody was jealous of the weaver, for he was regarded as an exceptional person, whose claims on neighbourly help were not to be matched in Raveloe. Any superstition that remained concerning him had taken an entirely new colour; and Mr. Macey, now a very feeble old man of fourscore and six, never seen except in his chimney-corner or sitting in the sunshine at his door-sill, was of opinion that when a man had done what Silas had done by an orphan child, it was a sign that his money would come to light again, or leastwise that the robber would be made to answer for it—for, as Mr. Macey observed of himself, his faculties were as strong as ever.

Silas sat down now and watched Eppie with a satisfied gaze as she spread the clean cloth, and set on it the potato-pie, warmed up slowly in a safe Sunday fashion, by being put into a dry pot over a slowly-dying fire, as the best substitute for an oven. For Silas would not consent to have a grate and oven added to his conveniences: he loved the old brick hearth as he had loved his brown pot—and was it not there when he had found Eppie? The gods of the hearth exist for us still; and let all new faith be tolerant of that fetishism, lest it bruise its own roots.

Silas ate his dinner more silently than usual, soon laying down his knife and fork, and watching half-abstractedly Eppie's play with Snap and the cat, by which her own dining was made rather a lengthy business. Yet it was a sight that might well arrest wandering thoughts:

Eppie, with the rippling radiance of her hair and the whiteness of her rounded chin and throat set off by the dark-blue cotton gown, laughing merrily as the kitten held on with her four claws to one shoulder, like a design for a jug-handle, while Snap on the right hand and Puss on the other put up their paws towards a morsel which she held out of the reach of both—Snap occasionally desisting in order to remonstrate with the cat by a cogent worrying growl on the greediness and futility of her conduct; till Eppie relented, caressed them both, and divided the morsel between them.

But at last Eppie, glancing at the clock, checked the play, and said, "O daddy, you're wanting to go into the sunshine to smoke your pipe. But I must clear away first, so as the house may be tidy when godmother comes. I'll make haste—I won't be long."

Silas had taken to smoking a pipe daily during the last two years, having been strongly urged to it by the sages of Raveloe, as a practice "good for the fits;" and this advice was sanctioned by Dr. Kimble, on the ground that it was as well to try what could do no harm—a principle which was made to answer for a great deal of work in that gentleman's medical practice. Silas did not highly enjoy smoking, and often wondered how his neighbours could be so fond of it; but a humble sort of acquiescence in what was held to be good, had become a strong habit of that new self which had been developed in him since he had found Eppie on his hearth: it had been the only clew his bewildered mind could hold by in cherishing this young life that had been sent to him out of the darkness into which his gold had departed. By seeking what was needful for Eppie, by sharing the effect that everything produced on her, he had himself come to appropriate the forms of custom and belief which were the mould of Raveloe life; and as, with reawakening sensibilities, memory also reawakened, he had begun to ponder over the elements of his old faith, and blend them with his new impressions, till he recovered a consciousness of unity between his past and present. The sense of presiding goodness and the human trust which come with all pure peace and joy, had given him a dim impression that there had been some error, some mistake, which had thrown that dark shadow over the days of his best years; and as it grew more and more easy to him to open his mind to Dolly Winthrop, he gradually communicated to her all he could describe of his early life. The communication was necessarily a slow and difficult process, for Silas's meagre power of explanation was not aided by any readiness of interpretation in Dolly, whose narrow outward experience gave her no key to strange customs, and made every novelty a source of wonder that arrested them at every step of the narrative. It was only by fragments, and at intervals which left Dolly time to revolve what she had heard till it acquired some familiarity for her, that Silas at last arrived at the climax of the sad story—the drawing of lots, and its false testimony concerning him; and this had to be repeated in several interviews, under new questions on her part as to the nature of this plan for detecting the guilty and clearing the innocent.

"And yourn's the same Bible, you're sure o' that, Master Marner—the Bible as you brought wi' you from that country—it's the same as what they've got at church, and what Eppie's a-learning to read in?"

"Yes," said Silas, "every bit the same; and there's drawing o' lots in the Bible, mind you," he added in a lower tone.

"O dear, dear," said Dolly in a grieved voice, as if she were hearing an unfavorable report of a sick man's case. She was silent for some minutes; at last she said—

"There's wise folks, happen, as know how it all is; the parson knows, I'll be bound; but it takes big words to tell them things, and such as poor folks can't make much out on. I can never rightly know the meaning o' what I hear at church, only a bit here and there, but I know it's good words—I do. But what lies upo' your mind—it's this, Master Marner: as, if Them above had done the right thing by you, They'd never ha' let you be turned out for a wicked thief when you was innicent."

"Ah!" said Silas, who had now come to understand Dolly's phraseology, "that was what fell on me like as if it had been red-hot iron; because, you see, there was nobody as cared for me or clave to me above nor below. And him as I'd gone out and in wi' for ten year and more, since when we was lads and went halves—mine own familiar friend in whom I trusted, had lifted up his heel again' me, and worked to ruin me."

"Eh, but he was a bad un—I can't think as there's another such," said Dolly. "But I'm o'ercome, Master Marner; I'm like as if I'd waked and didn't know whether it was night or morning. I feel somehow as sure as I do when I've laid something up, though I can't justly put my hand on it, as there was a rights in what happened to you, if one could but make it out; and you'd no call to lose heart as you did. But we'll talk on it again; for sometimes things come into my head when I'm leeching or poulticing, or such, as I could never think on when I was sitting still."

Dolly was too useful a woman not to have many opportunities of illumination of the kind she alluded to, and she was not long before she recurred to the subject.

"Master Marner," she said, one day that she came to bring home Eppie's washing, "I've been sore puzzled for a good bit wi' that trouble o' yourn and the drawing o' lots; and it got twisted back'ards and for'ards, as I didn't know which end to lay hold on. But it come to me all clear like, that night when I was sitting up wi' poor Bessy Fawkes, as is dead and left her children behind, God help 'em—it come to me as clear as daylight; but whether I've got hold on it now, or can anyways bring it to my tongue's end, that I don't know. For I've often a deal inside me as 'll never come out; and for what you talk o' your folks in your old country niver saying prayers by heart nor saying 'em out of a book, they must be wonderful cliver; for if I didn't know 'Our Father,' and little bits o' good words as I can carry out o' church wi' me, I might down o' my knees every night, but nothing could I say."

"But you can mostly say something as I can make sense on, Mrs. Winthrop," said Silas.

"Well, then, Master Marner, it come to me summat like this: I can make nothing o' the drawing o' lots and the answer coming wrong; it 'ud mayhap take the parson to tell that, and he could only tell us i' big words. But what come to me as clear as the daylight, it was when I was troubling over poor Bessy Fawkes, and it allays comes into my head when I'm sorry for folks, and feel as I can't do a power to help 'em, not if I was to get up i' the middle o' the night—it comes into my head as Them above has got a deal tenderer heart nor what I've got—for I can't be anyways better nor Them as made me; and if anything looks hard to me, it's because there's things I don't know on; and for the matter o' that, there may be plenty o' things I don't know on, for it's little as I know—that it is. And so, while I was thinking o' that, you come into my mind, Master Marner, and it all come pouring in:——if *I* felt i' my inside what was the right and just thing by you, and them as prayed and drawed the lots, all but that wicked un, if *they*'d ha' done the right thing by you if they could, isn't there Them as was at the making on us, and knows better and has a better will? And that's all as ever I can be sure on, and everything else is a big puzzle to me when I think on it. For there was the fever come and took off them as were full-growed, and left the helpless children; and there's the breaking o' limbs; and them as 'ud do right and be sober have to suffer by them as are contrairy—eh, there's trouble i' this world, and there's things as we can niver make out the rights on. And all as we've got to do is to trusten, Master Marner—to do the right thing as fur as we know, and to trusten.[1] For if us as knows so little can see a bit o' good and rights, we may be sure as there's a good and a rights bigger nor what we can know—I feel it i' my own inside as it must be so. And if you could but ha' gone on trustening, Master Marner, you wouldn't ha' run away from your fellow-creatures and been so lone."

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[1] A curiously tender and sympathetic tribute to the value of simple faith to come from one who could not follow the advice. One of the chief sources of George Eliot's greatness was her ability to appreciate at their real worth things which were alien to her temperament. She was not a woman of religious faith, yet she saw the full beauty and power and glory of it.

"Ah, but that 'ud ha' been hard," said Silas, in an undertone; "it 'ud ha' been hard to trusten then."

"And so it would," said Dolly, almost with compunction; "them things are easier said nor done; and I'm partly ashamed o' talking."

"Nay, nay," said Silas, "you're i' the right, Mrs. Winthrop—you're i' the right. There's good i' this world—I've a feeling o' that now; and it makes a man feel as there's a good more nor he can see, i' spite o' the trouble and the wickedness. That drawing o' the lots is dark; but the child was sent to me: there's dealings with us—there's dealings."[1]

This dialogue took place in Eppie's earlier years, when Silas had to part with her for two hours every day, that she might learn to read at the dame school, after he had vainly tried himself to guide her in that first step to learning. Now that she was grown up, Silas had often been led, in those moments of quiet outpouring which come to people who live together in perfect love, to talk with *her* too of the past, and how and why he had lived a lonely man until she had been sent to him. For it would have been impossible for him to hide from Eppie that she was not his own child: even if the most delicate reticence on the point could have been expected from

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[1] The love for Eppie has brought Marner to a belief in a Providence. This faith he had lost when, at Lantern Yard, the lots declared him guilty of the theft.

Raveloe gossips in her presence, her own questions about her mother could not have been parried, as she grew up, without that complete shrouding of the past which would have made a painful barrier between their minds. So Eppie had long known how her mother had died on the snowy ground, and how she herself had been found on the hearth by father Silas, who had taken her golden curls for his lost guineas brought back to him. The tender and peculiar love with which Silas had reared her in almost inseparable companionship with himself, aided by the seclusion of their dwelling, had preserved her from the lowering influences of the village talk and habits, and had kept her mind in that freshness which is sometimes falsely supposed to be an invariable attribute of rusticity. Perfect love has a breath of poetry which can exalt the relations of the least-instructed human beings; and this breath of poetry had surrounded Eppie from the time when she had followed the bright gleam that beckoned her to Silas's hearth; so that it is not surprising if, in other things besides her delicate prettiness, she was not quite a common village maiden, but had a touch of refinement and fervour which came from no other teaching than that of tenderly-nurtured unvitiated feeling. She was too childish and simple for her imagination to rove into questions about her unknown father; for a long while it did not even occur to her that she must have had a father; and the first time that the idea of her mother having had a husband presented itself to her, was when Silas showed her the wedding-ring which had been taken from the wasted finger, and had been carefully preserved by him in a little lackered box shaped like a shoe. He delivered this box into Eppie's charge when she had grown up, and she often opened it to look at the ring: but still she thought hardly at all about the father of whom it was the symbol. Had she not a father very close to her, who loved her better than any real fathers in the village seemed to love their daughters? On the contrary, who her mother was, and how she came to die in that forlornness, were questions that often pressed on Eppie's mind. Her knowledge of Mrs. Winthrop, who was her nearest friend next to Silas, made her feel that a mother must be very precious; and she had again and again asked Silas to tell her how her mother looked, whom she was like, and how he had found her against the furze bush, led towards it by the little footsteps and the outstretched arms. The furze bush was there still; and this afternoon, when Eppie came out with Silas into the sunshine, it was the first object that arrested her eyes and thoughts.

"Father," she said, in a tone of gentle gravity, which sometimes came like a sadder, slower cadence across her playfulness, "we shall take the furze bush into the garden; it'll come into the corner, and just against it I'll put snow-drops and crocuses, 'cause Aaron says they won't die out, but'll always get more and more."

"Ah, child," said Silas, always ready to talk when he had his pipe in his hand, apparently enjoying the pauses more than the puffs, "it wouldn't do to leave out the furze bush; and there's nothing prettier to my thinking, when it's yallow with flowers. But it's just come into my head what we're to do for a fence—mayhap Aaron can help us to a thought; but a fence we must have, else the donkeys and things 'ull come and trample everything down. And fencing's hard to be got at, by what I can make out."

"O, I'll tell you, daddy," said Eppie, clasping her hands suddenly, after a minute's thought. "There's lots o' loose stones about, some of 'em not big, and we might lay 'em atop of one another, and make a wall. You and me could carry the smallest, and Aaron 'ud carry the rest—I know he would."

"Eh, my precious un," said Silas, "there isn't enough stones to go all round; and as for you carrying, why, wi' your little arms you couldn't carry a stone no bigger than a turnip. You're dillicate made, my dear," he added, with a tender intonation—"that's what Mrs. Winthrop says."

"O, I'm stronger than you think, daddy," said Eppie; "and if there wasn't stones enough to go all round, why they'll go part o' the way, and then it'll be easier to get sticks and things for the rest. See here, round the big pit, what a many stones!"

She skipped forward to the pit, meaning to lift one of the stones and exhibit her strength, but she started back in surprise.

"O, father, just come and look here," she exclaimed—"come and see how the water's gone down since yesterday. Why, yesterday the pit was ever so full!"

"Well, to be sure," said Silas, coming to her side. "Why, that's the draining they've begun on, since harvest, i' Mr. Osgood's fields, I reckon. The foreman said to me the other day, when I passed by 'em, 'Master Marner,' he said, 'I shouldn't wonder if we lay your bit o' waste as dry as a bone.' It was Mr. Godfrey Cass, he said, had gone into the draining: he'd been taking these fields o' Mr. Osgood."

"How odd it'll seem to have the old pit dried up!" said Eppie, turning away, and stooping to lift rather a large stone. "See, daddy, I can carry this quite well," she said, going along with much energy for a few steps, but presently letting it fall.

"Ah, you're fine and strong, aren't you?" said Silas, while Eppie shook her aching arms and laughed. "Come, come, let us go and sit down on the bank against the stile there, and have no more lifting. You might hurt yourself, child. You need have somebody to work for you—and my arm isn't overstrong."

Silas uttered the last sentence slowly, as if it implied more than met the ear; and Eppie, when they sat down on the bank, nestled close to his side, and, taking hold caressingly of the arm that was not overstrong, held it on her lap, while Silas puffed again dutifully at the pipe, which occupied his other arm. An ash in the hedgerow behind made a fretted screen from the sun, and threw happy playful shadows all about them.

"Father," said Eppie, very gently, after they had been sitting in silence a little while, "if I was to be married, ought I to be married with my mother's ring?"

Silas gave an almost imperceptible start, though the question fell in with the under-current of thought in his own mind, and then said, in a subdued tone, "Why, Eppie, have you been a-thinking on it?"

"Only this last week, father," said Eppie, ingenuously, "since Aaron talked to me about it."

"And what did he say?" said Silas, still in the same subdued way, as if he were anxious lest he should fall into the slightest tone that was not for Eppie's good.

"He said he should like to be married, because he was a-going in four-and-twenty and had got a deal of gardening work, now Mr. Mott's given up; and he goes twice a-week regular to Mr. Cass's, and once to Mr. Osgood's, and they're going to take him on at the Rectory."

"And who is it as he's wanting to marry?" said Silas, with rather a sad smile.

"Why, me, to be sure, daddy," said Eppie, with dimpling laughter, kissing her father's cheek; "as if he'd want to marry anybody else!"

"And you mean to have him, do you?" said Silas.

"Yes, some time," said Eppie, "I don't know when. Everybody's married some time, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true: for, I said, look at father—he's never been married."

"No, child," said Silas, "your father was a lone man till you was sent to him."

"But you'll never be lone again, father," said Eppie, tenderly. "That was what Aaron said—'I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie.' And I said, 'It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron.' And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you—that was what he said."

"And should you like that, Eppie?" said Silas, looking at her.

"I shouldn't mind it, father," said Eppie, quite simply. "And I should like things to be so as you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy: I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you—he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?"

"Yes, child, nobody could behave better," said Silas, emphatically. "He's his mother's lad."

"But I don't want any change," said Eppie. "I should like to go on a long, long while, just as we are. Only Aaron does want a change; and he made me cry a bit—only a bit—because he said I didn't care for him, for if I cared for him I should want us to be married, as he did."

"Eh, my blessed child," said Silas, laying down his pipe as if it were useless to pretend to smoke any longer, "you're o'er young to be married. We'll ask Mrs. Winthrop—we'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks: if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. But there's this to be thought on, Eppie: things *will* change, whether we like it or no; things won't go on for a long while just as they are and no difference. I shall get older and helplesser, and be a burden on you, belike, if I don't go away from you altogether. Not as I mean you'd think me a burden—I know you wouldn't—but it 'ud be hard upon you; and when I look for'ard to that, I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as 'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end." Silas paused, and, resting his wrists on his knees, lifted his hands up and down meditatively as he looked on the ground.

"Then, would you like me to be married, father?" said Eppie, with a little trembling in her voice.

"I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie," said Silas, emphatically; "but we'll ask your god-mother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son too."

"There they come then," said Eppie. "Let us go and meet 'em. O the pipe! won't you have it lit again, father?" said Eppie, lifting that medicinal appliance from the ground.

"Nay, child," said Silas, "I've done enough for to-day. I think, mayhap, a little of it does me more good than so much at once."

CHAPTER XVII

WHILE Silas and Eppie were seated on the bank discoursing in the fleckered shade of the ash-tree, Miss Priscilla Lammeter was resisting her sister's arguments, that it would be better to take tea at the Red House, and let her father have a long nap, than drive home to the Warrens so soon after dinner. The family party (of four only) were seated round the table in the dark wainscoted parlour, with the Sunday dessert before them, of fresh filberts, apples, and pears, duly ornamented with leaves by Nancy's own hand before the bells had rung for church.

A great change has come over the dark wainscoted parlour since we saw it in Godfrey's bachelor days, and under the wifeless reign of the old Squire. Now all is polish, on which no yesterday's dust is ever allowed to rest, from the yard's width of oaken boards round the carpet, to the old Squire's gun and whips and walking-sticks, ranged on the stag's antlers above the mantelpiece. All other signs of sporting and outdoor occupation Nancy has removed to another room; but she has brought into the Red House the habit of filial reverence, and preserves sacredly in a place of honour these relics of her husband's departed father. The tankards are on the side-table still, but the bossed silver is undimmed by handling, and there are no dregs to send forth unpleasant suggestions: the only prevailing scent is of the lavender and rose-leaves that fill the vases of Derbyshire spar. All is purity and order in this once dreary room, for, fifteen years ago, it was entered by a new presiding spirit.

"Now, father," said Nancy, "*is* there any call for you to go home to tea? Mayn't you just as well stay with us?—such a beautiful evening as it's likely to be."

The old gentleman had been talking with Godfrey about the increasing poor-rate and the ruinous times, and had not heard the dialogue between his daughters.

"My dear, you must ask Priscilla," he said, in the once firm voice, now become rather broken. "She manages me and the farm too."

"And reason good as I should manage you, father," said Priscilla, "else you'd be giving yourself your death with rheumatism. And as for the farm, if anything turns out wrong, as it can't but do in these times, there's nothing kills a man so soon as having nobody to find fault with but himself. It's a deal the best way o' being master, to let somebody else do the ordering, and keep the blaming in your own hands. It 'ud save many a man a stroke, *I* believe."

"Well, well, my dear," said her father, with a quiet laugh, "I didn't say you don't manage for everybody's good."

"Then manage so as you may stay tea, Priscilla," said Nancy, putting her hand on her sister's arm affectionately. "Come now; and we'll go round the garden while father has his nap."

"My dear child, he'll have a beautiful nap in the gig, for I shall drive. And as for staying tea, I can't hear of it; for there's this dairymaid, now she knows she's to be married, turned Michaelmas,[1] she'd as lief pour the new milk into the pig-trough as into the pans. That's the way with 'em all: it's as if they thought the world 'ud be new-made because they're to be married. So come and let me put my bonnet on, and there'll be time for us to walk round the garden while the horse is being put in."

When the sisters were treading the neatly-swept garden-walks, between the bright turf that contrasted pleasantly with the dark cones and arches and wall-like hedges of yew, Priscilla said—

"I'm as glad as anything at your husband's making that exchange o' land with cousin Osgood, and beginning the dairying. It's a thousand pities you didn't do it before; for it'll give you something to fill your mind. There's nothing like a dairy if folks want a bit o' worrit to make the days pass. For as for rubbing furniture, when you can once see your face in a table there's nothing else to look for; but there's always something fresh with the dairy; for even in the depths o' winter there's some pleasure in conquering the butter, and making it come whether or no. My dear," added Priscilla, pressing her sister's hand affectionately as they walked side by side, "you'll never be low when you've got a dairy."

"Ah, Priscilla," said Nancy, returning the pressure with a grateful glance of her clear eyes, "but it won't make up to Godfrey: a dairy's not so much to a man. And it's only what he cares for that ever makes me low. I'm contented with the blessings we have, if he could be contented."

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[1] A Saints-day in commemoration of the Archangel Michael. It occurs on the 29th of September.

"It drives me past patience," said Priscilla, impetuously, "that way o' the men—always wanting and wanting, and never easy with what they've got: they can't sit comfortable in their chairs when they've neither ache nor pain, but either they must stick a pipe in their mouths, to make 'em better than well, or else they must be swallowing something strong, though they're forced to make haste before the next meal comes in. But joyful be it spoken, our father was never that sort o' man. And if it had pleased God to make you ugly, like me, so as the men wouldn't ha' run after you, we might have kept to our own family, and had nothing to do with folks as have got uneasy blood in their veins."

"O don't say so, Priscilla," said Nancy, repenting that she had called forth this outburst; "nobody has any occasion to find fault with Godfrey. It's natural he should be disappointed at not having any children: every man likes to have somebody to work for and lay by for, and he always counted so on making a fuss with 'em when they were little. There's many another man 'ud hanker more than he does. He's the best of husbands."

"O, I know," said Priscilla, smiling sarcastically, "I know the way o' wives; they set one on to abuse their husbands, and then they turn round on one and praise 'em as if they wanted to sell 'em. But father 'll be waiting for me; we must turn now."

The large gig with the steady old grey was at the front door, and Mr. Lammeter was already on the stone steps, passing the time in recalling to Godfrey what very fine points Speckle had when his master used to ride him.

"I always *would* have a good horse, you know," said the old gentleman, not liking that spirited time to be quite effaced from the memory of his juniors.

"Mind you bring Nancy to the Warrens before the week's out, Mr. Cass," was Priscilla's parting injunction, as she took the reins, and shook them gently, by way of friendly incitement to Speckle.

"I shall just take a turn to the fields against the Stone-pits, Nancy, and look at the draining," said Godfrey.

"You'll be in again by tea-time, dear?"

"O, yes, I shall be back in an hour."

It was Godfrey's custom on a Sunday afternoon to do a little contemplative farming in a leisurely walk. Nancy seldom accompanied him; for the women of her generation—unless, like Priscilla, they took to outdoor management—were not given to much walking beyond their own house and garden, finding sufficient exercise in domestic duties. So, when Priscilla was not with her, she usually sat with Mant's Bible before her, and after following the text with her eyes for a little while, she would gradually permit them to wander as her thoughts had already insisted on wandering.

But Nancy's Sunday thoughts were rarely quite out of keeping with the devout and reverential intention implied by the book spread open before her. She was not theologically instructed enough to discern very clearly the relation between the sacred documents of the past which she opened without method, and her own obscure, simple life; but the spirit of rectitude, and the sense of responsibility for the effect of her conduct on others, which were strong elements in Nancy's character, had made it a habit with her to scrutinise her past feelings and actions with self-questioning solicitude. Her mind not being courted by a great variety of subjects, she filled the vacant moments by living inwardly, again and again, through all her remembered experience, especially through the fifteen years of her married time, in which her life and its significance had been doubled. She recalled the small details, the words, tones, and looks, in the critical scenes which had opened a new epoch for her by giving her a deeper insight into the relations and trials of life, or which had called on her for some little effort of forbearance, or of painful adherence to an imagined or real duty—asking herself continually whether she had been in any respect blamable. This excessive rumination and self-questioning is perhaps a morbid habit inevitable to a mind of much moral sensibility when shut out from its due share of outward activity and of practical claims on its affections—inevitable to a noble-hearted, childless woman, when her lot is narrow. "I can do so little—have I done it all well?" is the perpetually recurring thought; and there are no voices calling her away from that soliloquy, no peremptory demands to divert energy from vain regret or superfluous scruple.

There was one main thread of painful experience in Nancy's married life, and on it hung certain deeply-felt scenes, which were the oftenest revived in retrospect. The short dialogue with Priscilla in the garden had determined the current of retrospect in that frequent direction this particular Sunday afternoon. The first wandering of her thought from the text, which she still attempted dutifully to follow with her eyes and silent lips, was into an imaginary enlargement of the defence she had set up for her husband against Priscilla's implied blame. The vindication of the loved object is the best balm affection can find for its wounds:—"A man must have so much on his mind," is the belief by which a wife often supports a cheerful face under rough answers and unfeeling words. And Nancy's deepest wounds had all come from the perception that the absence of children from their hearth was dwelt on in her husband's mind as a privation to which he could not reconcile himself.

Yet sweet Nancy might have been expected to feel still more keenly the denial of a blessing to which she had looked forward with all the varied expectations and preparations, solemn and prettily trivial, which fill the mind of a loving woman when she expects to become a mother. Was there not a drawer filled with the neat work of her hands, all unworn and untouched, just as she had arranged it there fourteen years ago—just, but for one little dress, which had been made the burial-dress? But under this immediate personal trial Nancy was so firmly unmurmuring, that years ago she had suddenly renounced the habit of visiting this drawer, lest she should in this way be cherishing a longing for what was not given.

Perhaps it was this very severity towards any indulgence of what she held to be sinful regret in herself that made her shrink from applying her own standard to her husband. "It is very different—it is much worse for a man to be disappointed in that way: a woman can always be satisfied with devoting herself to her husband, but a man wants something that will make him look forward more—and sitting by the fire is so much duller to him than to a woman." And always, when Nancy reached this point in her meditations—trying, with predetermined sympathy, to see everything as Godfrey saw it—there came a renewal of self-questioning. *Had* she done everything in her power to lighten Godfrey's privation? Had she really been right in the resistance which had cost her so much pain six years ago, and again four years ago—the resistance to her husband's wish that they should adopt a child? Adoption was more remote from the ideas and habits of that time than of our own; still Nancy had her opinion on it. It was as necessary to her mind to have an opinion on all topics, not exclusively masculine, that had come under her notice, as for her to have a precisely marked place for every article of her personal property: and her opinions were always principles to be unwaveringly acted on. They were firm, not because of their basis, but because she held them with a tenacity inseparable from her mental action. On all the duties and proprieties of life, from filial behaviour to the arrangements of the evening toilet, pretty Nancy Lammeter, by the time she was three-and-twenty, had her unalterable little code, and had formed every one of her habits in strict accordance with that code. She carried these decided judgments within her in the most unobtrusive way: they rooted themselves in her mind, and grew there as quietly as grass. Years ago, we know, she insisted on dressing like Priscilla, because "it was right for sisters to dress alike," and because "she would do what was right if she wore a gown dyed with cheese-colouring."

That was a trivial but typical instance of the mode in which Nancy's life was regulated.

It was one of those rigid principles, and no petty egoistic feeling, which had been the ground of Nancy's difficult resistance to her husband's wish. To adopt a child, because children of your own had been denied you, was to try and choose your lot in spite of Providence: the adopted child, she was convinced, would never turn out well, and would be a curse to those who had wilfully and rebelliously sought what it was clear that, for some high reason, they were better without. When you saw a thing was not meant to be, said Nancy, it was a bounden duty to leave off so much as wishing for it. And so far, perhaps, the wisest of men could scarcely make more than a verbal improvement in her principle. But the conditions under which she held it apparent that a thing was not meant to be, depended on a more peculiar mode of thinking. She would have given up making a purchase at a particular place if, on three successive times, rain, or some other cause of Heaven's sending, had formed an obstacle; and she would have anticipated a broken limb or other heavy misfortune to any one who persisted in spite of such indications.

"But why should you think the child would turn out ill?" said Godfrey, in his remonstrances. "She has thriven as well as child can do with the weaver; and *he* adopted her. There isn't such a pretty little girl anywhere else in the parish, or one fitter for the station we could give her. Where can be the likelihood of her being a curse to anybody?"

"Yes, my dear Godfrey," said Nancy, who was sitting with her hands tightly clasped together, and with yearning, regretful affection in her eyes. "The child may not turn out ill with the weaver. But, then, he didn't go to seek her, as we should be doing. It will be wrong: I feel sure it will. Don't you remember what that lady we met at the Royston Baths told us about the child her sister adopted? That was the only adopting I ever heard of: and the child was transported when it was twenty-three. Dear Godfrey, don't ask me to do what I know is wrong: I should never be happy again. I know it's very hard for *you*—it's easier for me—but it's the will of Providence.''

It might seem singular that Nancy—with her religious theory pieced together out of narrow social traditions, fragments of church doctrine imperfectly understood, and girlish reasonings on her small experience—should have arrived by herself at a way of thinking so nearly akin to that of many devout people whose beliefs are held in the shape of a system quite remote from her knowledge: singular, if we did not know that human beliefs, like all other natural growths, elude the barriers of system.

Godfrey had from the first specified Eppie, then about twelve years old, as a child suitable for them to adopt. It had never occurred to him that Silas would rather part with his life than with Eppie. Surely the weaver would wish the best to the child he had taken so much trouble with, and would be glad that such good fortune should happen to her: she would always be very grateful to him, and he would be well provided for to the end of his life—provided for as the excellent part he had done by the child deserved. Was it not an appropriate thing for people in a higher station to take a charge off the hands of a man in a lower? It seemed an eminently appropriate thing to Godfrey, for reasons that were known only to himself; and by a common fallacy, he imagined the measure would be easy because he had private motives for desiring it. This was rather a coarse mode of estimating Silas's relation to Eppie; but we must remember that many of the impressions which Godfrey was likely to gather concerning the labouring people around him would favour the idea that deep affections can hardly go along with callous palms and scant means; and he had not had the opportunity, even if he had had the power, of entering intimately into all that was exceptional in the weaver's experience. It was only the want of adequate knowledge that could have made it possible for Godfrey deliberately to entertain an unfeeling project: his natural kindness had outlived that blighting time of cruel wishes, and Nancy's praise of him as a husband was not founded entirely on a wilful illusion.

"I was right," she said to herself, when she had recalled all their scenes of discussion—"I feel I was right to say him nay, though it hurt me more than anything; but how good Godfrey has been about it! Many men would have been very angry with me for standing out against their wishes; and they might have thrown out that they'd had ill-luck in marrying me; but Godfrey has never been the man to say me an unkind word. It's only what he can't hide: everything seems so blank to him, I know; and the land—what a difference it 'ud make to him, when he goes to see after things, if he'd children growing up that he was doing it all for! But I won't murmur; and perhaps if he'd married a woman who'd have had children, she'd have vexed him in other ways."

This possibility was Nancy's chief comfort; and to give it greater strength, she laboured to make it impossible that any other wife should have had more perfect tenderness. She had been *forced* to vex him by that one denial. Godfrey was not insensible to her loving effort, and did Nancy no injustice as to the motives of her obstinacy. It was impossible to have lived with her fifteen years and not be aware that an unselfish clinging to the right, and a sincerity clear as the flower-born dew, were her main characteristics; indeed, Godfrey felt this so strongly, that his own more wavering nature, too averse to facing difficulty to be unvaryingly simple and truthful, was kept in a certain awe of this gentle wife who watched his looks with a yearning to obey them. It seemed to him impossible that he should ever confess to her the truth about Eppie: she would never recover from the repulsion the story of his earlier marriage would create, told to her now, after that long concealment. And the child, too, he thought, must become an object of repulsion: the very sight of her would be painful. The shock to Nancy's mingled pride and ignorance of the world's evil might even be too much for her delicate frame. Since he had married her with that secret on his heart, he must keep it there to the last. Whatever else he did, he could not make an irreparable breach between himself and this long-loved wife.

Meanwhile, why could he not make up his mind to the absence of children from a hearth brightened by such a wife? Why did his mind fly uneasily to that void, as if it were the sole reason why life was not thoroughly joyous to him? I suppose it is the way with all men and women who reach middle age without the clear perception that life never *can* be thoroughly joyous: under the vague dulness of the grey hours, dissatisfaction seeks a definite object, and finds it in the privation of an untried good. Dissatisfaction seated musingly on a childless hearth, thinks with envy of the father whose return is greeted by young voices—seated at the meal where the little heads rise one above another like nursery plants, it sees a black care hovering behind every one of them, and thinks the impulses by which men abandon freedom, and seek for ties, are surely nothing but a brief madness. In Godfrey's case there were further reasons why his thoughts should be continually solicited by this one point in his lot: his conscience, never thoroughly easy about Eppie, now gave his childless home the aspect of a retribution; and as the time passed on, under Nancy's refusal to adopt her, any retrieval of his error became more and more difficult.

On this Sunday afternoon it was already four years since there had been any allusion to the subject between them, and Nancy supposed that it was for ever buried.

"I wonder if he'll mind it less or more as he gets older," she thought; "I'm afraid more. Aged people feel the miss of children: what would father do without Priscilla? And if I die, Godfrey will be very lonely—not holding together with his brothers much. But I won't be over-anxious, and trying to make things out beforehand: I must do my best for the present."

With that last thought Nancy roused herself from her reverie, and turned her eyes again towards the forsaken page. It had been forsaken longer than she imagined, for she was presently surprised by the appearance of the servant with the tea-things. It was, in fact, a little before the usual time for tea; but Jane had her reasons.

"Is your master come into the yard, Jane?"

"No'm, he isn't," said Jane, with a slight emphasis, of which, however, her mistress took no notice.

"I don't know whether you've seen 'em, 'm," continued Jane, after a pause, "but there's folks making haste all one way, afore the front window. I doubt something's happened. There's niver a man to be seen i' the yard, else I'd send and see. I've been up into the top attic, but there's no seeing anything for trees. I hope nobody's hurt, that's all."

"O, no, I daresay there's nothing much the matter," said Nancy. "It's perhaps Mr. Snell's bull got out again, as he did before."

"I wish he mayn't gore anybody then, that's all," said Jane, not altogether despising a hypothesis which covered a few imaginary calamities.

"That girl is always terrifying me," thought Nancy; "I wish Godfrey would come in."

She went to the front window and looked as far as she could see along the road, with an uneasiness which she felt to be childish, for there were now no such signs of excitement as Jane had spoken of, and Godfrey would not be likely to return by the village road, but by the fields. She continued to stand, however, looking at the placid churchyard with the long shadows of the gravestones across the bright green hillocks, and at the glowing autumn colours of the Rectory trees beyond. Before such calm external beauty the presence of a vague fear is more distinctly felt—like a raven flapping its slow wing across the sunny air. Nancy wished more and more that Godfrey would come in.

CHAPTER XVIII

Some one opened the door at the other end of the room, and Nancy felt that it was her husband. She turned from the window with gladness in her eyes, for the wife's chief dread was stilled.

"Dear, I'm so thankful you're come," she said, going towards him. "I began to get . . ."

She paused abruptly, for Godfrey was laying down his hat with trembling hands, and turned towards her with a pale face and a strange unanswering glance, as if he saw her indeed, but saw her as part of a scene invisible to herself. She laid her hand on his arm, not daring to speak again; but he left the touch unnoticed, and threw himself into his chair.

Jane was already at the door with the hissing urn. "Tell her to keep away, will you?" said Godfrey; and when the door was closed again he exerted himself to speak more distinctly.

"Sit down, Nancy—there," he said, pointing to a chair opposite him. "I came back as soon as I could, to hinder anybody's telling you but me. I've had a great shock—but I care most about the shock it'll be to you."

"It isn't father and Priscilla?" said Nancy, with quivering lips, clasping her hands together tightly on her lap.

"No, it's nobody living," said Godfrey, unequal to the considerate skill with which he would have wished to make his revelation. "It's Dunstan—my brother Dunstan, that we lost sight of sixteen years ago. We've found him—found his body—his skeleton."

The deep dread Godfrey's look had created in Nancy made her feel these words a relief. She sat in comparative calmness to hear what else he had to tell. He went on:

"The Stone-pit has gone dry suddenly—from the draining, I suppose; and there he lies—has lain for sixteen years, wedged between two great stones. There's his watch and seals, and there's my gold-handled hunting-whip, with my name on: he took it away, without my knowing, the day he went hunting on Wildfire, the last time he was seen."

Godfrey paused: it was not so easy to say what came next. "Do you think he drowned himself?" said Nancy almost wondering that her husband should be so deeply shaken by what had happened all those years ago to an unloved brother, of whom worse things had been augured.

"No, he fell in," said Godfrey, in a low but distinct voice, as if he felt some deep meaning in the fact. Presently he added: "Dunstan was the man that robbed Silas Marner."

The blood rushed to Nancy's face and neck at this surprise and shame, for she had been bred up to regard even a distant kinship with crime as a dishonour.

"O Godfrey!" she said, with compassion in her tone, for she had immediately reflected that the dishonour must be felt still more keenly by her husband.

"There was the money in the pit," he continued—

"all the weaver's money. Everything's been gathered up, and they're taking the skeleton to the Rainbow. But I came back to tell you: there was no hindering it; you must know."

He was silent, looking on the ground for two long minutes. Nancy would have said some words of comfort under this disgrace, but she refrained, from an instinctive sense that there was something behind—that Godfrey had something else to tell her. Presently he lifted his eyes to her face, and kept them fixed on her, as he said—

"Everything comes to light, Nancy, sooner or later. When God Almighty wills it, our secrets are found out. I've lived with a secret on my mind, but I'll keep it from you no longer. I wouldn't have you know it by somebody else, and not by me—I wouldn't have you find it out after I'm dead. I'll tell you now. It's been 'I will' and 'I won't' with me all my life—I'll make sure of myself now."

Nancy's utmost dread had returned. The eyes of the husband and wife met with awe in them, as at a crisis which suspended affection.

"Nancy," said Godfrey, slowly, "when I married you, I hid something from you—something I ought to have told you. That woman Marner found dead in the snow—Eppie's mother—that wretched woman—was my wife: Eppie is my child."

He paused, dreading the effect of his confession. But Nancy sat quite still, only that her eyes dropped and ceased to meet his. She was pale and quiet as a meditative statue, clasping her hands on her lap.

"You'll never think the same of me again," said

Godfrey, after a little while, with some tremor in his voice.

She was silent.

"I oughtn't to have left the child unowned: I oughtn't to have kept it from you. But I couldn't bear to give you up, Nancy. I was led away into marrying her—I suffered for it."

Still Nancy was silent, looking down; and he almost expected that she would presently get up and say she would go to her father's. How could she have any mercy for faults that must seem so black to her, with her simple severe notions?

But at last she lifted up her eyes to his again and spoke. There was no indignation in her voice—only deep regret.

"Godfrey, if you had but told me this six years ago, we could have done some of our duty by the child. Do you think I'd have refused to take her in, if I'd known she was yours?"

At that moment Godfrey felt all the bitterness of an error that was not simply futile, but had defeated its own end. He had not measured this wife with whom he had lived so long. But she spoke again, with more agitation.

"And—O, Godfrey—if we'd had her from the first, if you'd taken to her as you ought, she'd have loved me for her mother—and you'd have been happier with me: I could better have bore my little baby dying, and our life might have been more like what we used to think it 'ud be."

The tears fell, and Nancy ceased to speak.

"But you wouldn't have married me then, Nancy, if

I'd told you," said Godfrey, urged, in the bitterness of his self-reproach, to prove to himself that his conduct had not been utter folly. "You may think you would now, but you wouldn't then. With your pride and your father's, you'd have hated having anything to do with me after the talk there'd have been."

"I can't say what I should have done about that, Godfrey. I should never have married anybody else. But I wasn't worth doing wrong for—nothing is in this world. Nothing is so good as it seems beforehand—not even our marrying wasn't, you see." There was a faint sad smile on Nancy's face as she said the last words.

"I'm a worse man than you thought I was, Nancy," said Godfrey, rather tremulously. "Can you forgive me ever?"

"The wrong to me is but little, Godfrey: you've made it up to me—you've been good to me for fifteen years. It's another you did the wrong to; and I doubt it can never be all made up for."

"But we can take Eppie now," said Godfrey. "I won't mind the world knowing at last. I'll be plain and open for the rest o' my life."

"It'll be different coming to us, now she's grown up," said Nancy, shaking her head sadly. "But it's your duty to acknowledge her and provide for her; and I'll do my part by her, and pray to God Almighty to make her love me."

"Then we'll go together to Silas Marner's this very night, as soon as everything's quiet at the Stone-pits."

CHAPTER XIX

Between eight and nine o'clock that evening, Eppie and Silas were seated alone in the cottage. After the great excitement the weaver had undergone from the events of the afternoon, he had felt a longing for this quietude, and had even begged Mrs. Winthrop and Aaron, who had naturally lingered behind every one else, to leave him alone with his child. The excitement had not passed away: it had only reached that stage when the keenness of the susceptibility makes external stimulus intolerable—when there is no sense of weariness, but rather an intensity of inward life, under which sleep is an impossibility. Any one who has watched such moments in other men remembers the brightness of the eyes and the strange definiteness that comes over coarse features from that transient influence. It is as if a new fineness of ear for all spiritual voices had sent wonder-working vibrations through the heavy mortal frame—as if "beauty born of murmuring sound" had passed into the face of the listener.

Silas's face showed that sort of transfiguration, as he sat in his arm-chair and looked at Eppie. She had drawn her own chair towards his knees, and leaned forward, holding both his hands, while she looked up at him. On the table near them, lit by a candle, lay the recovered gold—the old long-loved gold, ranged in orderly heaps, as Silas used to range it in the days when it was his only joy. He had been telling her how he used to count it every night, and how his soul was utterly desolate till she was sent to him.

'At first, I'd a sort o' feeling come across me now and then,'' he was saying in a subdued tone, ''as if you might be changed into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it, and find it was come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had drove you from me, for I'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little un—you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you.''

''But I know now, father,'' said Eppie. ''If it hadn't been for you, they'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there'd have been nobody to love me.''

''Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you hadn't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept—kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful.''

Silas sat in silence a few minutes, looking at the money. ''It takes no hold of me now,'' he said, ponderingly—''the money doesn't. I wonder if it ever could again—I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me.''

At that moment there was a knocking at the door; and Eppie was obliged to rise without answering Silas.

Beautiful she looked, with the tenderness of gathering tears in her eyes and a slight flush on her cheeks, as she stepped to open the door. The flush deepened when she saw Mr. and Mr. Godfrey Cass. She made her little rustic curtsy, and held the door wide for them to enter.

"We're disturbing you very late, my dear," said Mrs. Cass, taking Eppie's hand, and looking in her face with an expression of anxious interest and admiration. Nancy herself was pale and tremulous.

Eppie, after placing chairs for Mr. and Mrs. Cass, went to stand against Silas, opposite to them.

"Well, Marner," said Godfrey, trying to speak with perfect firmness, "it's a great comfort to me to see you with your money again, that you've been deprived of so many years. It was one of my family did you the wrong—the more grief to me—and I feel bound to make up to you for it in every way. Whatever I can do for you will be nothing but paying a debt, even if I looked no further than the robbery. But there are other things I'm beholden—shall be beholden to you for, Marner."

Godfrey checked himself. It had been agreed between him and his wife that the subject of his fatherhood should be approached very carefully, and that, if possible, the disclosure should be reserved for the future, so that it might be made to Eppie gradually. Nancy had urged this, because she felt strongly the painful light in which Eppie must inevitably see the relation between her father and mother.

Silas, always ill at ease when he was being spoken to by "betters," such as Mr. Cass—tall, powerful, florid men, seen chiefly on horseback—answered with some constraint—

"Sir, I've a deal to thank you for a'ready. As for the robbery, I count it no loss to me. And if I did, you couldn't help it: you aren't answerable for it."

"You may look at it in that way, Marner, but I never can; and I hope you'll let me act according to my own feeling of what's just. I know you're easily contented: you've been a hard-working man all your life."

"Yes, sir, yes," said Marner, meditatively. "I should ha' been bad off without my work: it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me."

"Ah," said Godfrey, applying Marner's words simply to his bodily wants, "it was a good trade for you in this country, because there's been a great deal of linen-weaving to be done. But you're getting rather past such close work, Marner: it's time you laid by and had some rest. You look a good deal pulled down, though you're not an old man, *are* you?"

"Fifty-five, as near as I can say, sir," said Silas.

"O, why, you may live thirty years longer—look at old Macey! And that money on the table, after all, is but little. It won't go far either way—whether it's put out to interest, or you were to live on it as long as it would last: it wouldn't go far if you'd nobody to keep but yourself, and you've had two to keep for a good many years now."

"Eh, sir," said Silas, unaffected by anything Godfrey was saying, "I'm in no fear o' want. We shall do very well—Eppie and me 'ull do well enough. There's few working-folks have got so much laid by as that. I don't know what it is to gentlefolks, but I look upon it as a deal—almost too much. And as for us, it's little we want "

"Only the garden, father," said Eppie, blushing up to the ears the moment after.

"You love a garden, do you, my dear?" said Nancy, thinking that this turn in the point of view might help her husband. "We should agree in that: I give a deal of time to the garden."

"Ah, there's plenty of gardening at the Red House," said Godfrey, surprised at the difficulty he found in approaching a proposition which had seemed so easy to him in the distance. "You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It 'ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships: she doesn't look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she's more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few year's time."

A slight flush came over Marner's face, and disappeared, like a passing gleam. Eppie was simply wondering Mr. Cass should talk so about things that seemed to have nothing to do with reality, but Silas was hurt and uneasy.

"I don't take your meaning, sir," he answered, not having words at command to express the mingled feelings with which he had heard Mr. Cass's words.

"Well, my meaning is this, Marner," said Godfrey, determined to come to the point. "Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children—nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have—more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us—we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It 'ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you've been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it's right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I'm sure, will always love you and be grateful to you: she'd come and see you very often, and we should all be on the look-out to do everything we could towards making you comfortable."

A plain man like Godfrey Cass, speaking under some embarrassment, necessarily blunders on words that are coarser than his intentions, and that are likely to fall gratingly on susceptible feelings. While he had been speaking, Eppie had quietly passed her arm behind Silas's head, and let her hand rest against it caressingly: she felt him trembling violently. He was silent for some moments when Mr. Cass had ended—powerless under the conflict of emotions, all alike painful. Eppie's heart was swelling at the sense that her father was in distress; and she was just going to lean down and speak to him, when one struggling dread at last gained the mastery over every other in Silas, and he said, faintly—

"Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass."

Eppie took her hand from her father's head, and came forward a step. Her cheeks were flushed, but not with shyness this time: the sense that her father was in doubt and suffering banished that sort of self-consciousness. She dropt a low curtsy, first to Mrs. Cass and then to Mr. Cass, and said—

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him.[1] And I don't want to be a lady—thank you all the same" (here Eppie dropped another curtsy). "I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to."

Eppie's lip began to tremble a little at the last words. She retreated to her father's chair again, and held him round the neck: while Silas, with a subdued sob, put up his hand to grasp hers.

The tears were in Nancy's eyes, but her sympathy with Eppie was, naturally, divided with distress on her husband's account. She dared not speak, wondering what was going on in her husband's mind.

Godfrey felt an irritation inevitable to almost all of us when we encounter an unexpected obstacle. He had been full of his own penitence and resolution to retrieve his error as far as the time was left to him; he was possessed with all-important feelings, that were to lead to a predetermined course of action which he had fixed on as the right, and he was not prepared to enter with lively appreciation into other people's feelings counteracting his virtuous resolves. The agitation with which he spoke again was not quite unmixed with anger.

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[1] This passage, an important one, suggests one of the cardinal ideas of George Eliot's philosophy,—the influence on character of environment. The real father had deserted Eppie, had not been such even in name; the foster father had reared her and given her a real parent's love. To the latter then the heart of Eppie spontaneously cleaves and the prospect of position and wealth is no temptation. This outcome is not only an illustration of the force of surroundings; it is also a vindication of human gratitude and an illustration of the power of Nemesis.

"But I've a claim on you, Eppie—the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child: her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other."

Eppie had given a violent start, and turned quite pale. Silas, on the contrary, who had been relieved, by Eppie's answer, from the dread lest his mind should be in opposition to hers, felt the spirit of resistance in him set free, not without a touch of parental fierceness. "Then, sir," he answered, with an accent of bitterness that had been silent in him since the memorable day when his youthful hope had perished—"then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen year ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o' coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine: you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in."

"I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter," said Godfrey, who could not help feeling the edge of Silas's words.

"I'm glad to hear it, sir," said Marner, with gathering excitement; "but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying 'I'm her father' doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word."

"But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner," said Godfrey, unexpectedly awed by the weaver's direct truth-speaking. "It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you, and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same towards you."

"Just the same?" said Marner, more bitterly than ever. "How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? that's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two."

Godfrey, unqualified by experience to discern the pregnancy of Marner's simple words, felt rather angry again. It seemed to him that the weaver was very selfish (a judgment readily passed by those who have never tested their own power of sacrifice) to oppose what was undoubtedly for Eppie's welfare; and he felt himself called upon, for her sake, to assert his authority.

"I should have thought, Marner," he said, severely—"I should have thought your affection for Eppie would make you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember your own life's uncertain, and she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home: she may marry some low working-man, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well-off. You're putting yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty."

It would be difficult to say whether it were Silas or

Eppie that was more deeply stirred by this last speech of Godfrey's. Thought had been very busy in Eppie as she listened to the contest between her old long-loved father and this new unfamiliar father who had suddenly come to fill the place of that black featureless shadow which had held the ring and placed it on her mother's finger. Her imagination had darted backward in conjectures, and forward in previsions, of what this revealed fatherhood implied; and there were words in Godfrey's last speech which helped to make the previsions especially definite. Not that these thoughts, either of past or future, determined her resolution—*that* was determined by the feelings which vibrated to every word Silas had uttered; but they raised, even apart from these feelings, a repulsion towards the offered lot and the newly-revealed father.

Silas, on the other hand, was again stricken in conscience, and alarmed lest Godfrey's accusation should be true—lest he should be raising his own will as an obstacle to Eppie's good. For many moments he was mute, struggling for the self-conquest necessary to the uttering of the difficult words. They came out tremulously.

"I'll say no more. Let it be as you will. Speak to the child. I'll hinder nothing."

Even Nancy, with all the acute sensibility of her own affections, shared her husband's view, that Marner was not justifiable in his wish to retain Eppie, after her real father had avowed himself. She felt that it was a very hard trial for the poor weaver, but her code allowed no question that a father by blood must have a claim above that of any foster-father. Besides, Nancy, used all her life to plenteous circumstances and the privileges of "respectability," could not enter into the pleasures which early nurture and habit connect with all the little aims and efforts of the poor who are born poor: to her mind, Eppie, in being restored to her birthright, was entering on a too long withheld but unquestionable good. Hence she heard Silas's last words with relief, and thought, as Godfrey did, that their wish was achieved.

"Eppie, my dear," said Godfrey, looking at his daughter, not without some embarrassment, under the sense that she was old enough to judge him, "it'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you'll come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should ha' been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that'll be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it."

"My dear, you'll be a treasure to me," said Nancy, in her gentle voice. "We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter."

Eppie did not come forward and curtsy, as she had done before. She held Silas's hand in hers, and grasped it firmly—it was a weaver's hand, with a palm and finger-tips that were sensitive to such pressure—while she spoke with colder decision than before.

"Thank you, ma'am—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father, and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me."

"But you must make sure, Eppie," said Silas, in a low voice—"you must make sure as you won't ever be sorry, because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might ha' had everything o' the best."

His sensitiveness on this point had increased as he listened to Eppie's words of faithful affection.

"I can never be sorry, father," said Eppie. "I shouldn't know what to think on or to wish for with fine things about me, as I haven't been used to. And it 'ud be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, as 'ud make them as I'm fond of think me unfitting company for 'em. What could *I* care for then?"

Nancy looked at Godfrey with a pained questioning glance. But his eyes were fixed on the floor, where he was moving the end of his stick, as if he were pondering on something absently. She thought there was a word which might perhaps come better from her lips than from his.

"What you say is natural, my dear child—it's natural you should cling to those who've brought you up," she said, mildly; "but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. There's perhaps something to be given up on more sides than one. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you shouldn't turn your back on it."

"I can't feel as I've got any father but one," said Eppie, impetuously, while the tears gathered. "I've always thought of a little home where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him: I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working-folks, and their victuals, and their ways. And," she ended passionately, while the tears fell, "I'm promised to marry a working-man, as 'll live with father, and help me to take care of him."

Godfrey looked up at Nancy with a flushed face and smarting dilated eyes. This frustration of a purpose towards which he had set out under the exalted consciousness that he was about to compensate in some degree for the greatest demerit of his life, made him feel the air of the room stifling.

"Let us go," he said, in an under-tone.

"We won't talk of this any longer now," said Nancy, rising. "We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now."

In this way she covered her husband's abrupt departure, for Godfrey had gone straight to the door, unable to say more.

CHAPTER XX

NANCY and Godfrey walked home under the starlight in silence. When they entered the oaken parlour, Godfrey threw himself into his chair, while Nancy laid down her bonnet and shawl, and stood on the hearth near her husband, unwilling to leave him even for a few minutes, and yet fearing to utter any word lest it might jar on his feeling. At last Godfrey turned his head towards her, and their eyes met, dwelling in that meeting without any movement on either side. That quiet mutual gaze of a trusting husband and wife is like the first moment of rest or refuge from a great weariness or a great danger—not to be interfered with by speech or action which would distract the sensations from the fresh enjoyment of repose.

But presently he put out his hand, and as Nancy placed hers within it, he drew her towards him, and said—

"That's ended!"

She bent to kiss him, and then said, as she stood by his side, "Yes, I'm afraid we must give up the hope of having her for a daughter. It wouldn't be right to want to force her to come to us against her will. We can't alter her bringing up and what's come of it."

"No," said Godfrey, with a keen decisiveness of tone, in contrast with his usually careless and unemphatic speech—"there's debts we can't pay like money debts, by paying extra for the years that have slipped by. While I've been putting off and putting off, the trees have been growing—it's too late now. Marner was in the right in what he said about a man's turning away a blessing from his door: it falls to somebody else. I wanted to pass for childless once, Nancy—I shall pass for childless now against my wish."

Nancy did not speak immediately, but after a little while she asked—"You won't make it known, then, about Eppie's being your daughter?"

"No: where would be the good to anybody?—only harm. I must do what I can for her in the state of life she chooses. I must see who it is she's thinking of marrying."

"If it won't do any good to make the thing known," said Nancy, who thought she might now allow herself the relief of entertaining a feeling which she had tried to silence before, "I should be very thankful for father and Priscilla never to be troubled with knowing what was done in the past, more than about Dunsey: it can't be helped, their knowing that."

"I shall put it in my will—I think I shall put it in my will. I shouldn't like to leave anything to be found out, like this about Dunsey," said Godfrey meditatively. "But I can't see anything but difficulties that 'ud come from telling it now. I must do what I can to make her happy in her own way. I've a notion," he added, after a moment's pause, "it's Aaron Winthrop she meant she was engaged to. I remember seeing him with her and Marner going away from church."

"Well, he's very sober and industrious," said Nancy, trying to view the matter as cheerfully as possible.

Godfrey fell into thoughtfulness again. Presently he looked up at Nancy sorrowfully, and said—

"She's a very pretty, nice girl, isn't she, Nancy?"

"Yes, dear; and with just your hair and eyes: I wondered it had never struck me before."

"I think she took a dislike to me at the thought of my being her father: I could see a change in her manner after that."

"She couldn't bear to think of not looking on Marner as her father," said Nancy, not wishing to confirm her husband's painful impression.

"She thinks I did wrong by her mother as well as by her. She thinks me worse than I am. But she *must* think it: she can never know all. It's part of my punishment, Nancy, for my daughter to dislike me. I should never have got into that trouble if I'd been true to you—if I hadn't been a fool. I'd no right to expect anything but evil could come of that marriage—and when I shirked doing a father's part too."

Nancy was silent: her spirit of rectitude would not let her try to soften the edge of what she felt to be a just compunction. He spoke again after a little while, but the tone was rather changed: there was tenderness mingled with the previous self-reproach.

"And I got *you*, Nancy, in spite of all; and yet I've been grumbling and uneasy because I hadn't something else—as if I deserved it."

"You've never been wanting to me, Godfrey," said Nancy, with quiet sincerity. "My only trouble would be gone if you resigned yourself to the lot that's been given us."

"Well, perhaps it isn't too late to mend a bit there. Though it *is* too late to mend some things, say what they will."

CHAPTER XXI

The next morning, when Silas and Eppie were seated at their breakfast, he said to her—

"Eppie, there's a thing I've had on my mind to do this two year, and now the money's been brought back to us, we can do it. I've been turning it over and over in the night, and I think we'll set out to-morrow, while the fine days last. We'll leave the house and everything for your godmother to take care on, and we'll make a little bundle o' things and set out."

"Where to go, daddy?" said Eppie, in much surprise.

"To my old country—to the town where I was born—up Lantern Yard. I want to see Mr. Paston, the minister: something may ha' come out to make 'em know I was innicent o' the robbery. And Mr. Paston was a man with a deal o' light—I want to speak to him about the drawing o' the lots. And I should like to talk to him about the religion o' this country-side, for I partly think he doesn't know on it."

Eppie was very joyful, for there was the prospect not only of wonder and delight at seeing a strange country, but also of coming back to tell Aaron all about it. Aaron was so much wiser than she was about most things—it would be rather pleasant to have this little advantage over him. Mrs. Winthrop, though possessed with a dim fear of dangers attendant on so long a journey, and requiring many assurances that it would not take them out of the region of carriers' carts and slow waggons, was nevertheless well pleased that Silas should revisit his own country, and find out if he had been cleared from that false accusation.

"You'd be easier in your mind for the rest o' your life, Master Marner," said Dolly—"that you would. And if there's any light to be got up the yard as you talk on, we've need of it i' this world, and I'd be glad on it myself, if you could bring it back."

So on the fourth day from that time, Silas and Eppie, in their Sunday clothes, with a small bundle tied in a blue linen handkerchief, were making their way through the streets of a great manufacturing town. Silas, bewildered by the changes thirty years had brought over his native place, had stopped several persons in succession to ask them the name of this town, that he might be sure he was not under a mistake about it.

"Ask for Lantern Yard, father—ask this gentleman with the tassels on his shoulders a-standing at the shop door; he isn't in a hurry like the rest," said Eppie, in some distress at her father's bewilderment, and ill at ease, besides, amidst the noise, the movement, and the multitude of strange indifferent faces.

"Eh, my child, he won't know anything about it," said Silas; "gentlefolks didn't ever go up the Yard. But happen somebody can tell me which is the way to Prison Street, where the jail is. I know the way out o' that as if I'd seen it yesterday."

With some difficulty, after many turnings and new inquiries, they reached Prison Street; and the grim walls of the jail, the first object that answered to any image in Silas's memory, cheered him with the certitude, which no assurance of the town's name had hitherto given him, that he was in his native place.

"Ah," he said, drawing a long breath, "there's the jail, Eppie; that's just the same: I aren't afraid now. It's the third turning on the left hand from the jail doors—that's the way we must go."

"O, what a dark ugly place!" said Eppie. "How it hides the sky! It's worse than the Workhouse. I'm glad you don't live in this town now, father. Is Lantern Yard like this street?"

"My precious child," said Silas, smiling, "it isn't a big street like this. I never was easy i' this street myself, but I was fond o' Lantern Yard. The shops here are all altered, I think—I can't make 'em out; but I shall know the turning, because it's the third."

"Here it is," he said, in a tone of satisfaction, as they came to a narrow alley. "And then we must go to the left again, and then straight for'ard for a bit, up Shoe Lane: and then we shall be at the entry next to the o'erhanging window, where there's the nick in the road for the water to run. Eh, I can see it all."

"O father, I'm like as if I was stifled," said Eppie. "I couldn't ha' thought as any folks lived i' this way, so close together. How pretty the Stone-pits 'ull look when we get back!"

"It looks comical to *me*, child, now—and smells bad. I can't think as it usened to smell so."

Here and there a sallow, begrimed face looked out from a gloomy doorway at the strangers, and increased Eppie's uneasiness, so that it was a longed-for relief when they issued from the alleys into Shoe Lane, where there was a broader strip of sky.

"Dear heart!" said Silas, "why, there's people coming out o' the Yard as if they'd been to chapel at this time o' day—a weekday noon!"

Suddenly he started and stood still with a look of distressed amazement, that alarmed Eppie. They were before an opening in front of a large factory, from which men and women were streaming for their mid-day meal.

"Father," said Eppie, clasping his arm, "what's the matter?"

But she had to speak again and again before Silas could answer her.

"It's gone, child," he said, at last, in strong agitation—"Lantern Yard's gone. It must ha' been here, because here's the house with the o'erhanging window—I know that—it's just the same; but they've made this new opening; and see that big factory! It's all gone—chapel and all."

"Come into that little brush-shop and sit down, father—they'll let you sit down," said Eppie, always on the watch lest one of her father's strange attacks should come on. "Perhaps the people can tell you all about it."

But neither from the brush-maker, who had come to Shoe Lane only ten years ago, when the factory was already built, nor from any other source within his reach, could Silas learn anything of the old Lantern Yard friends, or of Mr. Paston the minister.

"The old place is all swep' away," Silas said to Dolly Winthrop on the night of his return—"the little graveyard and everything. The old home's gone; I've no home but this now. I shall never know whether they got at the truth o' the robbery, nor whether Mr. Paston could ha' given me any light about the drawing o' the lots. It's dark to me, Mrs. Winthrop, that is; I doubt it'll be dark to the last."

"Well, yes, Master Marner," said Dolly, who sat with a placid listening face, now bordered by grey hairs; "I doubt it may. It's the will o' Them above as a many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that doesn't hinder there *being* a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."

"No," said Silas, "no; that doesn't hinder. Since the time the child was sent to me and I've come to love her as myself, I've had light enough to trusten by; and now she says she'll never leave me, I think I shall trusten till I die."

CONCLUSION

There was one time of the year which was held in Raveloe to be especially suitable for a wedding. It was when the great lilacs and laburnums in the old-fashioned gardens showed their golden and purple wealth above the lichen-tinted walls, and when there were calves still young enough to want bucketfuls of fragrant milk. People were not so busy then as they must become when the full cheese-making and the mowing had set in; and besides, it was a time when a light bridal dress could be worn with comfort and seen to advantage.

Happily the sunshine fell more warmly than usual on the lilac tufts the morning that Eppie was married, for her dress was a very light one. She had often thought, though with a feeling of renunciation, that the perfection of a wedding-dress would be a white cotton, with the tiniest pink sprig at wide intervals; so that when Mrs. Godfrey Cass begged to provide one, and asked Eppie to choose what it should be, previous meditation had enabled her to give a decided answer at once.

Seen at a little distance as she walked across the churchyard and down the village, she seemed to be attired in pure white, and her hair looked like the dash of gold on a lily. One hand was on her husband's arm, and with the other she clasped the hand of her father Silas.

"You won't be giving me away, father," she had said before they went to church; "you'll only be taking Aaron to be a son to you."

Dolly Winthrop walked behind with her husband; and there ended the little bridal procession.

There were many eyes to look at it, and Miss Priscilla Lammeter was glad that she and her father had happened to drive up to the door of the Red House just in time to see this pretty sight. They had come to keep Nancy company to-day, because Mr. Cass had had to go away to Lytherley, for special reasons. That seemed to be a pity, for otherwise he might have gone, as Mr. Crackenthorp and Mr. Osgood certainly would, to look on at the wedding-feast which he had ordered at the Rainbow, naturally feeling a great interest in the weaver who had been wronged by one of his own family.

"I could ha' wished Nancy had had the luck to find a child like that and bring her up," said Priscilla to her father, as they sat in the gig; "I should ha' had something young to think of then, besides the lambs and the calves."

"Yes, my dear, yes," said Mr. Lammeter; "one feels that as one gets older. Things look dim to old folks: they'd need have some young eyes about 'em, to let 'em know the world's the same as it used to be."

Nancy came out now to welcome her father and sister; and the wedding group had passed on beyond the Red House to the humbler part of the village.

Dolly Winthrop was the first to divine that old Mr. Macey, who had been set in his arm-chair outside his own door, would expect some special notice as they passed, since he was too old to be at the wedding-feast.

"Mr. Macey's looking for a word from us," said

Dolly; "he'll be hurt if we pass him and say nothing—and him so racked with rheumatiz."

So they turned aside to shake hands with the old man. He had looked forward to the occasion, and had his premeditated speech.

"Well, Master Marner," he said, in a voice that quavered a good deal, "I've lived to see my words come true. I was the first to say there was no harm in you, though your looks might be again' you; and I was the first to say you'd get your money back. And it's nothing but rightful as you should. And I'd ha' said the 'Amens,' and willing, at the holy matrimony; but Tookey's done it a good while now, and I hope you'll have none the worse luck."

In the open yard before the Rainbow the party of guests were already assembled, though it was still nearly an hour before the appointed feast-time. But by this means they could not only enjoy the slow advent of their pleasure; they had also ample leisure to talk of Silas Marner's strange history, and arrive by due degrees at the conclusion that he had brought a blessing on himself by acting like a father to a lone motherless child. Even the farrier did not negative this sentiment: on the contrary, he took it up as peculiarly his own, and invited any hardy person present to contradict him. But he met with no contradiction; and all differences among the company were merged in a general agreement with Mr. Snell's sentiment, that when a man had deserved his good luck, it was the part of his neighbours to wish him joy.

As the bridal group approached, a hearty cheer was raised in the Rainbow yard; and Ben Winthrop, whose jokes had retained their acceptable flavour, found it agreeable to turn in there and receive congratulations; not requiring the proposed interval of quiet at the Stone-pits before joining the company.

Eppie had a larger garden than she had ever expected there now; and in other ways there had been alterations at the expense of Mr. Cass, the landlord, to suit Silas's larger family. For he and Eppie had declared that they would rather stay at the Stone-pits than go to any new home. The garden was fenced with stones on two sides, but in front there was an open fence, through which the flowers shone with answering gladness, as the four united people came within sight of them.

"O father," said Eppie, "what a pretty home ours is! I think nobody could be happier than we are."

THE END

WASHINGTON IRVING

1783–1859

[For Questions on the Life of Irving, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow and Irving's Literary Style, see pages 11 to 16 of Marsh and Royster's Manual for teaching English Classics, bound in this volume.]

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INTRODUCTION

I. BIOGRAPHY

There is a familiar engraving which represents an imaginary gathering of Washington Irving and his literary friends at Sunnyside, the home of Irving's later years. In the center of the foreground Irving is seated, a somewhat portly, smooth-faced and kindly-looking man of fifty or more. At his near left stands James K. Paulding, an early literary comrade and life-long friend. Near by sit Bryant, the poet and editor, Cooper, the novelist, and Bancroft, the historian. Somewhat in the background stands a younger man—Emerson, the poet and philosopher. On the right the place of honor is held by Prescott, Irving's friendly rival in the field of Spanish history. Here also are Halleck, remembered as the author of *Marco Bozzaris*, and, again in the background, several younger men—Nathaniel Parker Willis, William Gilmore Simms, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes. But the center of the picture is Irving; all the other figures of the group combine to bring him out with special prominence.

Irving and his literary friends.

This fancy of the artist pictures to us very well the place of Washington Irving in American letters during the later years of his life. Other names were becoming known—those of Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson—names that were destined to equal, some of them perhaps to surpass, his in renown; but they were the names of young men, candidates for fame and as yet hardly well breathed in the race. Irving was nearing the term of a long and prosperous career, a career that covers one-half of our whole literary history. He could look back to the time when American letters were not yet in existence, for he himself was the chief founder of them. Until within a few years of the Revolutionary War men had been too much engaged in clearing farms and building homes to spend much time on the more leisurely pursuits of art and letters. There were historians, for example Bradford and Winslow; and preachers, for example Cotton Mather and Jonathan Edwards. But often their work is crude in form and narrow in subject-matter; when we read the writers of this period now it is with something of the antiquarian's pleasure in their quaintness and archaisms, or the historian's interest in the information to be derived from them. In a somewhat later period the intellectual stir that preceded and accompanied the Revolution bore fruit in a plentiful yield of state papers, speeches, pamphlets, and even poetry. Some of it is extremely vigorous, and at its time it was effective. But, as is almost always true of literature written for a special time or occasion, very little of it has outlived the period of its production. With the possible exception of Woolman the Quaker's *Journal*, the only American book written before the close of the Revolutionary War that still holds a worthy place by reason of its literary excellence is Franklin's *Autobiography*. Yet nothing was further from Franklin's intention than the composition of a work of literature. Franklin was statesman, scientist, philanthropist, all more or less consciously; but he has come to be counted among men of letters almost by accident. The first writer in America who

American literature before Irving.

deliberately chose letters as a profession was Charles Brockden Brown, a moderately successful journalist and novelist of the first decade of this century. But Brown's work did not have sufficient power or originality to draw together and give form to the incipient literary tendencies of the country. Irving, the first American to gain wide reputation abroad, was also the first to gain a reputation at home that has proved lasting. Cooper and Bryant were his near followers; but all the other names in the first flowering period of American literature came into prominence only after his fame had reached its zenith.

Irving's birth.

Irving was born in New York in 1783, the year the Treaty of Paris was signed and the independence of the United States formally acknowledged. Washington, for whom he was named, was inaugurated when Irving was six years old; and we are told that when he came to New York to take the oath of office as first President, he placed his hands upon the head of his youthful namesake and gave him his blessing.

That America of which Washington took control in 1789 was an almost inconceivably different country from the America of to-day. The settled portions of it were still a mere fringe along the Atlantic coast. Eighteen years were to pass before Fulton made his first experiments with the "Clermont" on the Hudson, and thirty-nine years before work was begun on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the first railroad to cross the Alleghanies. But perhaps the most astonishing changes of the past hundred years are those which have affected the cities of the country. When Irving was a boy in New York, that place was a town of less than 25,000 inhabitants. It covered only the lower end, the point, of

Manhattan Island. The present Bleeker Street marked the northern limits of the little town.[1] Beyond that stretched the rocky, hill-broken farms of the Dutch settlers—the Wolfert Webbers whom fate was to make rich in spite of themselves. The fashionable promenade was in Battery Park, now a region of grimy shipping and ugly warehouses; and William Street, in which Irving's father lived, now a street of tall office-buildings, was then an uptown residence street.

There was much in the life of this eighteenth-century New York to excite the imagination of a sensitive boy, and Irving spent his time in exploring the secret places of his native city and in wandering through the half-wild regions beyond the Harlem. The wandering instinct was strongly developed in him, and when his explorations on land grew tame, he tells how he would go down to the wharves at the city's edge and watch with longing eye the great vessels sail slowly out of the harbor on their long voyages across the ocean.

Irving's first trip up the Hudson.

His own first long voyage was one he never forgot. In his seventeenth year his parents gave him permission to make a summer visit to his sister, who lived near Albany. In 1800 the best way to reach Albany from New York was by boat on the Hudson River. Nowadays the distance is made in less than twelve hours; but then it was a long voyage by sail, and Irving tells with what anxiety intending passengers selected their boat and made all possible preparations for their comfort. This journey made known to Irving for the first time the beauties of the river that he never ceased to love. The depth and vividness of the impressions he received at this time may be seen from the following description written many years afterwards:

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[1] Cf. Todd, *The Story of New York,* p. 438.

> "What a time of intense delight was that first sail through the Highlands! I sat on the deck as we slowly tided along at the foot of those stern mountains, and gazed with wonder and admiration at those stern cliffs impending far above me, crowned with forests, with eagles sailing and screaming around them; or listened to the unseen stream dashing down precipices; or beheld rock, and tree, and cloud, and sky reflected in the glassy stream of the river. And then how solemn and thrilling the scene as we anchored at night at the foot of these mountains, clothed with overhanging forests; and everything grew dark and mysterious; and I heard the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will from the mountain-side, or was startled now and then by the sudden leap and heavy splash of the sturgeon.
>
> ". . . But of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill Mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape."—*Life*, by P. M. Irving, vol. I, p. 19.

Perhaps, as it so often proves with the recollections of childhood, Irving has unconsciously filled in the above picture from the recollection of his frequent later trips up the Hudson. Yet the fact that these later recollections all center around that first early experience shows that it was a profound one, and, in Irving's life, the most formative of them all.

But manifestly a man's life could not all be spent in idle wandering, however pleasant that might be. In the summer after this trip up the Hudson Irving began the serious study of the law. His preliminary education had been very slight indeed. He had attended a boy's school for some years, and had prepared for entrance to Columbia college. Two of his brothers had attended this college and had been graduated from it. But, perhaps through negligence or a dislike of all formal study, Irving himself did not enter the college. In after life he always regretted the omission of the formal discipline of a college course in his education, for he thought it deprived him of an advantage he was never able to make up in other ways. With no more liking for the routine of law than for that of the school, Irving nevertheless gave his attention to the former subject for the next few years. Before he could be admitted to the bar, however, his health broke down, and in 1804, in hopes of restoring him, it was determined to send him on a voyage to Europe. Thus, though doubtless in a way far different from that he had imagined, a long-cherished wish was to be realized.

Attempts at law.

The voyage across the water was made in May and June of 1804, and proved to be the thing Irving most needed. When, after a voyage of six weeks, he left the ship at Bordeaux, his health was very much improved. For a year and a half, he was a traveller and sight-seer, visiting various places in France, Italy, and England, meeting many famous people, and passing through many exciting and whimsical adventures. He soon developed the true traveller's spirit and took the buffets and the favors of fortune with equal good will. During most of these journeyings, he kept

First journey to Europe.

a diary in which he noted his opinions and observations and described the adventures of a traveller's life. Perhaps the most exciting of these experiences was an attack by Italian pirates. He was passenger on a ship bound from Genoa to Messina for a cargo of wine, and when several days out the ship was attacked by pirates, off the coast of Italy near the Island of Elba. Though the affair proved a bloodless one, it was not unattended with danger. The description of it[1] reads almost like an extract from one of Irving's own banditti stories in the *Tales of a Traveller*, and often in writing those stories, he must have thought of his early experiences in Italy. Fortunately no more serious adventure than this of the pirates occurred to interrupt the journeyings of the youthful traveller. He continued on his way through France and Italy, and passed the latter part of his stay abroad in England. He took ship for America in January, 1806, and after a rough voyage of over nine weeks, arrived safely at New York.

Admission to the Bar.

As soon as he had settled down in his old place, Irving again took up the study of the law, and after several months, in November, 1806, was admitted to the bar of New York. His admission, however, was due more to the good-nature of his examiners than to the adequacy of his preparation; for we may well suppose that what little legal learning had found its way into his brain before his departure had been quite crowded out by the many new experiences of his two years abroad. Even after his admission to the bar, he does not appear to have taken much interest in his profession. To his natural dislike of the dry routine of business there was added the further distraction of an active social life. He had many graces of nature and of manner; his disposition was frank and kindly, and wherever he was known he was liked. His letters of this period from Richmond and Baltimore and Washington show with what ease and pleasure he took his place in the best social life of the community in which he happened to find himself.

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[1] *Life*, by P. W. Irving, vol. I, p. 65 ff.

Salmagundi.

About this time Irving made his first attempts of any importance at literature. Together with his brother William and James K. Paulding a young friend and relative, he projected a Spectator-like periodical called *Salmagundi*. The first number of this periodical appeared in January 1807, and nineteen other numbers appeared at irregular intervals between that time and the appearance of the last number in January, 1808. The purpose of the periodical as announced by the editors in the first number was impudent enough when we consider their age and inexperience: "Our purpose is simply to instruct the young, reform the old, correct the town, and castigate the age; this is an arduous task, and therefore we undertake it with confidence." The essays, broadly humorous and satirical, had the high-spirits and unrestraint of youth. They secured for the writers a considerable local popularity, but they were ephemeral in character and Irving himself was soon quite willing to have them forgotten.

Knickerbocker History.

Irving's second literary venture brought him a wider and more lasting fame than the *Salmagundi* papers. In 1809 he published his *Knickerbocker's History of New York*. This is a burlesque history of New York, supposed to have been made up from the writings of a Dutch antiquary, Diedrich Knickerbocker. It undoubtedly ranks as

Irving's masterpiece of humor. Sir Walter Scott, who praised the book warmly, thought he saw in it great resemblance to the satire of Swift. The *Knickerbocker History*, however, is without the deep seriousness of Swift's satire; like *Salmagundi*, it shows more the high spirits of youth than the settled purpose of the satirist. At the time of the appearance of the book it was severely criticised by many of the Dutch families in New York, who felt personally aggrieved at the ludicrous figures their Dutch ancestry made in its pages. And in fact there was slight justification for such treatment of the burghers of New Amsterdam. Irving chose to present the unjustly exaggerated view of Dutch character that had long been traditional in British literature. In England, where the Dutch with their armies and fleets had several times so frightened the English that the English were driven to exaggerated satire to regain their self-respect, such a treatment of the subject as Irving's would have had point; but in America no more inoffensive and industrious race of people than the Dutch was to be found in all the Colonies. But neither satire nor history was the main object of the *Knickerbocker History*. Irving, writing in 1848, thus outlines the purpose of the book:

"It was to embody the traditions of our city in an amusing form; to illustrate its local humors, customs, and peculiarities; to clothe home scenes and places and familiar names with those imaginative and whimsical associations so seldom met with in our new country, but which live like charms and spells about the cities of the old world, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his home."

How well the book accomplished this purpose can be seen by a glance at its present-day effects. In New York the Knickerbocker legend has worked itself into the very fiber of the people. Allusions to it are familiarly used by many who have never read a line of Irving. The name itself, by an odd change, has become a synonym for aristocracy. In a thousand ways the legend has preserved traditions and sentiments that otherwise would have been speedily lost. It lives like a charm and a spell, binding the heart of the native inhabitant to his country; it has become itself a part of the country.

Death of Miss Hoffman.

The *Knickerbocker History* was revised and brought to completion beneath the darkest shadow that ever obscured Irving's sky. Matilda Hoffman, to whom he was engaged to be married, died after a brief illness in her eighteenth year. Her memory always lingered in his mind, ready to be called forth by the slightest occasion. He never again thought of marriage, and never accustomed himself to speak Miss Hoffman's name. There was something of fine chivalry in him that held him true even to a memory, and to the end he always kept before him the image of his early love in her first youth and beauty.

Business difficulties.

The next few years after the appearance of the *Knickerbocker History* saw nothing new from Irving's pen. His natural indolence must explain this, for his law practice made slight enough demands upon his time. In 1810 he was made a silent partner in a hardware business which was conducted by his brothers. This connection, though first the cause of much anxiety to him, was finally the making of his literary career. For the business affairs of the firm having become embarrassed, in 1815 Irving was sent to a branch house in Liverpool for the purpose of putting things in order. For three years he labored over the uncongenial details of business. But the affairs of the firm passed from bad to worse, and despite the brothers' best efforts, in 1818 they were finally driven to bankruptcy. In this apparent misfortune, however, there lay a blessing for Irving; his undisciplined nature always needed a strong incentive to work, and in the necessity of making a living he found this incentive. Leaving Liverpool, he went up to London with no other defense against the hostility of fortune than his pen; and the rest of Irving's life is the story of the way he, with that single weapon, not only won wealth abundant but an enduring fame and honor better than all wealth.

Sketch Book.

The first fruit of Irving's activity in London was his most famous book—the *Sketch Book*. The story of the way this book was written shows clearly the difficulties under which Irving at the time labored. He was far from home, with no helpful friend to turn to for advice or comfort, and with no prospect of any certain income; worst of all, however, was his home friends' lack of faith in him. To them it seemed madness when Irving refused an unimportant government position at Washington which would have given him an assured income but would have shut the way entirely to any further literary advance. In the face of these difficulties Irving went bravely to work upon the project of the *Sketch Book*. His plan was to issue the book in numbers, in America only, under the name of Geoffrey Crayon. In the prospectus prefixed to the first number, he announced the plan of his work in a very tentative and hesitating manner, showing clearly how unsure he was of himself:

"The following writings are published on experiment; should they please, they may be followed by others. The writer will have to contend with some disadvantages. He is unsettled in his abode, subject to interruptions, and has his share of cares and vicissitudes. He cannot, therefore, promise a regular plan, nor regular periods of publication."

The first number appeared in May, 1819, and contained *The Author's Account of Himself*, *The Voyage*, *Roscoe*, *The Wife*, and *Rip Van Winkle.* The second number appeared several months later and contained four essays—*English Writers on America*, *Rural Life in England*, *The Broken Heart*, and *The Art of Book-making*. A third number appeared in September of the same year and was followed at irregular intervals by four more numbers, the last number appearing in September, 1820.

Its success.

The success of the *Sketch Book* was immediate and general. The pen-name Geoffrey Crayon could not hide the fact that the *Knickerbocker History of New York* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow* were written by the same hand, and to the liking for the sketches themselves was added all Irving's earlier popularity. The books sold well and relieved their author of the worry and trouble of immediate need. But better than this, their success restored to him some of the conconfidence in himself which the anxieties of the past few years had robbed him of. Sir Walter Scott offered him the editorship of a new periodical publication about to be established in Edinburgh; and Irving, though he declined the offer because he felt himself unfit for the regular routine of such an occupation, was very much gratified at this renewed expression of good will on the part of the great author. The kind words of his intimate friends and the generous appreciation of many of the best critics in America revived him and gave him incentive to renewed effort. His fine sensitiveness to praise and blame shows clearly in the way in which he took the news of his success. The following extract is from a letter written to a friend in New York after the appearance of several numbers of the work:

> "The manner in which the work has been received, and the eulogiums that have been passed upon it in the American papers and periodical works, have completely overwhelmed me. They go far, *far* beyond my most sanguine expectations; and, indeed, are expressed with such peculiar warmth and kindness, as to affect me in the tenderest manner. The receipt of your letter, and the reading of some of the criticisms this morning, have rendered me nervous for the whole day. I feel almost appalled by such success, and fearful that it cannot be real, or that it is not fully merited, or that I shall not act up to the expectations that may be formed. We are whimsically constituted beings. I had got out of conceit of all that I had written, and considered it very questionable stuff, and now that it is so extravagantly be-praised, I begin to feel that I shall not do as well again. However we shall see as we get on. As yet I am extremely irregular and precarious in my fits of composition. The least thing puts me out of the vein, and even applause flurries me, and prevents my writing; though, of course, it will ultimately be a stimulus.
>
> "I hope you will not attribute all this sensibility to the kind reception I have met with to an author's vanity. I am sure it proceeds from very different sources. Vanity could not bring the tears into my eyes, as they have been brought by the kindness of my countrymen. I have felt cast down, blighted, and broken-spirited, and these sudden rays of sunshine agitate even more than they revive me."—*Life*, by P. M. Irving, vol. I, pp. 330, 31.

After the first six numbers of the *Sketch Book* had appeared in America, Irving was driven by the appearance of various unauthorized editions to publish them in England. The first attempt came to grief through the failure of his publisher; but finally, aided by the good words of

Walter Scott, the book was accepted by Murray, the greatest of English publishers. Its success in England was as great as it was in America; perhaps the most evident mark of this is the fact that twice the publisher begged the author to accept a sum of one hundred guineas in addition to the terms agreed upon by them. We, as Americans, however, have special reason to feel gratified that the success of the *Sketch Book* was first won in America. In that day, American critical judgment depended only too often upon British example and it is a pleasure to know that our first native writer of importance was accepted by us without waiting upon foreign opinion.

Publication in England.

The next few years after the appearance of the *Sketch Book* were years of wandering. The autumn and winter of 1820-21 were spent on the continent, chiefly in Paris. Here Irving formed a firm friendship with Thomas Moore, the poet; and indeed we should expect sympathy of spirit between the man who wrote the *Broken Heart* and the author of the *Irish Melodies.* After his return to London, in January, 1822, Irving published *Bracebridge Hall,* first in America, and in May of the same year in England. In method the book resembles the *Sketch Book;* it is a miscellaneous collection of essays and short stories suggested by the experiences of travel or elaborated from the outlines of things that had long been ripening in the author's memory. Though it did not have the charm of novelty, it was well received both in England and America. Again in 1822 Irving was on the continent, travelling through France and Germany. It was on this journey, while detained by illness at Mayence that he wrote the introduction to a volume which takes its title from the cir-

Bracebridge Hall and Tales of a Traveller.

cumstances of its composition—the *Tales of a Traveller.* The body of the book was written during the winter of 1823-24, in Paris, though the completed volume was not published until his return to England, in 1824. Despite Irving's own special liking for the *Tales of a Traveller* and despite the fact that it contains some of the author's best work, it was coolly received by the public. The reason for this is evident. The three books that he had so far published—the *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, and the *Tales of a Traveller*, were of a kind. They were all books made up of pleasant descriptive and reflective essays and humorous short stories; they all breathed the same quiet air of kindly though not very vigorous interest in the life of the world the author knew. Something of this was accepted eagerly and more was taken willingly; but Irving was guilty of the error of feeding to satiety the taste he had aroused and his readers murmured at the same dish continually set before them.

Life in Spain.

Irving was not slow in seeing that the field he had hitherto been cultivating was worked out. He determined to place himself in entirely new, fresh surroundings and to occupy himself with an entirely new sort of work. In 1826 he went to Spain, in which country he lived for three years. This period he spent in visiting the various famous places of the land and in much close reading of historical manuscripts in the chief Spanish libraries. The results of these historical studies appeared in the publication of his *Life of Columbus*, in 1828; of the *Conquest of Granada* in 1829; of the *Companions of Columbus* in 1831; and, as a final lighter postlude to these more serious works, of the *Alhambra* in 1832.

The year of the publication of the *Alhambra* closes

The return home.

a period in Irving's life. In that year, after an unbroken absence of seventeen years, he came home to New York. How eagerly he always looked forward to this return is made very evident in his letters to his friends throughout the whole of these seventeen years. He had never the slightest thought of a permanent residence abroad, and now that success had brought him a good name and an assured income, he rejoiced in them chiefly because they helped him to realize what had always been his first hope. After the disturbances of the home-coming were over and after several extensive trips through the South and the West, sections of the country which were almost unbroken wilderness when he left America but now were filled with cities and towns, he purchased the little Dutch cottage on the bank of the Hudson near Tarrytown, called by its former owner Wolfert's Roost, that is in English, Wolfert's Rest, but known to us better by the name which Irving gave it,—Sunnyside. Here he passed the rest of his life with the exception of four years, from 1842-46, during which time he served as minister to Spain.

During Irving's residence at Madrid, no diplomatic complications which might have tested his political wisdom arose. The distractions of his position were sufficient, however, to prevent him from carrying out any of his literary plans, and at the close of his four years he was glad to return to his home on the banks of the Hudson. These years at Sunnyside were serene and happy ones. Irving was the foremost man of letters in America and his home became the natural center of all the literary life of the country. He was looked upon as both the founder and the patriarch of American letters. He was not however content to rest in honor, and as a result of

Last works and death.

these last labors he published in 1849 a *Life of Oliver Goldsmith* and a *Life of Mahomet.* His last work was a *Life of Washington.* He had been engaged upon this task for many years and he intended that it should stand as the most lasting monument to his memory. The first volume was published in 1855; ill-health delayed the completion of the second volume and it was not until 1859 that it was ready for publication. It came as a fitting close to a life of unceasing industry. After a long and trying sickness, borne with great equanimity of spirit, Irving died in November of the same year.

Irving's disposition.

As a man, perhaps kindliness was Irving's main characteristic. There was nothing of self-assertion in him or of contempt for the wishes or the weaknesses of his fellow-men. This side of his character is well illustrated by an action of his later years. After his return to America he was engaged upon a work which was to treat of the Spanish invasion of Mexico. He had gathered his material and had already begun the actual composition of the book when his attention was called to the fact that a young man hitherto unknown to him, named Prescott, was engaged upon the same subject. After determining the seriousness of his rival and his ability to accomplish the task he had chosen, Irving generously relinquished the subject to him. As a result we gained Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico* though we missed from Irving the story of a period that he was peculiarly fitted to treat. We cannot but feel, however, that one such action is worth more than a whole row of volumes. Throughout Irving's long and varied life, we do not know that he ever cherished a single enmity or that he was ever mixed up in any of the petty quarrels such as spot the lives of so many men of letters. Yet his amiability was due to no weakness of character or want of fixed opinions. The sure judgment of his own powers maintained in the face of a disheartening opposition, the uninterrupted faithfulness to his country during a long residence abroad in which he had every encouragement to forget that country, and finally the depth and sincerity of the attachment of his half-dozen personal friends to him—these are sufficient indications of strength and individuality of character.

His delicacy and refinement of feeling.

The second main characteristic of the man was delicacy and refinement of feeling. Perhaps his was not a very profound or strenuous nature. He never cared to mix in politics or in the daily concerns of a business life; his sense of personal repugnance towards sordid details was stronger than his sense of the good to be accomplished through the use of such tools. This attitude towards the things of daily life is not, to be sure, very unusual, nor is it generally to be commended. The justification of it in Irving is to be found in a real and not an affected delicacy of nature. Irving's temperament was that of a poet—a poet of a tender and somewhat sentimental cast of imagination. Always the characteristic of his work is beauty rather than power. However much he may have felt in his heart the deeper mysteries of existence, in open life he preferred the play of gentler feelings and emotions.

His sense of humor.

As a corrective to what might otherwise have proved a cloying sweetness of nature, Irving was possessed of a third main characteristic—an unfailing sense of the humorous and whimsical in life. The world was not tragic to him; neither was it entirely happy. It was a place of mixed good and evil where one could rejoice at the good, sorrow at the evil, it is true, but forget it chiefly, in the distractions which a kind fate has put at our disposal.

II. THE *SKETCH BOOK* AND THE *TALES OF A TRAVELLER*

Irving's fame rests most securely upon four volumes of his earlier work—the *Sketch Book*, *Bracebridge Hall*, the *Tales of a Traveller*, and the *Alhambra*. The most widely read of these four books and the one which engages the most lively popular interest, has always been the *Sketch Book*. Yet in some respects the *Sketch Book*, taken as a whole, is inferior to either of the last two books of the group. Irving, as an essayist, frankly belongs to the school of Addison and nowhere in his works are the marks of his discipleship so evident as in parts of the *Sketch Book*. In form, in style, and even in sentiment, such essays as *Roscoe*, *The Wife*, *The Broken Heart*, *A Royal Poet*, *The Widow and Her Son*, and *The Pride of the Village*, are copies of Irving's literary models—Addison and Goldsmith. Likewise in those numbers descriptive of English customs and localities, such as *The Country Church*, *Westminster Abbey*, *Christmas*, and the other essays of that group, we have essentially the method of Addison, differing only in that it is applied by one who stands without the English life which he describes. *Bracebridge Hall*, which is largely an elaboration of the Christmas essays of the *Sketch Book*, is clearly under the same influences. All of these sketches show literary taste and exquisite sensitiveness to literary impressions; but no more. It was this characteristic of his work that led Hazlitt, the English critic, to say of Irving a short time after the appearance of the *Sketch Book*, that his writings were "very good copies of our British essayists and novelists, which may be very well on the other side of the water, or as proofs of the capabilities of the national genius, but which might be dispensed with here, where we have to boast of the originals."[1]

Hazlitt's ears, however, were so filled with the old note in the *Sketch Book*, that he was deaf to what was new and individual in it. In *Rip Van Winkle*, the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*, and, to a less degree, in the *Spectre Bridegroom*, we have examples of independent and original work. It is probably the interest of the first two of these three numbers of the *Sketch Book* that has enabled it to maintain the distinguished place which it has always held among Irving's works. In the stories of this type Irving found himself; and the characteristics which mark these two stories are worked out, perhaps not more perfectly, but more consistently and with more conscious mastery of form, in the later volumes, the *Alhambra* and the *Tales of a Traveller*.

The Short Story.

The first distinctive characteristic of the volumes of this group is one of form. In his reflective and descriptive essays, as has been said above, Irving is a manifest follower of Addison. In his use of the short-story form in English, however, Irving stands a pioneer. When he began to write, the short story still bore upon it the marks of its origin; it was either a hard, formal, didactic treatise, derived from the moral apologue or fable; or it was a sentimental love-tale, derived from the artificial love-romance that followed the romance of chivalry. Irving took this form and made of it merely "the frame on which to stretch his materials." His materials were not the old formal apologue, nor the worn-out romance of love, nor, again, mere ingenuity of plot and incident, but rather the materials which modern fiction has made specially its own—"the play of thought, and sentiment, and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole."[1] Already in his lifetime Irving found himself "elbowed by men who followed his footsteps." Hawthorne and Poe were his near followers, and American writers since his time have always favored the short-story form. But whatever the excellence of his successors, Irving will always stand as the chief originator of one of the most characteristic forms of modern literature.

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[1] *The Spirit of the Age*, p. 405.

Irving's humor.

A second and ever present element in the tales is humor. Perhaps we should not call Irving's humor characteristically American. The first notable American humorist was Benjamin Franklin; and in the mock-serious extravagance of some of his utterances we get strange foretastes of our latest and greatest humorist, Mark Twain. Irving's humor, perfectly individual and natural as it is, depends more upon the play of shades of feeling for its effects; it is quiet and refined, sly and half-concealed. At times there is also a strain of mild satire mingled with it, as for example, in the *Story of the Little Antiquary*, or the *Adventure of the Popkins Family*, both in the *Tales of a Traveller*. Usually, however, the characters are depicted with a simple pleasure in their quaintness and oddities. They are sometimes exaggerated to the point of grotesqueness, as, for example, the characters gathered together at *The Hunting Dinner;* yet the exaggeration is never carried so far as to take them beyond our sympathy. Dickens, who was a confessed admirer of Irving, probably learned something from this method in the humorous and whimsical exaggeration of some of his own characters. There is a touch also of the gruesome in some of the tales. It is probable that Irving here was somewhat influenced by his reading in the German romantic writers of the beginning of the last century. Sir Walter Scott, in his essay *On the Supernatural in Fictitious Composition*, in which he points out the excellence of the German stories of this type, praises Irving's story of the *Bold Dragoon* in the *Tales of a Traveller* as the only example of the fantastic then to be found in English literature. But even in these tales of the grotesque, the main purpose is always humorous; in the most striking example of this kind, the *Story of the German Student*, the possible weird effect of the story is destroyed by its humorous conclusion. This same fantastic element, deepened and made more somber, appears again in the writings of Poe; but we can not be sure here that Poe did not derive his inspiration directly from the writings of the same German romanticists that influenced Irving.

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[1] *Life*, by P. M. Irving, II., 226.

Sense of locality.

Finally, the stories under discussion are remarkable for what we may call a sense of locality. Irving, perhaps better than any other English writer, has been able to seize upon the spirit of places and fix that spirit in language. It is this power which gives unfailing interest to such essays in the *Sketch Book* as *Westminster Abbey*, *Little Britain*, *Stratford on Avon*, and others. The same power enabled him to transfer to his pages the atmosphere of faded splendor in the *Alhambra*. Similarly the romantic life of Italy a hundred years ago is revealed to us in the banditti stories of the *Tales of a Traveller*. In many ways Irving satisfied, and still continues to satisfy, the natural curiosity which the people of

America have always had concerning the manners and customs and famous places of Europe. The first ambassador whom the new world of letters sent to the old, as Thackeray called him, he was also the first messenger to bring back to this country an intelligent report of his embassy.

But Irving was able not only to fix for us the places of the Old World with all their wealth of human association and story; he accomplished the much more difficult task of investing the life and nature of the New World with the same richness of tradition that charms us in the old. The legends of the Rhine mean no more to the German than the legends of the Hudson mean to us. Just how far the stories of which Irving made use were traditional among the inhabitants of the Hudson valley, it is perhaps impossible to determine. But it is certain that now they have become for everyone who passes through that region, the most appropriate expression of its poetry and beauty. A similar achievement was the creation of that part of the Knickerbocker legend which centers about the city of New York. This field Irving first entered in his *Knickerbocker History;* and again and again in later works—notably in the *Money-Diggers* of the *Tales of a Traveller*—he returns to the favorite subject of his youth. In this subject he was always successful. The legend has invested the island of Manhattan and its surrounding waters with the glow of traditional romance. Knickerbocker has become the city's "most all-pervading and descriptive name"; and the humorous conception of Dutch character and history in the legend has become "as inseparable from New York as the form of the island and the encircling shores of the bay." In this achievement alone there is surety of lasting fame; for the city whose traditions

Irving's pen first fashioned and enriched has itself become a chief monument to his memory.

III. BIBLIOGRAPHY

Irving's works are published in several standard editions by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York City.

The Life and Letters of Washington Irving, by his nephew, Pierre M. Irving, was published in four volumes, New York, 1862-64. A new edition, revised and condensed into three volumes, was published by the Putnams in 1895. This *Life* is of special value because it is the only place in which Irving's letters and travelling journal are accessible. A shorter life is Charles Dudley Warner's *Washington Irving*, Boston, 1881, in the American Men of Letters Series. Mr. Warner also has a briefer sketch prefixed to the Geoffrey Crayon Edition of Irving's works; and a short study in a separate volume, *Work of Washington Irving*, published by Harpers. There are few critical works of importance. Besides the several studies by Warner given above and the standard histories of American literature, the following may be mentioned: George William Curtis, in *Literary and Social Essays;* Edwin W. Morse, in the Warner Classics *Historians and Essayists* (Doubleday and McClure Company), pp. 143-168; and, for a discussion of the national element in Irving, Lodge, *Studies in History*, pp. 344-6.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

> A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
>   Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
> And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
>   For ever flushing round a summer sky.
>
> CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it, for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.

From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been known by the name of SLEEPY HOLLOW, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his pow-wows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrick Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole nine fold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon-ball, in some nameless battle during the revolutionary war; and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed, certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the church-yard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the church-yard before daybreak.

Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative—to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New-York, that population, manners, and customs, remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom.

In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut; a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country schoolmasters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weathercock, perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours, by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out; an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yust Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a bee-hive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child."—Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he administered justice with discrimination rather than severity; taking the burthen off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty by their parents;" and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

When school hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday after noons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various ways of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He aid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold,[1] which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little make-shifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being considered a kind of idle gentlemanlike personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farmhouse, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweetmeats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver tea-pot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the church-yard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

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[1] From the illustrated alphabet of the New England Primer:

"The lion bold
The lamb doth hold."

From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house; so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's[1] history of New England Witchcraft, in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover, bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes.

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[1] After Jonathan Edwards, the most notable of the New England Puritan preachers. His *Wonders of the Invisible World* appeared in 1693.

Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream and awful woodland, to the farmhouse where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination: the moan of the whip-poor-will* from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought, or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm tunes;—and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out,"[1] floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth, and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses,

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* The whip-poor-will is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.—[AUTHOR'S NOTE.]

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[1] Quoted from Milton's *L'Allegro.*

and particularly of the headless horseman, or galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars; and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night!—With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window!—How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path!—How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him!—and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was—a woman.

Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the sex; and it is not to be wondered at, that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those every thing was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance, rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks, in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farmhouse was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning to night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farmyard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart—sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye, he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth; the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfortable pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchards burthened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea, how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

When he entered the house the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farmhouses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs, and dark mahogany tables, shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges[1] and conch-shells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it: a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had any thing but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily-conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were for ever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

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[1] Osage-oranges, or hedge-apples; or yellow globular-shaped gourds?

Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roystering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff, but not unpleasant countenance, having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of BROM BONES, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cock-fights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farmhouses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries, and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling, on a Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack—yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away—jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently-insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had any thing to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in every thing. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the mean time, Ichabod would carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access; while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones; and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady, according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore—by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists againsts him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones, and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window stakes, and turned everything topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half-munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper game-cocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trowsers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassels's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook and was seen scampering away up the hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet schoolroom. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, without stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy, had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best, and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost every thing but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers'; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubble-field.

The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fulness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cock-robin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous note; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged-woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue-jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white underclothes; screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press. Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverts, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of a bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a pure apple green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted short-gowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty dough-nut, the tenderer oly koek,[1] and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple pies and peach pies and pumpkin pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy-piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its cloud of vapor from the midst—Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

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[1] "The name means literally oil-cakes, and they were originally boiled or fried in oil." *Colonial Days in Old New York*, Alice Earle, p. 141.

He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old schoolhouse; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out of doors that should dare to call him comrade!

Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good humor, round and jolly as the harvest moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old grayheaded negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings, accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground, and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eye-balls, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling graciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly-favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cowboys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue bearded Dutchman who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breast-work, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White-plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt: in proof of which, he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled under foot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn themselves in their graves, before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts except in our long-established Dutch communities.

The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts, was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the church-yard.

The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime; but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horseman returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing,[1] he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow, but, just as they came to the church bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about Sleepy Hollow.

The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away—and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a tête-à-tête with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chop-fallen.—Oh these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks?—Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival?—Heaven only knows, not I!—Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a hen-roost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth, on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

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[1] The name has been recently changed to Ossinning.

It was the very witching time of night[1] that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cheerily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop, riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight, he could even hear the barking of the watch dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farmhouse away among the hills—but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

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[1] *Hamlet*, III., ii., 406.

All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree.[1] The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

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[1] A stone monument now marks the supposed place of André's capture.

As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to whistle: he thought his whistle was answered—it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree—he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan—his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety, but new perils lay before him.

About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly-wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grapevines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the schoolboy who has to pass it alone after dark.

As he approached the stream his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broadside against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The schoolmaster now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a suddenness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head. Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents—"Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind—the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground, which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless!—but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip—but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

They had now reached the road which turns off to

Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong down hill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the whitewashed church.

As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and he had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled under foot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind—for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's back-bone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

An opening in the trees now cheered him with the hopes that the church bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge,"[1] thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with a tremendous crash—he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

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[1] Because witches cannot cross running water. See Burns's *Tam O'Shanter*.

The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast—dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm tunes, full of dogs' ears; and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's History of Witchcraft, a New England Almanac, and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing that he never knew any good to come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive; that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court.[1] Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceedingly knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

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[1] A court having jurisdiction in cases not involving more than ten pounds.

POSTSCRIPT

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER

The preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at the Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor,—he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep a greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout: now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh, but upon good grounds—when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided, and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and, sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed, that the story was intended most logically to prove:—

"That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures—provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

"That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

"Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high preferment in the state."

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length, he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant—there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

"Faith, sir," replied the story-teller, "as to that matter, I don't believe one-half of it myself." D. K.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

1794–1878

[For Questions on the Life of Bryant and on Thanatopsis see pages 107, 108 of Marsh and Royster's Manual for teaching English Classics, bound in this volume.]

INTRODUCTION

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH

William Cullen Bryant virtually belongs, like Irving and Cooper, to New York, though he was a native of New England and wrote his earliest poetry there. He was born in the autumn of 1794 in the little town of Cummington, where the north fork of the Westfield River goes "brawling over a bed of loose stones in a very narrow valley" in the semi-mountainous region of western Massachusetts. He was the second of seven children. His ancestors had been Americans for generations, several of them having been among the passengers of the Mayflower. His father was a physician and surgeon, of abilities quite beyond the small country practice with which he contented himself; he also served several terms in the state legislature. His mother was a model housewife, equally adept, as her diary shows, at "teaching Cullen his letters" and "making him a pair of breeches."

The boy's early schooling was carried on at home and at the district school. At home he had the use of a library exceptionally fine for that time and place, containing, as it did, most of the world's classics from Plutarch to Shakspere, together with such English classics as Gibbon, Johnson, and Wordsworth. His outdoor sports were many,—trout-fishing, squirrel-hunting, and snow-balling; and there were the time-honored devices for turning work into play at the seasons of making maple-syrup and cider, and husking corn. Barn-raisings and singing-schools varied the diversions. Few of these things, however, found their way into young Cullen's verses—for he began to write verses in his ninth year. Boy-like, he was ambitious of greater themes and sought exercise in paraphrasing the Book of Job, or in celebrating an eclipse in turgid lines:—

"How awfully sublime and grand to see
The lamp of Day wrapped in Obscurity!"

Of course, in this juvenile verse, the sun's ray is "genial," birds "sit upon the spray," "stillness broods," and so forth. It is difficult now to understand how people of taste could ever delight in such cimcumlocutions as "the lamp of day" or such stately phraseology as "to see the sun remove behind the moon." But so it was. The English poetic models upon which Bryant formed his taste were full of this sort of thing, and he naturally caught the manner. Unfortunately, it was a manner from which he never, even in his best work, entirely escaped. At the age of thirteen he wrote a poem that was published at Boston (1808) in pamphlet form. It was a political satire in five hundred lines, called *The Embargo*, and was aimed at the unpopular policy of Jefferson's administration in closing our ports to foreign commerce because of certain disputes with Great Britain. In it the President was held up to scorn along with Error and Faction and other monsters that made "injured Commerce weep." There was sufficient reason why the poem should be popular then, though there is no reason why it should be remembered now except as the work of a very precocious little boy.

He was sent away to an uncle to learn Latin; then to a minister in a neighboring township, where he paid a dollar a week for his bodily and mental fare, the former chiefly bread and milk, the latter Greek and mathematics. In the fall of 1810 he went to Williams College, where he remained seven months. This completed his schooling. He made some preparation for continuing his studies at Yale, but his father was unable to send him there, and he had to content himself with chanting Greek choruses among the Hampshire hills, or making his own first essays at poetry.

It was during a ramble among these hills in the autumn of 1811, when he was not yet quite seventeen years old, that the conception of *Thanatopsis* ("Vision of Death") came to him; and the composition immediately followed. He had been reading Blair's poem, *The Grave*, and certain verses of Kirke White's and Southey's, and these may have helped to suggest the somber theme of his own poem; but the immediate inspiration came from the autumnal scene around him, the subdued colors of earth and sky, the bare branches, the fallen leaves, and the decaying trunks of the forest trees. He went home and, sitting at his father's desk, began to write in the middle of a line;

"Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course."

He broke off, almost as abruptly, in the middle of the forty-ninth line, and left the poem in a pigeon-hole of the desk. There it was afterward found by his father, who had always taken a sympathetic interest in his poetical exercises, and who realized at once that this was a good poem, though it is doubtful whether even a father's pride enabled him to realize just how good. He at least thought it worthy to be offered to the *North American Review*, It is interesting to turn to that old number of the *Review* and read the poem in its first form. We miss the familiar beginning:—

> "To him who in the love of Nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
> A various language."

We miss also the homily at the close, which, although not the best part of the poem, is the most frequently quoted:—

> "So live, that when thy summons comes to join
> The innumerable caravan which moves
> To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
> His chamber in the silent halls of death,
> Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
> Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
> By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
> Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
> About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

These additions were made when Bryant published his first thin volume of poems in 1821, and a few further changes were made afterward. But the central theme, the universality of death, was fully set forth in the original form and required no changes to make it complete. This youth in his seventeenth year had quite unconsciously produced a poem which none of the brilliant galaxy of poets then ascendant in England would have been ashamed to own. If it be true, as has been said, that no American boy can afford not to read Benjamin Franklin's *Autobiography*, it is almost equally true that no one who cares to cultivate a love of the best in poetry can afford not to learn by heart the eighty-one lines of *Thanatopsis*.

Of course the anonymous, fragmentary-looking bit of verse brought no immediate fame to Bryant, who was industriously preparing himself for the very practical life he was destined to lead. He read law, and in 1815 was licensed to practice. The celebrated lines *To a Waterfowl* were the outcome of an incident of this stage in his career. He was walking to a neighboring village with the object of finding a place to open a law office, and chanced to observe the flight of a lone bird across the evening sky.

"Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?"

He fancied he saw in this uncompanioned voyage along "that pathless coast, the desert and illimitable air," a likeness to his own situation, and, full of the forebodings natural to a young man when first confronting the world, he sought to derive from it consolation:—

"He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright."

After some years of practice at Great Barrington, and after his marriage, which followed upon the lyrical prelude of "Oh fairest of the rural maids," Bryant determined to abandon the law, partly because of his disgust at learning that in that profession mere technicalities could sometimes defeat justice, and partly because he longed for larger opportunities.

In 1825 he went to New York and entered upon what proved to be his lifelong career—journalism. He succeeded rather slowly at first, but after his connection with the *Evening Post*, and especially after his succession to the chief editorship of that journal, his fortunes rapidly mended. He not only made the *Evening Post* a newspaper of the highest rank, but by the purity of his life and ideals, and the courage with which he always espoused what he believed to be the right, he sensibly elevated the somewhat low tone of the American press, and exercised a profound and wholesome influence upon American politics and public life. He lived and acted in the full conviction that, in his own words,

> "Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again;
> The eternal years of God are hers;
> But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
> And dies among his worshippers."

For fifty years he faithfully performed the exacting duties that fell to him, finding change and rest in half a dozen voyages to Europe, or in such hours of retirement as he could snatch at the old Cummington homestead, or at the beautiful suburban residence he had provided for himself at Roslyn, Long Island. From time to time he gathered his fugitive verses and published a slender volume. Late in life, too, he sought relief from more strenuous duties by translating the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* into the blank verse of which he rightly felt himself to be a master. The translations are a little cold, but for faithfulness and majesty they rank among the best that have been made. These were finished in 1871. For nearly seven years more the poet's mental activity kept pace with his bodily vigor, until the fatal fall, in his eighty-fourth year, on the stone steps of General Wilson's house, just after he had delivered a public address on Mazzini, in the hot sun at Central Park. He died after two weeks of semi-consciousness and was buried at Roslyn.

Thanatopsis remains, first and last, his great achievement—in form a perfect example of English blank verse, of which he alone among American writers has attained to any real mastery; in substance an epitome of his powers, with its lofty imagination and its musings upon the themes of nature and death. It barely escapes, too, his besetting melancholy, though, on the whole, it is more consoling than depressing, with the benign presence of Nature felt through it all, and sweet,

> "Strange intimations of invisible things
> Which, while they seem to sadden, give delight,
> And hurt not, but persuade the soul to prayer."*

It has been called a pagan poem, with no ray of Christian hope or promise of immortality. The mere absence of these things does not make it pagan; yet if any one is left unsatisfied with the spirit of reverence that breathes through its lines, he may find a complement in *The Flood of Years*, that majestic chant written in the poet's eighty-second year. Together the two poems make a perfect confession of faith, and mark both verges of a life and genius that for purity and consecration it would be hard to find excelled.

---

*R. H. Stoddard: *The Dead Master.*

THANATOPSIS

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice.—
Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,

To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old Ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest, and what if thou withdraw

In silence from the living, and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glides away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's fresh spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the gray-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

A MANUAL

FOR

TEACHING ENGLISH CLASSICS

BY

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PREFACE

The questions, topics for themes, and suggestions for study in this volume are based upon the editions of the respective books in the *Lake English Classics* (Scott, Foresman and Company, Chicago). All page references are made to the edition of the book in this series, unless otherwise indicated. The general order of study of each book, adopted solely for uniformity and convenience, and not because it is recommended as a desirable order of treatment for the teacher, is as follows: (1) life of the author and other matter contained in the editor's Introduction, which can be treated apart from the work in question; (2) the text of the book itself, including content, characters, style, etc.

It is not intended that the questions and suggestions on any one book shall be exhaustive. Sometimes they are only supplementary to questions already given in the text books. Often those upon one book may be profitably applied in part to another book. Questions on mere matters of explanation of the text are seldom given. It is believed, however, that all the material relating to the several books will be found suggestive, and—assuming that the text is first understood—will generally bring out the points which can most profitably be studied in secondary schools. It should be remembered that this volume is intended for the teacher rather than the pupil, and while many of the questions and theme topics may be used directly in the class room, some of the material is suggestive for the teacher, and is intended to be inspiring and directive in the way of personal preparation.

The order in which the books appear in the Manual has been suggested by their adaptability to the student's development and increasing ability to appreciate and understand them. The material on each book is so prepared that any change from this order will not affect its value.

George L. Marsh
James F. Royster

June 1, 1902

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

A second edition of this *Manual* is made necessary by the publication of six additional books in this series. The methods pursued in preparing the questions and suggestions are the same as defined in the preface to the first edition.

We wish to acknowledge with thanks our indebtedness to Prof. A. H. Tolman for suggestions in the preparation of the questions on the plays of Shakspere.

George L. Marsh
James F. Royster

February 1, 1904

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TEACHER'S MANUAL

FOR THE LAKE ENGLISH CLASSICS

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS. James Fenimore Cooper. Edited by Edwin Herbert Lewis, Ph.D., Associate Professor in Lewis Institute. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 430. 40 cents.

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MAP OF REGION BETWEEN SARATOGA LAKE AND LAKE GEORGE.
COOPER'S LIFE AND WORK.
SUGGESTIONS FOR STUDY.
AUTHOR'S INTRODUCTION.
TEXT.

THE LIFE OF COOPER:

Relate the most important facts of Cooper's life (pp. 7-11).

What was the condition of central and western New York at the time of Cooper's birth?

How did the life of his boyhood and youth prepare him for the sort of work which afterwards made him famous?

Had the American Indian and pioneer appeared in fiction before Cooper's time?

What was the state of American fiction at this time (p. 7)?

How were the last years of Cooper's life made unpleasant?

What of his personal qualities (pp. 10, 11)?

THE PLOT:

What is the main purpose of the first chapter of the story?

In the second, third, and fourth chapters the author lays the groundwork for the development of the plot, introduces the principal characters, and puts the action under way. Study carefully all the details of these chapters.

What are the ladies' reasons for suspecting Magua?

What is the author's purpose in turning the conversation in this direction?

Is there any connection between the conversation of the scout and the two Indians and that of the Major's party before the two parties come together?

What is the first actual step in the complication of the plot?

What is the full implication of "Uncas is right," etc. (p. 61, l. 31) in regard to Uncas (cf. p. 74, l. 13 and p. 103, l. 26, p. 144, ll. 12 ff.)?

Work out this line of the plot as the story is read.

Study from first to last to discover what is the attitude of each of the sisters to Duncan. Do they both love him?

Study also his attitude toward the sisters.

Does he show any preference before the announcement of it (p. 199)?

Is the revelation (p. 200) that Cora has negro blood in her a complete surprise, or have there been incidents given that prepare for the announcement? Note also such points as show whether or not Cora knows of this blood in her.

What influence has this fact on the outcome of the story—on bringing about, or necessitating, the particular form of *dénouement* that the story has?

Make a map of the movement of the action from place to place.

What betrayed the presence of the party at Glens Falls?

What striking turn of situation does Chapter IX. contain? Describe the rescue on the mound.

Discuss the author's management of the arrival of the party at Fort William Henry.

What development of the story takes place between the entrance of the party to the Fort and the surrender of the Fort?

Do these developments justify so much space as is taken up by the author?

What is the author's purpose in introducing the scene between Montcalm and Magua on the night before the surrender of the Fort (p. 212).

What artistic reason is there for the author's not going more fully into the description of the massacre of Fort William Henry?

What was the difference of opinion between Hawkeye and the Indians as to the manner of following the trail of the captives from William Henry? What does this reveal as to the difference between the mental processes of these characters?

How is the presence of the hostile Indians on Lake George accounted for?

Is there any improbability either in the fact that Hawkeye's party did regain the captives' trail west of Lake George, or in the particular circumstances of doing it? What do you think, from the way the author manages the situation, is his opinion as to the improbability?

Discuss the regaining of the hidden trail by means of the footprints in the stream bed — its probability, etc. (p. 268 ff.).

What is the author's purpose in having Duncan wonder at the beaver village and the lone Indian, David (pp. 273 ff.)?

Discuss the plan of the rescue of the sisters—the probability and improbability of its success.

How is the incident of the sick woman made to seem not merely a device of the author to bring Duncan to Alice?

The presence of Hawkeye seems necessary for the rescue of Alice. How is his presence accounted for?

Why did he not go, as was agreed, to the village of the Delawares in search of Cora?

Compare the conduct of Hawkeye in merely gagging Magua (p. 325) with his conduct on the knoll (p. 145) and at Magua's first escape (p. 59). Compare it also with his advice to Duncan (p. 286, ll. 9-11). Explain Hawkeye's clemency.

Discuss the rescue of Uncas.

Justify, if you can, the use made of David in this rescue.

Why did the Delawares regard the council (Chapters XXVIII., XXIX.) so very important?

What effect is produced by the introduction of the aged chief?

What artistic reasons are there for not letting Magua go home without Cora or any of the captives, thus bringing the story to a happy close?

What is Heyward's motive in wrangling over the name La Longue Carabine? Was he successful?

How did Uncas secure the reversal of the decision of Tamenund as to all the prisoners except Cora?

Why did he not secure her release also?

Interpret to the full extent the silence of Uncas (p. 385) and his departing speech to Magua (p. 390).

What is the most dramatic point in this dramatic chapter (XXX.)?

Describe the Indian battle.

Discuss the artistic effect of having Cora and Uncas killed.

Is there any reason why Hawkeye and not another should have killed Magua?

Discuss in detail the burial (Chapter XXXIII).

Who is the hero of the book? Your reasons?

Why is David Gamut introduced into the story?

Is General Monroe's part natural?

Discuss his conduct.

CHARACTERS:

The teacher should read Miss May Estelle Cook's pamphlet, (see list of books in Appendix to this volume), which presents a practical method of teaching the novel, beginning with character.

Pick out from the above questions those about Hawkeye. In answering these questions (or some of them) the pupil will see that he tells something about Hawkeye's character. Is there any important point in his character not brought out in the questions? State such point or points. Combine all you have said about Hawkeye's character into an essay.

In the same way, you may gather from the questions and from a review of the book, statements about each of the following characters: Heyward, Magua, Uncas, Gamut, Cora, Alice.

Combine the statements about each into an essay.

What is your favorite character?

Do you think this was Cooper's favorite, too? Why?

Are all the striking characteristics of this character necessary for the plot—or are some put in for the sake of character? Specify.

Have you ever read about the heroes mentioned on p. 12?

Do you like any of them better than the characters in this book?

For other questions, see pp. 13 and 14.

Make a list of scenes described by Cooper.

Compare them with places you know.

Point out parts of the story the editor had in mind when writing p. 11.

STYLE:

Discuss Cooper's power to portray great emotion (p. 321, Chapter XXXIII).

Discuss Cooper's power to describe inanimate nature, his power to describe vigorous action, his power to hold the interest of his reader with his narrative.

What is his particular excellence?

TALES OF A TRAVELLER, with SELECTIONS FROM THE SKETCH BOOK. Washington Irving. Edited by George Philip Krapp, Ph.D., Instructor in Teachers' College, Columbia University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 551. 40 cents.

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  - Part Fourth—*The Money-Diggers.*
- Selections from the Sketch Book.
  - *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.*
  - *Rip Van Winkle.*
- Word Index.

Life of Irving:

When and where was he born?

Where were his early years spent?

Describe some of the occupations of his youth which, in your opinion, had an influence on his literary work (pp. 12, 13).

What was the extent of his education?

For what profession did he study? With what success?

Mention any incidents of his first trip to Europe (1804) which may have had an influence on the *Tales of a Traveller* (p. 15).

Tell something of the extent and duration of Irving's later travels.

What positions did he hold in the diplomatic service of the United States?

Where did he live and what was his occupation after returning to America?

When did he die?

HIS WORKS:

What was his first important literary venture (p. 16)? Its success?

What is said about the purpose, tone, and effect of the *Knickerbocker History* (pp. 17, 18)?

When and under what circumstances was the *Sketch Book* written?

Compare with the circumstances under which most of Scott's novels were written.

What was the success of the *Sketch Book?* Its results for Irving?

When did the *Tales of a Traveller* appear? With what success (p. 23)?

What important works resulted from Irving's sojourn in Spain?

What are the most important works which he wrote after his return to America?

What, in general, was the condition of American literature before Irving began to write (p. 10)?

What foreign recognition did he secure for it (see many places in Introduction)?

Name several of the most important of Irving's literary friends (p. 9).

What works of theirs have you read (e. g. in your Reader)?

What famous English authors were Irving's models in his essays?

What is said, however, about his essential originality (pp. 28, 29)?

What is the most prominent characteristic of the tales (p. 29)?

Illustrate by three examples not mentioned in the Introduction.

TALES OF A TRAVELLER: Let the stories be read as stories.

Notice the machinery of the book: In the first part Irving as Geoffrey Crayon introduces "the nervous gentleman," who tells of "the hunting dinner," quoting in turn from the different guests there. Trace any similar devices in other parts of the book.

What views does Irving express in "To the Reader," as to the giving of morals in stories?

Do you find that he offends in this respect in this book?

What was Irving's own opinion of this book (p. 23)?

"Strange Stories by a Nervous Gentleman":—

Point out different ways in "The Adventure of My Uncle" in which we are led to expect a supernatural visitor.

Summarize points of contrast between "The Adventure of my Uncle," and "the Adventure of my Aunt."

In what ways is the telling of

"The Bold Dragoon" made to seem appropriate to the character of the person who tells it?

What effect has the final statement in "The Adventure of the German Student," regarding the student's being in a mad-house (p. 88)?

What is the purpose of the telling of "The Adventure of the Mysterious Picture"? Of "The Adventure of the Mysterious Stranger"?

Find other examples farther on of stories within stories? Is the device ever carried so far as to become confusing?

Do you detect any apparent affectation in "The Story of the Young Italian"? Is there anything in his character to account for it?

See editor's note on p. 141.

"Buckthorne and His Friends":—

Note all bits of literary criticism here which seem to express Irving's own opinions.

What interesting comment is there on the literary fashions of Irving's time (pp. 147, 165, etc.)?

Point out in "The Poor-Devil Author" some of the best examples you find of irony or mock seriousness.

In "Buckthorne" what interesting comment is there on public schools (p. 189)?

How seriously can you take Irving's remarks on the poetical temperament (p. 190 and frequently afterward)?

Is the way in which "Sacharissa" always turns up at the wrong time (p. 215 and later) natural and probable?

By what sort of allusions is "The Strolling Manager" made to seem in character?

What is the effect on the reader of the half promise at the end of "Buckthorne and His Friends"?

"The Italian Banditti":—

What striking contrasts does Irving show in the character of the Englishman?

In "The Belated Travellers" is the constraint of the Polish count's daughter and the Spanish princess's nephew sufficiently accounted for?

Notice throughout these stories how the English and Italian characters are differentiated.

Notice how vivid descriptions add to the effectiveness of the stories.

Point out, in "The Story of the Bandit Chieftain," two or three of the best descriptions both of persons and of places.

See question on p. 350.

How do the comments of the author add to the effectiveness of "The Story of the Young Robber"?

"*The Money-Diggers*":—

What differences in style and method do you find in these tales, compared with the preceding, due to the fact that they are supposed to be related by Diedrich Knickerbocker (learned footnotes, familiar Dutch references, etc.)?

Tell in the briefest form consistent with completeness, the story of "The Devil and Tom Walker."

How is nature used in "The Adventure of the Black Fisherman"—and just before—to heighten the effectiveness of the strange events related?

What effect has Irving's noncommittal method of suggesting various practical solutions for events that seem supernatural, as near the end of "The Adventure of the Black Fisherman"?

SELECTIONS FROM THE SKETCH BOOK:

"*Rip Van Winkle*":—

What is the purpose of the introductory description of the Kaatskills?

What are the most important dramatic situations which you find in this story?

What effect is intensified by having Rip's return take place at the time of an election?

How is the supernaturalism of the tale modified or qualified?

Write character sketches of Rip and his wife, and an account of the game of tenpins in the Kaatskills.

"*The Legend of Sleepy Hollow*":—

What was Irving's purpose in making the scene of this story a place like Sleepy Hollow?

Are all the details about Ichabod Crane essential to the development of the story?

What justification is there for them?

How are we prepared by the character of Ichabod for the climax of the story (pp. 516, 517)? By the character of Brom Bones (pp. 523-24)?

Is the apparently supernatural end of the story actually explained, or is explanation only hinted at?

Write a description and a character sketch of Ichabod, and tell in your own words the tale of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

IRVING'S STYLE:

Irving's style is justly regarded as a model. It may safely be used as such.

The following topics will suggest others that may lead to style through imitation:

Describe some village of your neighborhood (cf. pp. 486-87).

Describe some place you know, that you have been reminded of in reading Irving (pp. 389, 400, 417, etc.).

Does Rip Van Winkle remind you of any one you have ever seen? Tell about him.

How would Rip Van Winkle or Black Sam feel, do you think, at ——— River or in ——— woods (use local names)? Tell about their taking a walk there.

Do you know any spot where a person might feel like hiding treasure?

Name some of the other places and persons that you have been reminded of, and tell about two or three of them.

Write an essay on: "Some People Mr. Irving Ought to Have Known"; "Some Places Mr. Irving Would Have Liked to Visit."

Tell about a man who in some way falls asleep for some years and then wakes up to find everything changed; make him different from Rip (a hard-working business man possibly), make him interested in the things changed and the change, and bring the sleep on in another way (sickness, blow on the head).

Write a story in which a hard-hearted money lender, like Tom Walker (p. 414), is carried away and returns to find his valuables nothing but cinders.

Tell about a company you know and how one story brought out another.

Questions of such relativity as range of vocabulary had best be taken up in connection with the work in composition.

For range of vocabulary cf. Herrick and Damon, pp. 110 ff. Let the student reproduce a page of Irving from memory; so far as possible the matter should be fresh without his remembering the form. Now let him compare. Let the class pick out in a short paragraph the words they cannot or do not use. Let them give the nearest synonyms they know. Then let them do some dictionary work. In such descriptions as pp. 291-94 let them pick out the words used to express the same thing (variety). Comparison with other authors is hardly profitable. However, Irving's descriptions may be compared with those in a geography to show that Irving uses a class of words (emotional) not there employed; similarly with history.

For choice of words cf. Herrick

and Damon, Chapters XV and XVI. Let the teacher from time to time pick out one or two points here for illustration and ask the pupils to illustrate them from Irving (or whatever author is being read).

All dictionary work and study of synonyms will awaken the student to both range of vocabulary and choice of words.

Which of the stories in this volume seems to you mos humorous?

What can you say as to Irving's range of vocabulary

His choice of words?

Is his style stiff, or colloquial

Is it ever unpleasantly colloquial?

Note expressions unfamilia to you.

Is the style reserved, or familiar?

Is it ever obscure and hard t follow?

IVANHOE. Sir Walter Scott. Edited by William Edward Simonds, Ph.D. Professor of English Literature, Knox College. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 620. 45 cents.

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    The aim of story-telling is to give pleasure.
    The setting and the situation.
    The plot.
    Unity of the plot.
    Scenes.
    Incidents.
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Bibliography.
A List of the Characters appearing in *Ivanhoe.*
Genealogical Table of the English Kings after the Norma Conquest.
Map.
Text.
Appendix.
Author's Notes.
Index of Words Annotated.

(Questions on the life of Scott, applicable in part at least to the Lake edition of *Ivanhoe*, may be found under *The Lady of the Lake*, p. 32 of this Manual.)

General Facts:

What is the date of the publication of *Ivanhoe?*

What departure of Scott's in choice of subjects does it mark (p. 21)?

Vhat is the origin of the name?

Vas Ivanhoe a historical character?

Vhat were Scott's sources for this book?

Vhat is the rank of *Ivanhoe* among Scott's works?

Vhat pen name is used in this book? Why (p. 21)?

ETTING AND SITUATION

Vhat is the time of the story? Its duration in time?

f what race were the rulers of England? The common people?

o you know of any admixture in the blood royal (the wife of Henry I. was a Saxon princess, p. 39)?

Iow does Scott represent the relation existing between the two races?

Iow does he account for their becoming one race?

Vhat is the location of the story?

Iote on the map (p. 40) the different places mentioned.

s the formal introduction ending on p. 44 interesting? Can you think of any other way in which the novel might have been introduced?

EVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

Vhat purpose does the conversation between Gurth and Wamba in Chapter I serve?

ummarize briefly the hints in Chapter II as to the station and importance to the story of Cedric and his family. What purpose can you see for all these hints before we meet the persons?

Trace through Chapters I and II the indications of a storm? What purpose is there in having a storm come?

Trace through Chapters II and III hints as to the feeling of Cedric and Rowena toward Cedric's son.

Summarize the action that takes place during Chapters III, IV, and V, noting particularly the successive appearances of the different important characters and the theatric character of the action.

Why does Scott have the Palmer, rather than some other character in the story, offer his seat to the Jew (p. 92)?

Are there any hints in Chapter VI that the Palmer is perhaps not really a palmer?

What in Chapter VII is the significance of the encounter of Athelstane, Cedric, and the yeoman, with Prince John and his company?

What effect do you think Scott wished to secure by the delay in the tournament (p. 142)?

Is there any evidence in Chapter X that Rebecca is especially interested in the Disinherited Knight?

What purpose does Chapter XI serve in the development of the story?

Who were the robbers and why did they act as they did?

In Chapter XII why did Athelstane array himself on the side of the Templar?

What effect is produced by the disappearance of the Black Sluggard at the conclusion of the tournament?

After learning positively that the Disinherited Knight is Ivanhoe, go back and trace all the hints that lead up to this discovery.

What is the meaning of the message received by Prince John on p. 201?

What does the repeated singling out of the yeoman Locksley indicate as to his importance in the story?

What purpose does the encounter of the Black Knight and the Clerk of Copmanhurst (Chapters XVI and XVII) serve? Point out the chapters, both before and after, with which its action is directly connected. Does it serve any other good purpose besides its direct connection with the plot?

In Chapter XIX, why is no revelation made as to the identity of the sick man with the Jew, and why do Cedric and Rowena show no curiosity?

Notice in Chapters XIX an XX the natural way i which the persons who ar to take part in the siege o Torquilstone are brough together, and how they hav all been previously, in on way or another, sympathizers with the persons confined in the castle.

In Chapter XXI what is th purpose of Cedric's reminiscences (pp. 282-85)?

Note resemblances of Chapte XXII to *The Merchant o Venice.* What dramati effect is prominent in thi chapter?

Does the matter at the end o Chapter XXIII, beginnin with the last paragraph o p. 306, belong properly wit the story? What bette place can you suggest fo it?

What one important even stops all the evil scheme attempted in Chapters XXI XXIV? Note the suspense i each story, the climax whic each reaches, the similaritie and contrasts between them Compare the actions of Rowena and Rebecca.

In Chapter XXV what is the effect of the semi-comic challenge, introduced in the midst of an action so serious?

What purpose does the story of Ulrica, Chapter XXVII, serve in relation to the future progress of the story?

In Chapter XXIX how is the account of the assault presented? Is the method effective? What other sort of description of the assault is given (pp. 408 ff.)?

What powerful dramatic climax is there in Chapter XXX?

What action in the early part of the book does the Black Knight's whispering to De Bracy remind you of (pp. 412, 111)?

Point out from the time of the tournament to final revelation of his identity every hint you find as to the Black Knight. What is the purpose of so many?

What is the purpose of the long talk of Beaumanoir on pp. 472 ff.? Point out in order the most important events in the trial of Rebecca, Chapters XXXVII and XXXVIII.

Do you find this part of the book any less interesting than what precedes? If so, why?

In what ways in Chapter XXXIX and before are we prepared for Bois-Guilbert's taking up arms against Rebecca's cause? Make clear the chain of circumstances that is linked around him (pp. 532, 533, etc.).

Note how in Chapter XL (p. 537) we are prepared for Ivanhoe's speedy recovery in time to fight for Rebecca.

Why does Scott have Wamba blow the bugle (p. 548)?

Does the unexpected reappearance of Athelstane (p. 575) seem reasonable and natural? Is it sufficiently accounted for?

How does Cedric become reconciled with Ivanhoe?

Do you know any other story in which a champion, demanded by a woman wrongly accused, appears at the last moment, as in *Ivanhoe* (the Lohengrin story)?

Is it effective to have Ivanhoe win not by force of arms but by chance at the end of Chapter XLIII? Are there any reasons why it would not have been reasonable to have him win by superior prowess?

SCENES:

Referring to the list of scenes on pp. 28-29, summarize the important events that happen in each one.

Do you find any other scenes worthy of being ranked equal in importance with any of these?

Point out a scene (not necessarily one of these larger ones) illustrating each one of the following matters referred to at the bottom of p.

29: (1) presenting portraits of the persons concerned; (2) containing the germ from which subsequent action is to spring; (3) designed chiefly for contrast and relief; (4) for spectacular effect.

Point out a scene in which the action moves very rapidly; another in which it is very slow; another in which the author goes back to pick up a thread in his narrative.

CHARACTERS:

Do the characters in *Ivanhoe* seem to you like real people? Name any who do not. In answering this question make allowance for the fact that the book is a romance dealing with people of a very remote time, but that nevertheless it must be true to human nature in general.

Point out good examples of each of the different ways of revealing character: (1) by direct comment of the author; (2) by what the character says and does; (3) by what other people say about the character; (4) by the effect the character has on others. Which one of these methods, in your opinion, predominates in this book?

Who is the hero of this book? The heroine?

How does our interest in the fortunes of Richard compare with our interest in the fortunes of Ivanhoe? Our interest in Rebecca with that in Rowena?

Which of the two women do you admire more? Why?

With which do you think Scott had the greater sympathy? Why?

Are any of the prominent figures in Ivanhoe brought in without previous mention?

To what extent is the language of different characters made different according to their race or station? Are these differences such as are suggested in the scene between Gurth and Wamba (pp. 50-51)? Note particularly, in this regard, the language of Isaac, of Friar Tuck, of the Grand Master of the Templars.

Referring to the list of characters on pp. 37-38, describe briefly the following: Nos. 8, 9, 13, 14, 21, 22, 23, 50, 51.

Point out clearly the ruling motives of the following: Nos. 1, 4, 15, 16, 41, 45. Are there any occasions on which the ruling motive of one of these characters is made too prominent?

STYLE—VOCABULARY:

Is the range of vocabulary in *Ivanhoe* large or small?

Make a list of words found in two or three pages (394-97; 180-83; 202-9; 422-26; 471-76), that refer to ancient manners and customs.

Compare a descriptive, a narrative, and an expository passage each with a similar passage in Irving and Cooper.

Are the words predominatingly Latin or Anglo-Saxon.

Count the number of words of Latin origin and the number of Saxon origin on any one page, and find the percentage of each.

Are the words well chosen?

Is the principle of choice precision or picturesqueness?

Examine carefully the words which are annotated and any others which are unusual or used with notable felicity.

SENTENCES:

Notice carefully in all the reading, grammatical constructions not now regarded correct, and idioms not used at the present time.

Criticize, for example, for grammatical construction, the following: p. 48, line 6, "which circumstance," and similar constructions on p. 71, etc.; p. 67, middle, mixed pronouns in sentence beginning, "Whosoever thou art," and many similar examples; p. 85, line 13, "at his ward appearing," and similar constructions on p. 157 and elsewhere; p. 290, near top, the "and which" construction, which is found a number of times elsewhere; p. 337, "They might be whomsoever," etc.

Explain all uses of *shall* and *will*, *would* and *should*, near bottom of p. 215 and top of p. 216, and near bottom of p. 368, and elsewhere (cf. Herrick and Damon, pp. 175-80).

Comment on order and use of subjunctive in paragraph on p. 337, beginning "No, by St. Dunstan," etc.

Take two or three detached paragraphs containing long sentences and see if clearness and force could not be gained by breaking some of the sentences up into shorter ones (cf. Herrick and Damon, pp. 285-89 and Chapter XIX).

SILAS MARNER. George Eliot. Edited by Albert Elmer Hancock, Ph.D Instructor in English in Haverford College. Chicago: Scott, Foresma and Company. pp. 288. 30 cents.

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LIFE OF GEORGE ELIOT:

For what reason did Mary Ann Evans style herself George Eliot?

Write a biography of her.

What kind of education and home training did she have?

What trait of character displayed itself in her childhood that was present in her later life and in all of her works (p. 8)?

State something of her early struggle with orthodox Christian theology.

Discuss in a short theme her attitude in *Silas Marner* toward those who hold to a simple faith (p. 236, note).

How was she directed toward novel-writing?

How was she particularly fitted by early environment for the novel of middle class life in which she did her best work?

Name six novels generally conceded to be her best and state in a word or two the them of each (pp. 13 ff.).

What position is assigned t her among English novelist (p. 31)?

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

How much of the story ha taken place before the nove opens?

Why does the story open whe and where it does and no before?

How is the past history o Marner introduced?

What has his false accusatio and condemnation to do wit the plot?

How many of the chapters ar introductory?

How does the time of the stor and the secluded situation o Raveloe (p. 36) help to mak the story probable?

How would modern means o communication have foile Godfrey in his desire to kee some of his secrets?

When is there the first hint of the stealing of Marner's money (p. 56)?

Where is there another (p. 76)?

How many plots are there? How are they connected?

Pick out which chapters have to do with the Cass plot, which with the Marner plot, and which with both.

Why is the incident of the earthenware pot introduced (p. 57)?

What important incident in the plot is motived by Godfrey's giving his brother Fowler's rent?

Is there any intimation that Dunstan will come to grief in the selling of Wildfire (p. 66)?

How does the Wildfire incident connect the two plots?

What reason had George Eliot for not letting Dunstan give up Wildfire when the bargain was struck (p. 78)?

What reason for letting Dunstan take Godfrey's whip (p. 81)?

When is the first mention made of Molly (p. 67)?

What part does she have in the plot?

How is Godfrey's past life given (p. 72)? Are there dra matic reasons for this presentation?

Are there episodes that do not advance the plot?

What is the purpose of Chapter VI?

Why is this method taken to announce the robbery of Marner?

Compare it with the other dramatic scenes in the book.

Is the same method used in each one?

Count the number of people in each of these scenes.

Are the incidents of Molly's death and the finding of the child by Marner probable?

What purpose is served by Chapter VIII?

Does the quarrel scene between Godfrey and the Squire advance the plot, tell us something about the other characters, or does it only illustrate the character of the Squire (pp. 130 ff.)?

Why is Mrs. Winthrop introduced?

Why is the New Year's party at the Brick House described at such length? Why are the conversations so minutely reported,—for plot, character, or theme? Is there any preparation for the following scene?

Why does George Eliot make Silas subject to catalepsy? Why portray him with defective eyesight?

Why does she give Eppie golden hair (p. 190)?

What do you think of Chapter XV?

Does the transition from Part I to Part II seem abrupt?

How long a time elapses between the two parts?

Tell what has taken place in Marner's condition in the meantime. How did you find this out?

Where is the climax in interest reached?

Does the interest continue to the end?

Where is the climax in construction? Chapter XI or XII?

When has the inciting force dropped out?

Does the story seek its end?

What chapters serve to delay the catastrophe?

Has there been any intimation that Dunstan Cass is dead in the stone-pit (p. 240)?

Does the story conclude before the "Conclusion"?

CHARACTERS:

Classify the characters into groups.

How many principal characters are there?

Who form the background-characters?

Characterize in detail Silas Marner, Godfrey Cass, Squire Cass, Nancy Lammeter, Dolly Winthrop, and Eppie.

How many of the characters stand distinctly in your mind?

How many are only pegs in the development of the plot and theme?

How many are useless to the plot?

What ones serve to reëstablish Silas Marner in his human relations?

Are the characters shown by action, conversation, or the author's comment?

What do you think of George Eliot's power of characterization?

METHOD AND STYLE:

Which is more important in *Silas Marner*, plot or character?

Illustrate by the character of Silas Marner the chief points in George Eliot's treatment of character.

Do her characters seem drawn from real life or are they impossible people of the imagination?

Is her vision microscopic or telescopic?

Does she deal with great actions or with motives and impulses?

How has she attained her two primary objects in the writing of *Silas Marner* (p. 25)?

How did George Eliot's scholarship affect her style?

Find paragraphs that are made too solid by an overcrowding of facts.

What do you think of the opening paragraph?

Pick out and preserve examples of "epigrammatic concreteness."

Note her use of conversation.

Do the people speak naturally, according to their stations in life, or do they indulge in book talk? Take Dolly Winthrop as an example.

What effect did George Eliot's tendency to moralize have?

Show how she uses irony of fate in bringing Godfrey's secrets to light, in that everything which seems to make him secure eventually leads to his exposure.

Show that Godfrey escapes the penalties he has brought on himself only to incur others just as severe in the end.

Is George Eliot's purpose in this merely moral, or does each new step in Godfrey's story make the whole story more interesting?

For a list of topics for themes see page 32.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. William Shakspere. Edited by Robert Morss Lovett, Assistant Professor of English, the University of Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 172. 25 cents.

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    Shakspere as a Dramatist.
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    Date.
    The Sources of the Plot.
    The Construction of the Drama.
  III. Shakspere's Style.
    Meter.
    Language.
Text.
Notes.
Glossary.

Life of Shakspere:

Give in a few words the main facts of Shakspere's life (pp. 3-7).

For how long was he connected with the stage as actor and playwright?

What was his fame during his lifetime?

How did he begin his career as dramatist (p. 15)?

Was the practice of rewriting and adapting old plays common at this time?

Be able to name the most important plays of each of the periods of his life. For the plays in tabulated form see Neilson's Introduction to *Julius Caesar*, Lake Classics.

Was Shakspere a comparatively rich man at his death (p. 6)?

Did he write his plays for posterity or to please an Elizabethan audience (p. 17)?

When was the first authorized edition of his complete works published?

From what are the texts of the editions of the present day taken?

What besides dramas did Shakspere write?

THE ENGLISH DRAMA:

What is the source of the drama as we know it (pp. 7-15)?

What were the mystery, miracle, and morality plays?

How was the drama developed from them?

How did professional actors arise?

What were interludes (p. 10)?

In what way was the drama an expression of the intellectual and religious revival of the nation?

What two requirements for dramatic success were present at the time when Shakspere wrote?

What is the first English comedy? The first English tragedy?

For what did the popular taste call (p. 12)?

What were the names of the most famous theatres at this time? Of the most famous actors (p. 13)?

Describe the theatre of that age.

Who were some of Shakspere's contemporaries (pp. 14, 15)?

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE—DATE AND SOURCES:

What is the method employed in determining the date of Shakspere's plays (pp. 18 ff.)?

How is it applied to *The Merchant of Venice?*

What is the probable date of composition?

Is it in Shakspere's early, middle, or late period?

Are his plots usually original with him?

What are the probable sources of the plot of this play?

Show how the pound of flesh story differs from its Italian form in *Il Pecorone* (p. 21) and how the casket story is changed from the tale in the *Gesta Romanorum* (p. 24).

How does Shakspere make one plot of the two stories?

What is the source of the Launcelot Gobbo and the Lorenzo-Jessica stories (p. 25)?

Determine for yourself the time action of the play.

Do you agree with what is said on p. 32?

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

I. Does the discussion of Antonio's argosies in I, i, foretell his later ruin?

What function have Salanio and Salarino?

Vhere is the first mention made of the dinner (p. 48)?

Vhat dramatic purpose does the character of Gratiano serve?

ow is the purpose brought out in the first act?

ow are the relations between Antonio and Bassanio brought out in the first scene?

Vhat exposition is given in the second scene (pp. 53 ff.)?

Vhat device is used for describing the suitors (p. 54)?

as there been any mention of the bond previous to the third scene?

oes this help the plot or is it a scene of character exposition?

xplain Shylock's attitude toward Antonio (p. 60).

s there any warning in Bassanio's speech (l. 180)?

ummarize Act I and tell what part of the plot has been unfolded.

I. How does Launcelot Gobbo connect the two plots?

Vhat other function has he?

an you justify the length of sc. iii?

Vhat does it accomplish?

oes Shylock have any intimation of the treachery of his daughter (p. 79)? Why does Shylock part with Launcelot?

s sc. viii a scene of action or of description?

ow have matters been "complicated" in Act II?

How has the plot been advanced?

III. From where does Antonio's downfall begin?

Who started the rumor that Antonio's ships were wrecked?

Note Shylock's warning (p. 98).

Notice how he jumps at any word of Antonio's distress (p. 100).

Is Tubal sympathetic or is he purposely vexing Shylock?

What plot is brought to an end in sc. ii and what two new plots begin (ll. 74, 196)?

When does the news of Antonio's misfortune reach Bassanio?

What importance has sc. ii in the plot? What does sc. iii accomplish?

What new incident does sc. iv introduce?

How does sc. v retard the action?

IV. Why did not Antonio escape?

Suppose that the play ended with Act IV, what effect would it have? (Edmund Kean—and others—omitted the fifth act.)

Why does Gratiano speak (p. 128)?

Why do we pay no attention to the improbability of Portia's disguise?

What zest is given to the end of IV, iv, by the fact that the players were boys (cf. Neilson's *Julius Caesar*, p. 23)?

Why is the panegyric on mercy introduced (p. 131)?

Why does Portia lead Shylock to believe that he will win his cause?

When does she make the fatal revelation as to the drop of blood?

How are the threads of the other plots taken up after Shylock's "exit"?

V. The main plot and most important sub-plot have been finished at the end of Act IV. What remains for Act V?

Note the exquisite lyric poetry of sc. i, and have the encomium on music (p. 146) memorized.

How is the ring story introduced? What ending has it?

What of the ending of the play?

Plot in General:

Why does Antonio borrow money of Shylock, his particular enemy (I, i, 130; I, iii, 65)?

How does Shakspere make it seem probable that such an absurd bond should be proposed?

What was Shylock's purpos concerning the bond when i was first proposed (I, ii 48)?

Was his purpose modified i any way before the bon was fulfilled?

In what different ways is th story of the rings helpful t the play?

How are the conditions t which Arragon swears, to b enforced?

What do you think of the wi of Launcelot Gobbo?

Is there any excuse fc Jessica's treatment of he father, or for not payin Shylock the money that A tonio and Bassanio had bo rowed from him?

For what moral lesson doe Shakspere use the caske story?

Form of the Play:

What is the metre in whic Shakspere's dramas we written?

What are the chief variatio from the normal line?

What is the rule generall observed in the use of blan verse and prose?

Find examples of and explai grammatical peculiarities.

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD. Oliver Goldsmith. Edited by Edward P. Morton, A.M., Assistant Professor of English, Indiana University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 280. 30 cents.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.
Goldsmith's Life.
Goldsmith's Work.
SUGGESTIONS TO TEACHERS.
BOOKS ABOUT GOLDSMITH.
TEXT.
SUGGESTIVE QUESTIONS.
GLOSSARY.

GOLDSMITH'S LIFE AND WORK:

When and where was he born?

What was his father's occupation?

What literary use did Goldsmith make of his father's character and occupation (p. 21)? What literary use of the village where he was born (p. 15)?

What can you say of Goldsmith's early education?

What of his university life?

For what profession did he study, and where?

Tell something of his wanderings in Europe. What literary work was the ultimate result of them (p. 13)?

What school position did he afterwards occupy?

How did he happen to begin to write? What was his first volume?

Name the prominent literary associates of Goldsmith and tell the most important facts about each one of them (p. 12)?

What was Goldsmith's first work of high importance, and when did it appear (p. 13)? How was it received?

What other important poem did he write and when was it published?

What are the names of his comedies?

What change in the spirit of comedy were they instrumental in bringing about (p. 20)?

Where did Goldsmith live during the latter years of his life?

When did he die; at what age and under what circumstances?

Write a character sketch of Goldsmith, using both the Introduction (pp. 16-18) and all that is revealed in relation to various characters in *The Vicar of Wakefield.*

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD—GENERAL FACTS:

(For suggestive questions to which these are only supplementary see pp. 267-72 in the Lake English Classics edition of this work.)

When was *The Vicar of Wakefield* published?

Tell about Goldsmith's circumstances shortly before its publication (pp. 13, 14).

What success did the book have?

What is the time of the story? Its place? The duration of time? Its general setting,—rustic or urban?

PROGRESS OF THE STORY:

Is there anything significant regarding the plot in the characterization of the Vicar's daughters in Chapter I?

What is the purpose, for the story, of the dispute on monogamy in Chapter II?

Why is so much told in Chapter III about young Thornhill's uncle?

Does the account of the elder Thornhill suggest Goldsmith's own experiences (p. 43)?

In Chapter V how is the real attitude of the two girls toward Thornhill indicated in spite of the remarks they make on p. 54?

In Chapter VI what progress is there in the relations of Sophia and Mr. Burchell?

In what ways, in Chapter IX, is the Vicar's real opinion of the ladies from town shown,—directly or by implication and shrewd guess?

In Chapter XII does Moses show any characteristic which you know to have been a characteristic of Goldsmith himself? Does the Vicar in Chapter XIV?

Is the Vicar sincere, in Chapter XIII, in his gratificatio over the departure of Burchell?

In Chapter XV is there an other possible interpretatio of the letter (pp. 113-14) tha that which the Primrose give it? Is the Vicar conscious of any other interpretation?

How do you account for th actions of Mr. Burchell i this chapter?

In Chapter XVII is there an significance in the actions o Olivia and Thornhill (p. 129)

Point out all the details i Chapter XX which seem t have been suggested b actual events in Goldsmith' life. All the characteristic of George which seem to b characteristics of Goldsmit himself.

What theatric event take place in Chapter XXI?

Does the burning of the hous in Chapter XXII seem reasonable and natural? Is any explanation offered of how it happened?

In Chapter XXIV what dramatic appropriateness is there in the song (p. 192) and the event that immediately follows it?

In Chapter XXVII is the disquisition on punishments a digression? Is it interesting enough of itself to be justified?

Compare the cumulative announcement of the Vicar's misfortunes in Chapter XXVIII with the announcement of Job's misfortunes (Book of Job, Chapter 1).

What strong effect of contrast is there in this chapter (pp. 224-26)?

Do any of the devices used in Chapters XXX and XXXI in untangling the plot seem unreasonable or unnatural? Answer specifically, with reasons for your opinion.

CHARACTERS:

Point out good examples of the revelation of character by each of the following methods: (1) direct comment of the author; (2) what the character says and does; (3) what other characters say about him; (4) the effect he has on other characters.

Which method predominates in this book? Count the number of examples of each in any important chapter. Which method is the most effective? In the revelation of the Vicar's character not all of these methods can be used. Which are used with success?

Write character sketches of the Vicar, his wife, Moses, George, Olivia, and Sophia, Squire Thornhill, Sir William Thornhill, and Jenkinson.

Name three characteristics of Dr. Primrose, and show how they lead to incidents in the story.

Contrast Dr. Primrose and his wife. Does any part of the story grow out of such contrast?

Are all the characters necessary for the story?

Was the book written for the story or for the characters?

Can the characters be divided into good and bad, or does each show a mixture of virtues and vices (or faults)?

Can you deduce a moral from the book?

STYLE:

What is the range of vocabulary in *The Vicar of Wakefield*, compared, say, with that in *Ivanhoe*? The relative simplicity of the style?

Do you find Goldsmith's words well or ill chosen? His sentences rough or smooth, easy or apparently labored?

Does he paragraph as a present-day novelist would? Point out examples to prove your answer.

THE LADY OF THE LAKE. Sir Walter Scott. Edited by Williar Vaughn Moody, A.M., Assistant Professor of English, the University c Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 264. 30 cents.

MAP: The scene of *The Lady of the Lake.*
INTRODUCTION.
I. Life of Scott.
II. Scott's Place in the Romantic Movement.
III. *The Lady of the Lake.*
Historical Setting.
General Criticism and Analysis.
TEXT.
NOTES.

LIFE OF SCOTT:

Can the leading traits of Scott's character be traced to his ancestors (p. 9)?

How did he regard the members of his clan, especially the chief (p. 19)?

What characteristic is represented in his refusal to learn Latin and Greek at school?

What was his own method of obtaining an education? In what did he become proficient (p. 12)?

How did he regard his legal studies? How did they benefit him in his later work?

How was he first interested in ballad-writing?

Describe his early married life (p. 18).

Tell of the composition, publication, and popularity of his first poems.

In what business venture did he become involved, and what was the final outcome?

What defect in his character is it charged that his business relations brought to light (pp. 24-25)?

Describe his life at Abbotsford.

Tell of the composition of hi novels. Why were the published *incognito* (p. 33)?

What can you say of his las years and his heroic struggl to pay off the debts incurre by his connection with Ballantyne?

THE ROMANTIC MOVEMENT AN SCOTT'S CONNECTION WITH IT

What is meant by the "Romantic Movement"?

What four men were chiefl instrumental in bringin about this revolution in English poetry (p. 40)?

What was the influence o Scott's poetry on the age i comparison with that o these men? Give the reasons (p.41).

What were the distinguishin qualities of the literature o the eighteenth century Illustrate this by example from Pope or any other poe that you choose from tha period, and put them int contrast with the qualitie of the romantic poets.

Was Scott's conservatism a "romantic" quality?

Does his style differ greatly from that of the poets of the preceding century?

LADY OF THE LAKE — CONSTRUCTION:

s there anything that has taken place before the opening of the poem that has to be understood for a thorough appreciation of the story (p. 46)? How are the previous fortunes of the Douglas family related (p. 98)?

What purpose in the plot does the Minstrel serve throughout?

What do you think of the opening?

Describe the chase. Does it serve merely to furnish an opportunity for the description?

s the action rapid or slow?

How is it often retarded?

For what are the songs introduced?

Note the transition from stanza X to XI (p. 66); from XVI to XVII; fromXXIV to XXV (p. 143); and many others.

Outline the plot in a theme of two hundred words or less.

How many cases of concealed identity are there in the poem? Does this turning of the plot on mistaken identity make it seem unreal?

Show in each case where the identity is exposed and where hints have been given beforehand of the real identity.

Is there any intimation of the identity of Ellen and her father in ll. 6, 7, 8, p. 81; ll. 11-22, p. 87?

What is the purpose of Fitz-James's dream (p. 86)?

What is the first hint of Ellen's love story and the name of her lover (pp. 74, 92)?

When is Roderick Dhu first mentioned (p. 96)? In what light?

Where are the relations of Ellen with Roderick and with Malcolm further disclosed (p. 98)?

To whom is the reference in ll. 19-21, p. 116?

What action does the struggle between Roderick and Malcolm motive?

How does Canto Third advance the plot? What is its poetical value (p. 56)?

What purpose does Brian serve?

Does the prophecy (p. 157) heighten the dramatic effect of the following scene (see p. 196)?

For what are ll. 5-15, p. 157, a preparation (p. 168)?

What is the purpose of the Ballad of Alice Brand (p. 162 ff.)?

What other influence of Scott's

early interest in ballad literature can you point out in *The Lady of the Lake?*

Does the warning of James by the song of mad Blanche seem improbable?

Describe the scene where Roderick Dhu calls his men from copse and heath.

What is the purpose of the long speeches between James and Roderick in the dramatic scene following?

Does the combat between James and Roderick (pp. 198, 199) seem a real fight?

Why was Roderick preserved to die in the castle at Stirling?

Are ll. 15-25, p. 203, an artistic preparation for the following scene?

How do the games in the Castle park hasten the plot to its end?

How is the fight between Clan-Alpine and the Earl of Mar described?

How much of the action takes place outside the poem and is related?

Note the use of the supernatural (p. 239). Does it seem impressive?

Is the conclusion sustained and dramatic?

DESCRIPTION:

Are the nature descriptions given for scenic effect or do they serve as a background and setting for the story?

Does Scott employ incidents of plot for the sake of dragging in descriptions?

Which is the best in the poem: nature description, plot-construction, character description, or the portrayal of old life and customs?

Is his descriptive language suggestive?

Are the landscape scenes given minutely or are they drawn with a free hand?

Describe Ellen's bower (pp. 78, 79).

Does Scott keep closely to the geography of the region of his tale (see map, p. 3, and note, p. 260)?

Describe the approach of Roderick's boats (pp. 100 ff.) and the carrying of the fiery cross to arouse the clan (Canto III).

CHARACTERS:

Are the characters distinctly drawn—do they seem real people of flesh and blood?

Characterize Ellen. How is her character displayed?

Do you feel any sympathy for Roderick Dhu? Does his character grow upon you (pp. 96, 98, 99, 182, 188, 195 and 241)?

Was Douglas an historical character?

Is the character of James Fitz-

James true to James V. of Scotland?

What place in the ancient Scottish clan did the Minstrel have?

Describe Allan-bane.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS from the Spectator. Addison. Edited by Herbert Vaughan Abbott, Instructor in English in Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 249. 30 cents.

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- The Spectator.
- The Streets.
- Night in London.
- The Beau.
- The Woman of Fashion.
- A Fashionable Library.
- A Fashionable Garden.
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- The City.
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ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS.

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X. The Coverley Ghost.
XI. Sunday with Sir Roger.
XII. Sir Roger in Love.
XIII. The Coverley Economy.
XIV. Sir Roger and the Hunt.
XV. The Hunting Field.
XVI. Moll White
XVII. The Wooing.
XVIII. The Polite World.
XIX. The Coverley Poultry.
XX. Sir Roger at the Assizes.
XXI. Florio and Leonilla.
XXII. Party Feeling,
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XXV. A Summons to London.
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XXVII. Sir Andrew on Trade.
XXVIII. Sir Roger in London.
XXIX. A Selection from a Spectator.
XXX. In Westminster Abbey.
XXXI. Sir Roger at the Play.
XXXII. Will Honeycomb.
XXXIII. Sir Roger at Spring Garden.
XXXIV. The Death of Sir Roger.
CHRONOLOGY.
GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES.

THE SPECTATOR:

In what form were the *Sir Roger de Coverley Papers* published (p. 13)?

Who were the chief contributors to the *Spectator?*

Who was the originator of the plan (p. 43)?

What is its share in the development of the modern newspaper?

What was the state of journalism in England previous to its publication (p. 36)?

Make a comparison of the *Spectator* and any newspaper of to-day.

What was the purpose of the *Spectator* (p. 37)? Did it accomplish its purpose to any extent?

What kind of satire would you call it?

Write a comparison of it and any other satire that you know.

ADDISON AND STEELE:

Write in parallel columns the main facts of the lives of Addison and Steele (pp. 38-45).

How would you characterize Addison? Steele?

How was the lifelong friendship between them terminated?

Who seems to have been at fault?

Can you characterize Addison's style? Steele's?

If the papers were not signed could you tell which were by Steele and which by Addison?

Whose style is the more humorous and lively, whose the more finished and polished?

How does the style of the *Spectator* differ from that of the prose of to-day?

Are there many unusual words?

Compare the syntax, sentence length, and structure with the best modern usage.

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS:

Describe the Spectator Club and characterize three of its members (p. 55)?

How many of them are unimportant figures?

Do you think that Addison was drawing a portrait of himself when he wrote the description of the Spectator (p. 49)?

What kind of places were the coffee-houses mentioned on page 52 (pp. 23-24)?

What was Addison's favorite coffee-house?

What does Sir Roger think of fashion and of real worth (p. 63)?

What characteristic of all human nature is represented in the paper on page 68? Is this paper a good example of Addison's power of satire?

Describe the Spectator's visit to Coverley Hall (pp. 79 ff.—see p. 28).

Was the condition of Sir Roger's household different from that of other country gentlemen?

How did the small country gentleman live? What was his favorite sport (p. 29)? What duties did he have (p. 30)? Is Sir Roger a typical example of his class?

What kind of person was the woman of fashion (pp. 73-78—see p. 16)?

What was the nature of the books mentioned on page 75 (see p. 18)?

Write a description of Will Wimble (pp. 89 ff.).

What lament does the Spectator make about his condition (p. 92)?

What characteristic of Sir Roger is brought out by the exhibition of the family portraits (p. 94)? Describe the scene.

Was the belief in witchcraft common at this time (p. 100)?

For what does the story from Josephus serve (p. 104)?

Write a description of the services in Sir Roger's church on Sunday (p. 106—see p. 31).

Did the chaplain prepare his sermons (p. 32)?

Describe Sir Roger's love suit (p. 111).

How often is the widow mentioned?

What is meant by "humours" and "vapours" on page 124?

Describe the hunt (p. 128—see p. 29).

Who was Moll White (p. 135)? What was the common belief concerning her? Where is her death mentioned (p. 202)?

How did the manners of a man from the city differ from those of one from the country (p. 146)?

Describe Sir Roger at the assizes (p. 156).

Why did Sir Roger speak?

Who was Tom Touchy (p. 157)? Where is he again mentioned?

Relate the incident of the Saracen's Head (p. 159).

To what particular inconvenience was the Spectator put on page 178 on account of party prejudice? What does Addison say of the ruinous effects of party spirit (p. 170)? What remedy does he propose (p. 175)?

What were the two parties at this time (p. 33)? What were the chief points of difference between them?

How do you account for Sir Roger being a Tory and Sir Andrew Freeport a Whig (pp. 178, 194—see p. 33)?

Why were the Whigs anxious to continue the war against

France and the Tories to end it (p. 34)?

Was Addison a Whig or a Tory?

Describe the Spectator's trip to London (p. 190).

What was the attitude toward the Puritans at this time (p. 195)?

What is Sir Andrew's defense of the merchant class on page 196? What was the position of the merchants at this time (p. 26)?

Was Sir Roger pleased with his visit to London (p. 200)?

Write a description of Sir Roger at the play (p. 214)?

Why was the theatre so popular (p. 19)? At what time did the play begin (p. 20)? What was the pit? Where did the lords and ladies sit (p. 21)?

What preparation did Captain Sentry make against the Mohocks? Why was it necessary (pp. 14-15)?

Write a short synopsis of what is said of London in the eighteenth century (Introduction).

Describe Sir Roger's visit to Spring Garden (p. 223)?

For what reason is the death of Sir Roger announced by a letter from his butler?

With what touching incident is the paper closed (p. 231)?

For what fates are the other members of the Club reserved (p. 232)?

Describe Sir Roger's death.

What do the *De Coverley Papers* lack to be a complete story?

Do you find a similar lack in Irving's *Tales of a Traveller*, either in the single tales or in the groups of tales?

In what respect are the *De Coverley Papers* more like parts of a novel than like essays? That is, what elements of a novel do they contain (plot, character, setting, purpose)?

To what extent does it seem to you right to say that the *De Coverley Papers* were the forerunner of the English novel?

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER. Samuel Taylor Coleridge. THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL. James Russell Lowell. Edited by William Vaughn Moody, A.M., Assistant Professor in English, the University of Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 103. 25 cents.

CONTENTS

THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
INTRODUCTION.
  Life of Coleridge.
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THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL.
INTRODUCTION.
TEXT.
NOTES.

LIFE OF COLERIDGE:

Where was he born and when?

What was his father's occupation and character?

Where was Coleridge educated?

What important person did he meet at this school?

What characteristic does the incident related on p. 7 show, which was prominent later in Coleridge's poetry?

What was his reputation at school?

Whose poetical influence came over him at an early age, and of what advantage was it (p. 8)?

Tell about Coleridge's university career?

What important person did he meet at the university?

What important historical event had influence over him at this time?

In what great scheme were Coleridge and Southey associated together (p. 9)?

How did Coleridge attempt to make a living after leaving the university?

Give a brief account of his relations with Wordsworth (p. 12, etc.).

When did Coleridge do most of his best poetical work?

What foreign visit did he make, and what was its effect on his literary aspirations?

What dangerous habit affected his achievement, and for how long?

Name a great contemporary of Coleridge who had the same trouble.

What was Coleridge's occupation during the latter part of his life?

When did he die?

Can you find out anything about Coleridge's children?

Tell something as to the importance in literary history of the volume in which *The Ancient Mariner* was first published.

In what two different ways was the "return to nature" illustrated in the contents of *The Lyrical Ballads* (p. 15)?

Distinguish carefully between

the work of Wordsworth and that of Coleridge.

Do you find the characteristics attributed to Wordsworth in the lines he is said to have suggested for *The Ancient Mariner?*

THE ANCIENT MARINER:

Describe how this poem came to be written (p. 13, 14). What was Wordsworth's share in it? In what important volume was it first published?

What is its main lesson (p. 19)?

What two kinds of torture does the Mariner have to endure?

How is the spell over him broken?

Point out ways in which the poem is given a supernatural atmosphere (note p. 61).

Who are the speakers in stanzas I, II, and III?

What are the antecedents of the pronouns in III and IV?

Point out indications of directions and localities in VII, VIII, XXI, and anywhere else you find them in the poem.

Point out striking examples of dramatic suggestion as to the appearance or action of the Mariner (XX, etc.).

Are we told directly who are the occupants of the phantom ship (XLIV, etc.)? What method is used? Is it effective? Why?

What is the purpose of the wedding guest's interruptions (LII, LXXIX)?

The purpose of the Mariner's reference in CXXXV to the wedding?

Narrate in the briefest possible form the actual happenings of the poem.

What is the measure of the poem?

Describe the commonest variations from the normal line (p. 23) and give examples of each, chosen from your own reading.

What variations of stanza do you find? Give examples.

What is the effect of the rhymes in XII?

Comment on metrical effects in stanzas XXXV, XLVIII, LVIII, LXXXVII.

Select other stanzas in which you find striking metrical effects.

Point out several good examples of alliteration.

What is the purpose and effect of the old words?

Make a list of the obsolete words you find?

What strikingly commonplace, almost vulgar words do you find?

Point out some extremely simple figures, taken from common life.

Are they effective?

Comment on XLVII and the gloss, with special reference to the effect of the verbs and figures.

Comment on the figures and sound effects in LXXXII-IV.

Point out good examples of the use of specific words.

From references to sounds and from the meter of this poem what should you say as to Coleridge's musical sense?

What conclusion do you reach as to his imagination?

LIFE OF LOWELL:

When was he born?

Where was he educated?

What profession did he study for after graduation?

How did he make his start in literature (p. 67)?

What was his literary success?

Where did he live during most of his life?

What diplomatic positions did he hold?

What two important works appeared in 1848?

Describe briefly *The Biglow Papers* (p. 70).

What has been the popularity of *The Vision of Sir Launfal?*

Why was Lowell particularly well suited to enforce the moral of this poem (pp. 73-74)?

What important work, not poetical, did he do?

THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL:

What was the Holy Grail? What was the cause of its disappearance? Who searched for it, and—according to the common story—by whom was it found (p. 71)?

What can you say as to the antiquity and literary importance of this legend?

In what ways did Lowell enlarge the "circle of competition"? And what additional conditions to success did he impose?

Outline the changes wrought in Sir Launfal during his search for the Grail (pp. 72-73)?

What, then, is the essential moral lesson of this poem?

What is the purpose and effect of the first stanza in relation to the rest of the poem?

Where does the "Vision" begin and where does it end?

Note the editor's questions on p. 79, Introduction.

In what two ways does Sir Launfal see himself in his dream (note, p. 100)? Point out instances of each.

What is the poet's purpose in introducing the caravan in Part II, stanza III?

What is the most prominent poetical quality in this poem (pp. 76-77)? Choose for yourself several of the most striking examples of it.

Trace out in detail the figure begun by the word "outpost," p. 88, l. 1.

Notice how architectural terms

run through the Prelude to Part II.

Note questions on pp. 101, 103, as to figures, and on p. 99 as to the metrical effect of the first stanza. Scan l. 6, p. 98.

Point out some good examples of alliteration.

How does this poem compare with *The Ancient Mariner* in imagination? In metrical effects? In musical effect?

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Robert Herrick, A.B., Associate Professor of English, the University of Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 367. 35 cents.

PREFACE.

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- I. Biographical Sketch.
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  - Europe, 1853-1860, and Last Years.
  - Personal Qualities.
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  - Small Body of Literary Work.
  - Children's Stories.
  - The Romances.
- III. *The House of the Seven Gables.*
  - The Pyncheons and the Hawthornes.
  - Essentially a Romance.
- IV. Suggestions for Studying *The House of the Seven Gables.*
  - Style.
  - Composition.
  - Construction.
  - Additional Reading.

AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

TEXT.

HAWTHORNE'S LIFE:

Tell the most important facts regarding Hawthorne's ancestors (pp. 3-4).

What stories told of any of them has he apparently used in *The House of the Seven Gables?*

Where did the family live?

What important influences did Hawthorne's ancestry and his early home have upon his work?

Where was he educated?

What persons afterward famous were his schoolmates in college at Bowdoin?

What did Hawthorne do after graduation from college?

Under what name were his early stories collected?

What small government position did he hold? (Compare Burns's position as excise commissioner.)

In what interesting communistic experiment did Hawthorne have a share?

What book later resulted from this?

After his marriage where did he live (p. 9)?

What book is the product of these next years?

Name some important literary men who were friends of Hawthorne at this time.

What was Hawthorne's first long romance? The result of its publication?

Name his other novels written in America in the order of their publication.

What diplomatic position did Hawthorne hold?

What romance resulted from his sojourn in Italy?

Did he do any literary work after returning to America?

When did he die?

Describe his most noteworthy personal qualities.

HIS WORK.

What is Hawthorne's rank among American authors as to style and workmanship (p. 14)?

What is the literary value of his *Note-Books* (p. 13, etc.)?

Characterize briefly his short stories. His children's stories (pp. 15-16).

Which are regarded as the greatest of his romances? Which the more pleasant?

What is said to be the special theme of his imagination (p. 3)?

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES—DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

Nearly all the events referred to in Chapter I precede by many years this story. What, then, does this chapter do for the plot?

What effect is prominent in the account of the events preceding Colonel Pyncheon's death? Why should they be described at such length?

Summarize briefly the situation (as given on pp. 48-50) regarding the descendants of Colonel Pyncheon and Matthew Maule and their worldly condition.

Describe the house of the seven gables.

How does Hawthorne excuse the slowness with which he gets his story in motion in Chapter II (p. 60)?

Describe Hepzibah's shop.

Does Chapter III develop principally plot or character?

What important facts are revealed in Chapter IV regarding Hepzibah's relations with the Judge?

Why are we told of the Judge's resemblance to the old Colonel?

Trace in Chapter V the progress of Phoebe's relations with Hepzibah.

What acquaintance of importance has its beginning in Chapter VI?

How are we prepared through the previous chapters for the return of Clifford in Chapter VII (pp. 46, 94, 98, 104-5, 126-27, etc.)?

Are we prepared in any way for his personal characteristics?

Notice how in Chapter VIII the Judge's resemblance to the old Colonel is accentuated again.

Why does Clifford show such horror of the Judge?

What progress does the story make in Chapters IX, X, and XI?

What is the explanation of Clifford's strange action when the political procession passes (p. 200)?

What is the main purpose of Chapter XII? Of the story of Alice Pyncheon (Chapter XIII)?

Why should Holgrave be given mesmeric power in Chapter XIV?

Why should the author have Phoebe go away at this time?

What important revelations as to the relations between Judge Pyncheon and Clifford are made in Chapter XV?

Is there anything significant in the natural background of this chapter,—the storm?

What effect is prominent in Chapter XVI (suspense)? Show how it is produced.

Why does Clifford act as he does?

Why do he and Hepzibah run away?

When and where are we first told definitely that the Judge is dead?

Trace out in previous chapters the various kinds of preparation for his fate (pp. 86, 156, etc.).

Why is Chapter XVIII prolonged to such length?

Show by a summary the climactic arrangement of Chapter XIX.

What is the effect in this chapter of the contact with the everyday world after the horror of the preceding chapter?

What is Holgrave's explanation of the Judge's death (Chapter XX)?

What preparation has there been for the love of Holgrave and Phoebe?

What preparation for the revelation of Holgrave's personal identity in Chapter XXI (pp. 190, 221-22, 249 etc.)?

How is poetic justice done in the conclusion of the story?

CHARACTERS:

Do you find the characters dimly outlined, typical, as indicated on p. 19?

Which of them seems most real and individual?

Do any of them show development during the progress of the story? If you find any such, show the different stages of development.

Write character sketches of Hepzibah, the Judge, Phoebe, Clifford, and Holgrave.

Did Hawthorne intend us to regard Clifford as partly insane?

STYLE:

Point out striking examples of Hawthorne's fine discrimination in the choice of familiar words and phrases.

Look up unfamiliar words and comment on their appropriateness.

Do you find any bad sentences?

Pick out complex sentences at haphazard and try different ways of arranging the clauses. Can you improve on any of them?

Do you find much use of figurative language?

Are the figures chiefly characterized by beauty or by strength?

Show examples in which each quality is prominent.

Is there any humor in the story? Point out the best examples of it which you find. The best examples of irony or sarcasm.

GENERAL COMMENT

State in your own words what Hawthorne means by a "romance" (see his Preface).

Does he intend this story to teach any lesson?

In what way does he think stories should teach, if they teach at all (pp. 24-25)?

Does he ever offend against this principle?

How is the supernaturalism introduced into *The House of the Seven Gables*,—directly or by implication? Does the author express his belief in it, or does he suggest the possibility of natural causes? Give examples.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL. Sir Walter Scott. With Introduction by William Vaughn Moody, A.M., Assistant Professor English, the University of Chicago, and a Glossary and Notes by Mary R. Willard, Instructor in English, High School, Jamestown, N. Y. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 211. 25 cents.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.
  I. Life of Scott.
  II. Scott's Place in the Romantic Movement.
  III. *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

TEXT.
MAP—The Borderland of England and Scotland.
NOTES.
GLOSSARY.

For a list of questions and suggestions on the life of Scott and his place in the Romantic movement see *The Lady of the Lake* (p. 32 of this Manual).

What was the date of publication of this poem (pp. 21, 22)?

What chronological place does it hold in the order of Scott's works?

What was its success? Why?

How was the story suggested to Scott?

Are there any evidences that Scott was trying to draw a resemblance between his relations with the Countess of Dalkeith and those of the ancient Minstrel with the Duchess of Buccleugh?

INTRODUCTION:

What is the framework of the whole story? Where is it stated? Is it a happy device (p. 20)?

Is there any significance in Scott's putting the story in the mouth of a Minstrel?

Notice the *Interludes* at the end of each Canto. What purpose do they serve? (Prevent us from forgetting that it is the Minstrel who is speaking.)

Are there other passages where the Minstrel speaks in his own person?

What is the fate of the Minstrel?

Is it probable that one in his condition (p. 63) could have sung such a song as this? Does this consideration matter?

Point out the influences of ballad literature on the poem.

I. Where is the first hint that the Ladye was addicted to Magic (p. 65)?

Is your first impression one of reality or are you carried at once into a land of the imagination?

What events happening before the opening of the poem are described here?

Where are we told of Lord Cranstoun's love for Lady Margaret? Why was he not acceptable to her mother?

Is the dialogue of the Spirits (p. 71) necessary to the plot? What is the prophecy? How will the Ladye evade it?

How has the plot been advanced in this Canto?

How much space is taken up with the description of the castle?

II. How did William of Deloraine obtain the book of St. Michael?

Who was the lonely watcher at the tomb?

Is there justification for devoting as much space as this to this episode? Why do you call this an episode? Note its connection as the plot advances. Is the book of St. Michael necessary (p. 55)?

Where is the first mention of the Dwarf?

Does this introduction of another supernatural element increase the unreality?

We are told that Scott began with the intention of making the Dwarf (Gilpin Horner) the principal character in the poem. What are the evidences of this?

III. What is the necessity of having the young lord enticed away from the castle by the Dwarf? Note what use is afterwards made of this (Canto IV).

Note the continual tricks of the Dwarf.

What other incidents are contained in this Canto?

IV. Why is the rising of the Border described so fully?

Does this furnish a good picture of the mediaeval border life?

Where does the Dwarf appear in this Canto?

What was the difference in disposition between the two English commanders (p. 133)?

How does the Ladye's Magic aid her here?

V. Discuss the truce between the two armies (p. 141)—its probability, etc. (see Stanza VII).

How was Lord Cranstoun known to Lady Margaret in his disguise? When do we first recognize him?

Compare the description of the combat (p. 150) with a similar description in any one of Scott's novels.

When is the prophecy fulfilled?

Is the poem completed at the end of this Canto?

VI. What are the main incidents of this Canto? What have they to do with the plot?

Could this Canto have been dropped without harm to the poem?

Where is the last mention of the Goblin (p. 175)?

As the poem stands, is the

author justified in devoting as much space as he does to the Goblin's pranks?

Could the young boy have been enticed away from the castle in any other manner than the one employed? Could the Lord Cranstoun have counterfeited the likeness of William of Deloraine in any other way?

Discuss the employment of the supernatural in this poem (see pp. 56 ff.) and contrast it with its use in *The Lady of the Lake.*

PLOT IN GENERAL:

Do you find in the poem a well-defined and regularly developed plot, or is it a patchwork of incidents?

Write the plot in detail, avoiding unimportant details, and find out in how few words you can do it.

Describe the main incidents. What ones are necessary to the plot? State exactly how.

CHARACTER:

Are there good studies of character in the poem?

Do the figures seem indistinct and dimly drawn to you?

Compare the characters with those of *The Lady of the Lake.*

DESCRIPTION.

Are the descriptions vivid? Note the description of Melrose Abbey by moonlight (p. 80); the extended description of the castle in Canto I; the rising of the Border; the combat, and the pledging of the vows of the lovers.

Compare the treatment of landscape in the *Lay* with that in *The Lady of the Lake.*

Also compare the combat (p. 150) with the fight of Roderick Dhu and James Fitz-James.

STYLE:

What poem influenced the verse form of the *Lay?* Compare the two.

Why did Scott want to escape the responsibility of introducing a new verse form (p. 21)?

How many accents are there in each line? How many syllables? Is the number of syllables uniform? What general effect has this metre?

JULIUS CAESAR. William Shakspere. Edited by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 194. 25 cents.

PREFACE.
CONTENTS.
INTRODUCTION.
- I. Shakspere and the English Drama.
  - The Drama Before Shakspere.
  - Shakspere's Early Life.
  - The Elizabethan Theatre.
  - Shakspere's Dramatic Development.
  - Shakspere's Last Years.
- II. *Julius Caesar.*
  - Date.
  - Source of the Text.
  - Source of the Plot.
  - Metre.
  - Language.
  - Comparison of *Julius Caesar* and North's *Plutarch.*

TEXT.
NOTES.
WORD INDEX.

THE DRAMA:

In what did the drama originate?

Describe briefly the miracle plays, telling where they were performed, by whom, and what, in general, was their subject matter (pp. 12, 13).

What elements were contained in the miracle plays that had an influence toward the development of comedy?

What were moralities? Interludes?

What foreign influences contributed to the development of the Elizabethan drama?

Name several of Shakspere's predecessors in the drama. Who was the greatest of them?

Describe briefly the theatre of Shakspere's day (pp. 22-23). The characteristics of a Shaksperean audience.

SHAKSPERE'S CAREER:

When and where was Shakspere born?

What can you say as to his education (p. 18)? His occupations before he went to London?

What do we know about his early years in London?

What were his first dramatic efforts (p. 20)? What other literary work, besides the writing of plays, did he do?

Learn the general characteristics of Shakspere's work during each of the four periods into which it is divided, and the names of representative plays of each period.

What can you say of Shakspere's last years (p. 28)?

JULIUS CAESAR — EXTERNAL FACTS:

What is the probable date of composition of *Julius Caesar?* Its chronological relation to the series of Shakspere's greatest tragedies?

When was it first published?

What is the source of its plot?

Describe Shakspere's general method in handling this source (pp. 31-33).

PROGRESS OF THE PLOT:

What is the dramatic purpose of I, i, (note, p. 159)?

In I, ii, what is the effect of the soothsayer's warning?

What is the purpose and effect of the flourishes and shouts while Brutus and Cassius are speaking?

What does Antony's appearance at the beginning of the scene indicate as to his importance in the play?

Is Cassius supposed to hear Caesar's remarks about him (ll. 192 ff.)?

How should the characters be arranged on the stage at this time?

State in outline what is accomplished in I, iii.

What is the dramatic purpose and effect of the portents?

In II, i, what is the purpose of ll. 101-111 (note, p. 170)?

Whose judgment is best as to Antony, Cassius's or Brutus's (p. 77)?

What later conflict of judgment resembles this (III, i, 232)?

Why is it intimated in lines 193-94 that Caesar may not come to the Capitol on the Ides of March?

In II, ii, why is a second account of the prodigies given?

What striking bit of dramatic irony and blindness is there near the end of this scene?

What is the effect on an auditor of Caesar's attitude toward the conspirators?

What is the dramatic effect of II, iii (note, p. 175)?

What two purposes does II, iv, serve?

For III, i, plan an arrangement of characters on the stage (up to the assassination) and decide what persons are addressed in the different short speeches at the beginning (pp. 94-95).

Are the speeches of Cassius and Brutus (ll. 111-16) natural at that time? Why did Shakspere write them?

In III, ii, what does Brutus try to do in his speech?

Trace out the main divisions of Antony's speech, showing what he accomplishes in each.

When does his voice first become sarcastic in referring to the conspirators as "honourable men"?

How are we prepared before this scene for the eloquence he shows here?

Describe Antony's course with regard to Caesar's will. Was it more effective than if he had read the will directly?

From this scene what do you decide as to Shakspere's opinion of the common people?

What purpose can you assign for III, iii (note p. 182)?

What is the purpose of IV, i? Of IV, ii?

How is the plot advanced by the trouble between Brutus and Cassius in IV, iii?

State clearly the reasons for the trouble and the reasons for the reconciliation.

Is Cassius convinced by Brutus's reasons for meeting their opponents at Philippi? Why does he yield?

What dramatic device in this scene shows that Caesar's spirit dominates the action which is to result in the fall of the conspirators?

In V, i, what does the first speech of Octavius indicate as to the wisdom of Brutus's decision in the previous scene?

Trace as clearly as possible the progress of the battle through this act.

Is there any point where the play could very well end before it does?

THE PLOT AS A WHOLE:

What incident begins the real complication of the play? How does Shakspere point out this incident?

What incident (in this case a speech) begins the resolution of the play,—marks the beginning of the fall of the conspirators?

Is that part of the play which precedes the speech of Antony, or that which follows it, the more interesting?

What are the real causes of Caesar's downfall? Of Brutus's?

Criticise or justify the naming of the play.

What dramatic use is made of the supernatural?

Point out examples of dramatic irony and dramatic blindness.

THE CHARACTERS:

What characteristics of Brutus and Cassius respectively are shown in I, ii?

What idea do you get of Casca?

What attitude of Brutus toward Caesar is indicated in II, i?

What is indicated as to Brutus's character in his relations with his servant and his wife?

Is Brutus's action when he hears of the death of his wife unfeeling? How can you account for it?

Describe the character of Portia?

Contrast the relations of Brutus and Portia with those of Caesar and Calpurnia.

Point out the various ways in which the character of Caesar is belittled.

Does this belittlement indicate Shakspere's real attitude toward Caesar, or is there a dramatic purpose in it?

What indication do we find as to Cicero's character in II, i?

Is there any truth in Antony's characterization of himself (III, ii, 225 ff.)? Does he mean it to be taken as true?

Which appears to greater advantage in the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius?

How is Cassius's superiority to Brutus as a man of affairs shown in the play?

What groups of characters are there in this play?

What character do you find who is portrayed chiefly by the influence which he exerts on others?

THE FORM OF THE PLAY:

What is the regular metre of *Julius Caesar?*

Find examples for yourself of each of the variations described on pp. 34-35.

In what places do you find rhyme used?

In I, i, why do the tribunes speak in verse, the commoners in prose?

Why does Casca speak in prose in I, ii; in verse in I, iii?

In III, ii, why does Brutus speak in prose, Antony in verse?

CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS. Edited by George B. Aiton, State Inspector of High Schools, Minnesota. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 147. 25 cents.

PREFACE.
INTRODUCTION.
- Map.
- Carlyle.
- Burns.
- Comments on the Essay.
- Bibliography.

TEXT.
NOTES.
GLOSSARY.

LIFE OF CARLYLE:

What can you say as to the characteristics of the Carlyle family?

When and where was Thomas Carlyle born?

Where was he educated?

What was his success as a student?

What occupation was he educated for at first?

What occupation did he actually follow after completing his university course?

What important change in his plans for the future did he soon make (p. 15)?

What was now his condition and what his attitude toward life?

What was the first literary work he did (p. 16)? And what kind of work followed for several years?

Describe briefly Carlyle's relations with Jane Welsh (pp. 18, 19).

What important critic became his friend?

Whither did the Carlyles move shortly before 1828 (p. 21)?

When and where was the *Burns* essay written? When and where published?

Where did Carlyle live during the greater part of his life?

Name some of his most important works?

What is said of his general influence (p. 23)? What of the particular influence of this essay (p. 37)?

When did Carlyle die?

Describe his personal character as fully as possible.

Why was he particularly fitted to write about Burns?

Life of Burns:

When and where was Burns born?

What were the circumstances of his family?

What educational advantages did he have?

How early in life did he begin poetical composition?

Where and under what circumstances was most of his best work done (p. 25)?

Where and when was his first volume published (p. 27)? What was its success?

What government position did Burns hold?

Describe briefly his manner of life during his later years.

When and at what age did he die?

Prepare an outline of the points of contrast between the lives of Carlyle and Burns, as stated on p. 29.

Content of the Essay:

What does this essay purport to be?

What proportion of it is devoted to discussion of the book that suggested it?

Compare it with the present-day review, e. g., in a city daily paper.

What does Carlyle consider the requirements of the ideal biography (pp. 47-48)?

Does this essay, in so far as it is biographical, fulfill these requirements?

Do you agree in all respects with Carlyle's estimate of Burns's poetical disadvantages (see notes, pp. 132-33)?

What does Carlyle say or imply concerning the function and nature of literary criticism (p. 51 and elsewhere)?

What is Carlyle's estimate of the value to the world of a true poet (p. 52 and elsewhere)?

What is the first rare excellence which Carlyle finds in Burns?

What poet who did not usually

possess this excellence does he contrast with Burns?

When is Burns not sincere? And why?

What is the second peculiar merit Carlyle finds in Burns's poetry (p. 61)? (Note how this agrees with Wordsworth's theory of poetry.)

What does Carlyle say of Burns's intellectual power? Of the range of his sympathy?

What does Carlyle regard the most strictly poetical of all Burns's poems, not including the songs?

What rank does he assign to the songs?

Summarize the excellencies which he points out.

What is the essence of Carlyle's comment on the influence of Burns on the nationality of literature (pp. 85 ff.)?

Do you think a university training would have aided Burns in writing his kind of poetry (compare p. 94 with note, p. 139)?

What on the whole was the effect, according to Carlyle, of Burns's visit to Edinburgh?

What was the crisis in Burns's life?

Do you agree that there were for him only the three possibilities that Carlyle mentions (p. 113)?

What were the chief causes of Burns's failure?

Note carefully the points of resemblance and difference which Carlyle points out between Burns and Byron.

Note other literary references in the essay, besides those to Byron.

Show the unfairness of the reference to Keats (p. 71).

What conclusions do you reach from this essay, as to Carlyle's insight into character, his attitude toward morality, his enthusiasm?

STYLE OF THE ESSAY:

What can you say in general as to the range of Carlyle's vocabulary?

Does he use predominatingly long or short, Anglo-Saxon or Latin words?

Note in this connection that critical terms are generally of classic origin.

Are Carlyle's words aptly chosen?

Point out a number of unusual words which, when thoroughly understood, seem especially appropriate.

What language, possibly, influenced Carlyle in his use of capitals?

What can you say as to the length of Carlyle's sentences?

Do you find any of them which are not clear after you have looked up all unusual words and all references unknown to you?

ote any which seem to lack coherence or unity.

o you find the sentences generally emphatic?

oint out as many ways as you can by which emphasis is secured.

oes Carlyle seem to be talking at you, or to a congregation, or simply expressing his views in writing?

o his attitude and feeling seem like those of an earnest preacher? Illustrate.

o you find any paragraphs which lack unity?

oint out two or three good examples of coherence between paragraphs.

o you find any confusingly abrupt transitions from paragraph to paragraph?

What can you say as to the frequency of Carlyle's development by specific illustration? Its effectiveness?

Select and explain in detail several of the most appropriate illustrations and references.

Do you find much figurative language in this essay? Is it highly imaginative?

From what realm are the figures most often taken?

Select some of the best figures and show wherein they are effective.

Point out all examples of irony or sarcasm which you find. Can you tell wherein they are effective?

ALAMON AND ARCITE or The Knight's Tale from Chaucer by John Dryden. Edited by May Estelle Cook, A.B., Instructor in English, South Side Academy, Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 173. 25 cents.

ONTENTS.
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  Dryden.
  The Story of Palamon and Arcite.
  Dryden's Style.
  Dryden's Estimate of Chaucer.
  Suggestions to Teachers.
  Bibliography.
DRYDEN'S DEDICATION TO HER GRACE THE DUCHESS OF ORMOND.
TEXT.
NOTES.
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HAUCER:

ecount the facts of Chaucer's life.

as he exclusively a man of letters (p. 10)?

What official position did he hold?

Who was his greatest contemporary (p. 15)?

What is his best known poem?

Who were the kings of England during his lifetime?

Did the English precede the French and Italians in appreciating the fact that the knight was a fit subject for song and story?

CHAUCER'S LANGUAGE:

What was the state of the English language at Chaucer's birth?

When did the union of the Anglo-Saxon and the Norman-French become the speech of the English nation?

What is Chaucer's share in the development of the language (p. 15)?

Did Chaucer's language differ greatly from that of the other writers of the day? Does it differ in a great degree from the language of to-day (p. 16)?

Write in modern prose the extract from Chaucer given on pages 129-30.

DRYDEN:

Recount the facts of Dryden's life.

What position did he hold that Chaucer had held?

What was Dryden's position among the literary men of the day (p. 17)?

Was he consistent in his political and religious views (p. 18)?

What different literary species did he undertake?

Name six of his poems.

What qualities of his prose style are mentioned?

What is his share in the development of English prose (p. 20)?

Why did he fail as a writer of comedies (p. 20)?

CHAUCER AND DRYDEN:

From what one of Chaucer's poems is the story of Palamon and Arcite taken?

State the general plan of the *Canterbury Tales* (p. 22)?

From whom did Chaucer take the story of the *Knight's Tale?* Is it merely a translation?

Is Dryden's version a strict translation of Chaucer (p. 24)?

Is the poem more Chaucer's or Dryden's?

What was the estimate of Chaucer in the "Classic Age" of English literature?

What did Dryden think of Chaucer? Why did he rewrite his poems (p. 32)?

What did the age think of Dryden's translations?

Do the two poets use the same versification in this poem?

What is the difference between the romantic couplet and the classical couplet? Does the sense end with the couplet more often in Dryden than in Chaucer?

Compare any number of lines

of Chaucer with any number of Dryden and write out your reasons why you think that Chaucer's verse is the more musical.

How do the two poets differ in their use of words?

Note all the differences in style that you can discover and give illustrations.

Chaucer's style is simple and condensed, Dryden's artificial and indirect: find contrasts in these characteristics in the extracts from Chaucer furnished and in Dryden's poem.

Compare the treatment of external nature by each poet. Take the description of the lark on page 73, the description of Emily on page 54, and the account of Arcite's death on page 129 (particularly Arcite's last words) and state definitely why Dryden's description is inferior.

DRYDEN'S STYLE:

Write out fifty words used by Dryden that are used to-day with a different meaning.

Is his syntax always correct? Have the pupils collect instances of his faulty syntax and rewrite them with a view to correcting them.

Give examples of alliteration.

Is its use effective?

Note particularly Dryden's use of balanced sentences. How many examples do you find on page 128? Do they become monotonous?

Are his personifications effective, or merely "capital letter personifications"?

Scan twenty-five perfect lines.

Collect and tabulate instances of his variation of the rhythm. Of triple rhymes. Of Alexandrines. Of imperfect rhymes.

What do you think of Dryden's power of reasoning in rhyme (p. 140)?

CHARACTERS:

Can you distinguish clearly between the figures of Palamon and Arcite? Are they real figures or only types? Characterize each of them. Which one deserves Emily best (right of priority; difference in their prayers; efforts to gain her)?

Does Emily seem a strong character? Are her actions consistent?

How does she help the plot?

What sort of a character do you call this?

Do you have a vivid picture of her in your mind? How old is she? Write a characterization of her.

Is the character of Theseus pictured plainly enough for you to characterize him?

What other background figures are there in the poem?

What do you think of Dryden's power of characterization?

DESCRIPTION:

The following subjects will serve for descriptive themes: Emily's first appearance in the garden and the ensuing scene between Palamon and Arcite (pp. 56 ff.); the meeting of Palamon and Arcite in the grove (pp. 75 ff.); the tournament grounds (p. 90); the temple of Venus (pp. 91 ff.); the temple of Mars (pp. 93 ff.); the temple of Diana (p. 97); the tournament—t preparation, the battle, t victory, and the overthr of the victor (pp. 116 ff.); t death and burial of Arcite

In writing these descriptio and characterizations t pupil should use his ov words and *not* Dryden This rewriting of these pa of the poem is asked th the pupil may discover f himself the qualities of Dı den's style and obtain clear comprehension of t story.

THE ILIAD OF HOMER. Books I, VI, XXII, XXIV. Translated Alexander Pope. Edited by Wilfred Wesley Cressy, A.M., Professor English in Oberlin College, and William Vaughn Moody, A.M., Assista Professor of English in the University of Chicago. Chicago: Sco Foresman and Company. pp. 203. 25 cents.

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  I. Life of Pope.
  II. Pope and his Times.
  III. Pope's *Iliad.*
  IV. The Story of the *Iliad.*
TEXT.
NOTES.

LIFE OF POPE:

When and where was Pope born?

What was his religion and what effect did this have on his education?

What English poet was his early master?

What famous dramatist was he influenced by later on (p. 13)?

After he reached maturity what three prose writers successively influenced him (p. 14)? Characterize briefly the nature of the influence each.

What is said of each of tl two most important origin poems of Pope's first peric (pp. 15-16)?

What advice was Pope endea oring to follow in his writir (p. 13)?

During what years did Pope *Iliad* appear? What w its success? The result f Pope's literary standing?

What personal quarrel w

brought to a crisis after the publication of the *Iliad?*

Where did Pope remove to after his success?

How long did he live there?

Characterize briefly the *Dunciad* (p. 19).

Whose influence is most prominent in it?

Upon what important work was the influence of Bolingbroke prominent?

Tell what you can of Pope's personality. Of his disposition and character.

Characterize in general the times in which Pope lived (pp. 24-26).

THE ILIAD—SUBJECT MATTER:

Narrate briefly the course of events leading up to the Trojan War.

How long did the war last?

What is the duration in time of the events narrated in the *Iliad?*

About how long after the beginning of the war did they take place?

What is the state of hostilities when the *Iliad* begins?

Trace out carefully in each book the progress of the main events, ignoring mere matters of detail.

From these books whom should you take to be the hero of the *Iliad*, Achilles or Hector? Present arguments on both sides.

Which character do you admire more?

In what relations and actions does Achilles appear noblest?

Can you mention any friendships in history which seem to you to resemble that between Achilles and Patroclus?

Characterize briefly, from the hints you get in these four books, Agamemnon, Ulysses, Nestor, Diomedes, Paris, Priam, Andromache, Helen.

Describe the function of the gods in the *Iliad.*

Are mortals permitted to perform any important action without interference from the gods?

Are the gods made to seem god-like, or only like human beings with greater than human power?

Which are on the side of the Trojans? Which on the side of the Greeks?

Are any inconsistent in their attitude?

MANNER OF THE TRANSLATION:

What are the four predominant qualities of Homer, according to Matthew Arnold (p. 27)?

Show by several examples which you pick out for yourself, wherein and how Pope's translation lacks simplicity and directness of thought.

Pick out a number of places in which Pope's translation lacks simplicity of expression.

How many times in Book I do you find a woman referred to as "the fair"?

Point out all the other artificial terms you find in this book.

How many different expressions do you find for the sea?

Criticize for simplicity of thought and expression the following passages: I, 634-39, 712-13; VI, 67-76, 290-91, 329-33, 475-79, 594-601; XXIV, 105-108.

What conventionalities of eighteenth century verse interfered with rapidity of movement (p. 33)?

Find as many examples as you can of excessive antithesis,—that is of antithesis which is unnatural to the speech or action described.

What is "run-on verse," referred to at the top of p. 35? Find as many examples of it as you can.

Does Pope convey an adequate idea of the nobility of Homer (p. 36)?

What merits does your editor assign to Pope's *Iliad* (pp. 37-39)?

Can you make any additions to the list?

What are the prominent characteristics of the Homer simile? Pick out several the most striking ones y find.

Note the way in which pa sages are sometimes repeat almost verbatim. How mar such examples do you find these books? Are they effec ive? Note Tennyson's im tation of this in *Enoch A den* and *Morte d'Arthur.*

Lessing, in his *Laocoon*, a essay to show the limitatio of painting and poetry, cit Homer as describing thing by telling how it made (cf. *Iliad*, Book I, 3 ff.), not by trying to v with drawing or paintin Can you find examples this?

What is the regular metre this poem?

What variations of this metr are illustrated by the follow ing lines: I, 8; I, 355-57; V 279-81? Find as many othe examples as you can of eac of these variations.

Point out several examples effective alliteration. D you find any which seer to be overdone?

Do you notice any imperfec rhymes?

In what way can you accoun for some of them?

Can you thus account for all?

MACAULAY'S ESSAYS on Milton and Addison. Edited by Alphonso G. Newcomer, Associate Professor of English in the Leland Stanford Junior University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 272. 30 cents.

- PREFACE.
- CONTENTS.
- INTRODUCTION.
    - Macaulay's advent in the *Edinburgh Review.*
    - Effect on prose.
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    - Organizing faculty.
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    - Memory.
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    - Influence on journalism.
    - Real greatness.
- CHRONOLOGY AND BIBLIOGRAPHY.
- TEXT.
- NOTES.
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MACAULAY:

What is the date of Macaulay's first contribution to the *Edinburgh Review?*

How old was he at this time?

Who was the editor of this magazine?

How long did Macaulay continue to contribute to it (p. 15)?

Into what divisions do the writings of Macaulay fall (p. 19)?

Name six of Macaulay's best essays.

What is their literary significance (p. 38)?

What change did Macaulay bring about in the prose style of the first quarter of the nineteenth century (p. 16)?

What has been the influence of Macaulay's style on modern journalism (p. 39)?

HIS STYLE:

Are the leading traits of Macaulay's character—brusqueness, precision without fastidiousness, and self-confidence — illustrated in his style?

His style is noted for clearness, simplicity, force, balanced and antithetical structure, use of illustration, and use of exaggerations: collect illustrations of all these qualities from particular passages from each essay.

Note Macaulay's use of words. Are they long, short, common, unusual, scientific, newly-coined, foreign, concrete, general, pictorial, suggestive, of Latin or Saxon origin?

What would you say of his use of words on p. 98? On p. 161?

Examine any ten consecutive pages for his use of words and tabulate your conclusions. What is the average length of his words?

Note his sentence length and structure.

Are any of his sentences too short for unity? Any too long for unity? Are they loose or periodic?

Write down all the examples of loose sentences that you can find.

Are his sentences effective, artistic, overworked?

Examine any fifteen consecutive pages and write out your conclusions as to the average number of words in each sentence.

How many sentences have fewer than fifteen words?

How many more than thirty?

How many violate the normal order?

How does he obtain emphasis?

What of his sentence length on page 97?

Note the short sentences on p. 165. Do you think it possible to connect these short sentences?

On any two pages you may choose, how many complex sentences are there? How many compound?

Is it possible to convert any of his complex sentences into compound ones?

How does he connect paragraphs?

Illustrate his unity of paragraph structure from any six pages you choose.

What is the topic sentence of the second paragraph on page 137?

Select ten paragraphs, pick out and write down in your own words the topic sentence of each paragraph. Is it the first, the last, or the one in the middle of the paragraph?

What relations do the other sentences bear to it?

Does he use an abundance of figures of speech? Write out as many as you can find.

What is the source of his illustrations? Do they seem forced (p. 36)?

Does he presume the reader to be well informed?

Does it seem true that he read everything and was incapable of forgetting anything (p. 27)?

Notice his use of rhetorical questions on pp. 92 and 100. What effect do they have?

Does he ever sacrifice truth to brilliancy?

Collect glaring instances of hyperbole.

ESSAY ON MILTON:

What proportion of this Essay is taken up by Milton's life and writings and what by the

Civil War and Macaulay's theory of poetic composition?

What is his plan in taking up these topics in the order which he observes?

Does this illustrate his faculty of organization (p. 24)?

How does he proceed to his subject?

Summarize Macaulay's estimate of Milton's minor poems (pp. 61 ff.).

Write a synopsis of Macaulay's reasons for holding that a great poem produced in a civilized age is a more marked proof of genius than one written in an earlier age (pp. 50-51).

What does he say of the enjoyment of poetry? Of the qualifications of a poet (p. 56)? Of the general relation of poetry to civilization?

Paraphrase in as few words as possible the comparison between Dante and Milton (pp. 67 ff.).

Summarize the moral that Macaulay attempts to point from the excesses of revolution (p. 99).

Is Macaulay open to the same charge he prefers against Hume (p. 94)? Write out your reasons.

Does the digression treating of the Civil War seem out of proportion (pp. 86-105)?

Characterize the conclusion of the Essay.

Why does Macaulay reserve for the end what he says of Milton's personality?

ESSAY ON ADDISON:

Compare the opening with that of the *Essay on Milton.*

What is the purpose here (p. 125)?

What high praise does Macaulay give Addison (p.128)? Note and justify these points as you read the Essay.

Notice the general divisions of the Essay (pp. 125-129; 130-142; 143-162; 163-188; 189-219; 220-239; 240-248).

Summarize in a few words the main topics treated under each division.

Which are the more important divisions? Which seem out of proportion?

Is the order in which Macaulay takes them up a good one?

Systematize under appropriate headings what Macaulay says of Addison's life, his character, and his writings.

Write a sketch of Steele and his connection with Addison.

Is Macaulay fair to Steele's character (pp. 184 ff.)? (See Introduction to the *De Coverley Papers*, Lake Classics.)

Note how Macaulay continues to emphasize the contrast between Addison and Steele (p. 224).

Can you justify the space and

detailed treatment given to the Pope episode?

Note how skillfully Macaulay reiterates Addison's virtues at the end (p. 248).

Are there any new characteristics of Addison introduced here?

Show where each one not new has been introduced before.

Characterize the conclusion. Compare it with the conclusion of the *Essay on Milton.*

Which of the two Essays illustrates Macaulay's style to the better advantage?

Summarize the chief points of difference in style between the two Essays.

In which is there a greater proportion of short sentences?

MILTON'S MINOR POEMS. L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, Comus, and Lycidas. Edited by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Instructor in English, Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 165. 25 cents.

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INTRODUCTION.
  I. England in Milton's Youth.
  II. The Life of Milton.
  III. *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso.*
  IV. *Comus.*
  V. *Lycidas.*
  VI. Milton's Puritanism.
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WORD INDEX.

LIFE AND WORKS:

For what particular reason are the writings of Milton to be studied in connection with the history of his own times (p. 11)?

Is there anything peculiar in the fact that the natural periods into which his life is divided coincide with the periods of English history of the seventeenth century?

What are the dates of the periods into which his life is divided?

What were his chief works in each period?

Write summaries of the life of Milton for each period, with particular attention to the first.

What was Milton's conception of the life of a poet (p. 24)?

Did he always live up to this ideal?

What was the "Grand Tour" (p. 25)?

Outline the religious controversies after the execution of Charles I. To which party did Milton belong (p. 29)?

What position did he hold with the Commonwealth (p. 30)?

What was the theme of his most important prose writings (p. 28)?

L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO:

Who is supposed to have influenced Milton in the composition of these twin poems (p 34)?

Make a comparison of the two poems as to introduction and invocation, plan and structure, versification and use of words, dramatic background and picture painting, and conclusion.

What two different attitudes toward life are represented?

Which poem do you think represents Milton's genuine attitude?

Give the rhyme schemes for the introductions and the main parts of both poems.

Scan *L'Allegro*, ll. 4, 7, 16, 46, 48, 53, 98, 118; *Il Penseroso*, ll. 5, 9, 17, 49, 64, 81, 83.

What is the effect of the short lines, as ll. 98, 118 (pp. 56, 57)?

Work out in detail the plan and structure of both poems (see page 33).

Visualize with care the series of pictures in *L'Allegro*—the morning, the noon-day, and the evening scenes. Those in *Il Penseroso*—the night and morning scenes.

Why does the hero of *L'Allegro* invoke the lark and that of *Il Penseroso* the nightingale?

Why does the series of pictures in *L'Allegro* begin with the morning and that in *Il Penseroso* with the evening?

How do you harmonize Milton's Puritanism with his evident delight in the pleasures mentioned in ll. 33, 34, 39, 40 (p. 54) or ll. 95 ff. (p. 62)? (See p. 47.)

What can you say of the figures in ll. 42, 43, 50 (p. 54); ll. 63, 73 (p. 55)? Note the epithets on pp. 57 and 59.

COMUS:

What authors seem to have given Milton hints in the composition of *Comus* (p. 41)?

Describe the masque. In whose hands did it first take rank as literature (p. 37)?

Taking *Comus* as an example, point out the characteristics of the masque (p. 38).

How does Milton differ in purpose from the other writers of the masque (p. 40)?

What is the moral lesson he seeks to teach?

Is this didacticism characteristic of Milton (p. 49)?

Summarize the circumstances of the composition of *Comus* (p. 36).

Collect all the references to the Earl of Bridgewater and his family that you can find (see p. 39).

Outline with some fullness the plan of the poem, taking note of the digressions and the lyrics.

For what purpose is the speech

of the Attendant Spirit on pp. 66-70?

Is the genealogy of Comus (p. 68) from classical authorities?

To whom is the reference in ll. 86 ff. (p. 69)? Are there any other references to the same person (p. 39)?

Does l. 15, p. 67, express Milton's own poetic purpose?

Compare the sentiment in ll. 210-233, 373-475, 585-608, and 663-665.

Write a summary of the theme stated in these lines. Is it a Puritan conception?

Is there anything inappropriate in calling in the aid of a mythological being (Sabrina) and in the boast of the Elder Brother in l. 373?

What can you say of the character of the two brothers?

What reasons or persuasions does Comus use, ll. 706-755 (pp. 94-95)?

What is the answer of the Lady (p. 96)?

Do her arguments seem as convincing to you as they did to Comus (p. 97)?

Characterize the conclusion.

Note the versification of the main part of the poem, and scan lines 1-15, 730-738.

In what metre is the speech of Comus on p. 70?

Compare it with any like metre that you can find in *L'Allegro* or *Il Penseroso*.

What is the rhyme scheme and scansion of the song on p. 75 or of those on pp. 100, 101 103 (see p. 43)? Of ll. 495-51 (see p. 85)?

LYCIDAS:

What were the circumstance of the composition of thi poem (p. 43)?

Note the divisions of the poem (p. 45).

Expand these and outline th poem.

Is the lament for King an expression of genuine feeling or is it only conventional?

Is this lament the main theme

Point out the pastoral elements in *Lycidas* (see p. 44)

Collect examples of lapses from the pastoral form.

With what does Milton reproach the Muses in ll. 64 ff.

Do lines 70 ff. illustrate Milton's own spirit in taking u the poetical career (p. 45)?

Describe the procession o mourners for Lycidas (pp. 110 111). Is it a mixed collection

Why is the attack on the corruption in the church (p. 111 appropriate? Is this an element of Puritanism (see p. 47)

Contrast the conclusion with the opening.

What is the prevailing metre

Scan fifteen regular lines twenty-five irregular ones.

Pick out five lines of blank verse.

What effect does this irregular metre produce?

REVOLT OF THE TARTARS, or Flight of the Kalmuck Khan and his People from the Russian Territories to the Frontiers of China. Thomas De Quincey. Edited by Charles W. French, Principal of the Hyde Park High School, Chicago, Ill. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 127. 25 cents.

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.
- Biographical Sketch of De Quincey.
- Chronological Table.
- De Quincey's Characteristics as a Writer.
- Map illustrating the flight of the Tartar Tribe, showing supposed route.
- The Revolt of a Tartar Tribe.
- Bibliography of Biographical and Critical Works relating to De Quincey.
- Suggestive Questions.

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LIFE OF DE QUINCEY.

Write a brief biography of De Quincey. (pp. 5-16).

Were the eccentricities that marked him in later life displayed in his boyhood?

Was his genius precocious? How was it exhibited?

Has it been frequent with men who afterwards became great, to object to the routine duties of school? Have they been understood at the time any better than De Quincey was?

Was De Quincey's learning general or specialized (p. 17)? Look out for passages in the *Flight of a Tartar Tribe* that illustrate the wide range of his knowledge.

What effect on his writings did the constant use of opium have?

With what great literary men was he associated (p. 12)?

In what form did his writings appear (pp. 14, 18)?

What importance have recent literary critics attached to his writings (pp. 19, 20)?

FLIGHT OF A TARTAR TRIBE:

Explain the use of the word Tartar and relate the history of the Tartars and of the Kalmucks previous to their migration (pp. 28 ff.).

What was their position in the Russian empire at this time?

In what delicate position was the Khan placed (p. 39)?

What was Russia's chief objection to the migration?

Summarize briefly the history of the revolt—the preparations, the march, the end of the wandering.

Note on the map on page 21 the direction of the march and the various halts made. What was the exact date (p. 51)?

Who governed Russia at this time?

What advantage was it to the

Kalmucks that Russia was engaged in war with Turkey at this time?

Who is the principal personage in the narrative? Describe his character. How did it appeal to De Quincey? What of the character of Oubacha?

Why did the history of this obscure tribe of Tartars, not of such great historical importance, appeal so strongly to De Quincey?

What did he think of its dramatic capabilities (p. 36)?

How does he treat it—dramatically or historically?

Is it to be classed with his imaginative or scientific writings?

What is the most unscientific thing in the method of treatment?

Does he distort or over-emphasize facts to obtain the desired effects? Note as an example the concluding scene (pp. 101 ff.). Find other examples. Without a thorough knowledge of the historical facts, could you detect this? Notice De Quincey's own warning (p. 35, l. 4).

Write your impressions of the essay. Have you been instructed—do you remember the facts—or have you been entertained and amused?

De Quincey's Style:

(For a list of suggestive questions see pp. 32-34. Some of them are repeated here with more particular reference.)

Is this essay a good example of proportion in the whole composition?

Are the more important facts treated of at great length or are the unimportant details given too great space?

Are there passages thrown in merely for effect?

How much space is devoted to the schemings and plottings of Zebec-Dorchi before the migration began?

Is this an important part of the story? Is it interesting?

What purpose does the introduction serve?

Note De Quincey's use of words. Take pages 40, 41, 76, 77, and 103 to illustrate. Are his words simple or ornate, short or long, of Latin or Saxon origin? Do you notice any words used in their primary meaning, differing from the ordinary usage (note p. 76)?

Have the second paragraph on page 41 rewritten in a more simple diction, substituting as far as possible short Saxon words for the longer words of classical origin, omitting everything that seems unnecessary, still taking care to preserve the meaning.

Compare the result with any other passage and by this comparison note the chief qualities of De Quincey's diction. What qualities in his style are thus destroyed?

Classify the figures of speech used pp. 59-70. Are they artistic or labored? Are they appropriate in an historical essay?

How many words are there in the third sentence on p. 103 and in the one on p. 57 beginning with l. 23? Is this an average sentence length?

Are the sentences loose or periodic?

Try to break up into several shorter ones any one of his long sentences. What is the effect?

Do the long sentences become involved in meaning, or are they always clear?

Do the sentences run smoothly?

Do you note any examples of the simple style (p. 38)?

Note the Latin construction, l. 17, p. 49. Are his sentences often influenced by Latin constructions? Pick out as many as you can find. Was this a result of his classical training (p. 10)?

In paragraph structure does he observe unity and coherence?

Examine the long paragraph on p. 64 for analysis. Is there one dominant sentence, containing the main idea of the paragraph? If so, where is it placed? Is there an introductory sentence? Is there one at the end summing up the matter of the whole paragraph?

How are the paragraphs connected—easily or abruptly? What of their length?

Do you find any short paragraphs (pp. 74, 91)?

How is the concluding episode treated? Is it an adequate summing up of the whole essay, or does it by one great effort present the dramatic ending so that your mind is taken from what has gone before?

Write a comparison of the styles of De Quincey and Macaulay, paying particular attention to their use of words, use of figures and illustrations, sentence structure, paragraph structure, and the qualities of prose style in general.

MARMION. Sir Walter Scott. Edited by William Vaughn Moody, A. Assistant Professor of English, the University of Chicago. Glossary : Notes by Mary R. Willard, Instructor in English, High School, Jamesto (N. Y.). Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 355. 30 cen

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  II. Scott's Place in the Romantic Movement.
  III. *Marmion.*
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For questions and suggestions on the life and works of Scott and his connection with the Romantic Movement see *The Lady of the Lake* (p. 32 of this Manual).

When was Marmion written?

How much time was consumed in the writing of the poem? Was this Scott's usual method of work?

How did the "hurried frankness of the composition" help his work (p. 46)?

CONSTRUCTION OF THE PLOT:

What do you think of the device of prefixing a verse-letter to each Canto?

Compare this framework with that employed in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel.*

Which is the more formal? The more natural?

Do these letters distract your attention from the narrative, or do they, by contrasting the pleasant scenes and reminiscences of Scott's own life with the less pleasing ones of the life of Marmion, serve as good resting pla for the mind?

The letters should be studi in connection with th period of Scott's life spe at Ashestiel. Full explan tions are furnished in t Notes.

I. For what purpose is Ma mion made to stop at No ham Castle? Could the sto have gone on just as we without it? Is it introduc merely to give an opportu ity for the grand picture mediæval pageantry?

What effect on the mind do the picture produce, as setting for the followin story?

Describe Marmion's entranc into the castle (pp. 74 ff.).

Note the time that it require to get him inside.

Did you pay any attention t the first mention of D Wilton (p. 78)?

Why was Marmion not able t "brook the harper's barba ous lay"?

What effect on Marmion ha

Sir Hugh the Heron's inquiry after his former page (p. 81)?

Did you note the significance of this at the first reading?

How does Sir Hugh inquire of Marmion's mission?

Is Scott sympathetic in his description of the Churchmen (pp. 84 ff.)?

Is there anything improbable in the meeting of Marmion and the Palmer at the same castle?

Note the first description of the Palmer (p. 86).

Is there anything to indicate that he is concealing his own identity (stanza XXVIII)?

II. How is Marmion's secret revealed in this Canto? What of the means employed?

Is there any intimation as to who Clare is in stanza V (p. 106)?

Compare stanza XX (p. 117) with stanza XV, Canto I.

Note the contrast between the two culprits when they are led to trial, and the excellent contrast between the horror of the punishment and the beauty of the victim.

How does this reveal the character of Constance?

Describe this trial scene

Note how Marmion's history is unfolded in the speech of Constance.

Why is the battle between Marmion and De Wilton described so fully (p. 122)?

Study this Canto as an excellent picture of the power and pride of the mediæval church.

Note the fact that the "presence of monks and nuns at Whitby in the reign of Henry VIII. is an anachronism." Does this matter?

III. How does this Canto advance the plot?

Give your reasons for calling it episodic or incidental (p. 50).

Note the description of the Inn (p. 138).

What significance is there in the Palmer's continued gazing at Marmion?

What effect is produced on Marmion by the song of Fitz-Eustace?

Compare ll. 11-15, stanza XIII (p. 144), with the end of Canto II.

Is the explanation in stanza XV necessary?

Why is the Host's Tale introduced?

In what one of Scott's novels is the English king mentioned on p. 153 a character?

Notice the slight description of the midnight fight here. Where is it described? Where is it explained?

IV. Is there any intimation as to who the Elfin Knight was in ll. 16 and 29 (p. 168)?

Why is the halt made at Crichtoun Castle?

Note the description of it.

How is Marmion persuaded to tell of his midnight combat (p. 181)? Does the reader understand all of it?

Does Marmion believe the Elfin Knight to be De Wilton?

What does the description of the camping place of the Scottish army add to the story?

V. Note the description of King James in stanza IX (p. 210).

Do you have a better picture of him than you do of some of the more important characters in the plot?

What is the justification of Lady Heron's Song (p. 213)?

Describe the quarrel between the king and Douglas.

Note the transition from stanza XVII to stanza XVIII.

Is the arrest of the Abbess of St. Hilda by the Scottish soldiers a natural event?

Describe the interview of the Palmer and the Abbess (pp. 223 ff.)

Note the immediate change in the Palmer.

How have we been prepared for it?

Note the second transition (p. 231).

VI. In comparison with the other Cantos, how do you consider this one as regards poetic value, dramatic situation, and power of description.

How is the identity of the Palmer revealed?

Describe this dramatic situation.

How does Scott fail in the handling of this scene (p. 53)?

In what other way could the history of De Wilton have been given?

How is the supernatural element of the battle of the Elfin Knight explained?

Why did not De Wilton kill Marmion (p. 259)?

Compare his account of the battle with that of Marmion (pp. 182 ff.)

Note the change of scene, pp. 261, 263.

Describe the parting of Douglas and Marmion.

When does Marmion first take note of the flight of the Palmer (p. 267)?

How does the introduction of the battle of Flodden Field give the story a dramatic close?

Note the apology for its incidental character (p. 288)?

Describe Marmion's death. Why is the peasant made to occupy his grave, and he the peasant's?

COMMENT IN GENERAL:

Characterize Scott's method of description, using the incident of Flodden Field in Canto VI as an example of a large descriptive passage and the description of Sir David Lindsay as an instance of a more restricted one.

Compare these with like descriptions in *The Lay* and in *The Lady of the Lake.* Are they vivid?

Are they painted with a broad hand, or are they minutely drawn?

What is, in general, the point of view?

Are there cases where it is changed?

Compare the use of the supernatural in *Marmion* with that in *The Lay* and in *The Lady of the Lake* (see p. 55).

Is concealed identity a favorite device with Scott?

How many times does he employ it in the three poems? Does he use it in his novels?

THE PRINCESS, a Medley, by Alfred, Lord Tennyson. Edited by Charles Townsend Copeland, Lecturer on English Literature in Harvard University, and Henry Milnor Rideout. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 169. 25 cents.

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  The Princess.
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LIFE OF TENNYSON: CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.
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TENNYSON:

When and where was Tennyson born?

What was his father's occupation?

What were the natural surroundings of his youth (pp. 9-10)?

What university did he attend?

Who were some of his more important friends there?

Did he take a degree?

When did his first notable poetical work appear?

What personal loss had a great effect on his poetical genius?

What long poem ultimately resulted from this loss?

To what position was Tennyson appointed in 1850?

Name and characterize briefly the most important of his longer poems (pp. 14-17). His dramas.

What title did he receive late in life?

When did he die?

What is the substance of Saintsbury's estimate of

Tennyson's position among the poets of his period (quoted on p. 18)?

THE PRINCESS—IN GENERAL:

When was *The Princess* published (p. 13)?

What two works may have furnished Tennyson with hints for this poem (pp. 20-21)?

What extent of borrowing seems probable?

Summarize what Tennyson's son has to say about *The Princess* (pp. 27-28).

State in outline the general plan of the poem,—the machinery of its structure. Do you find it confusing?

Why did Tennyson call the poem a Medley (p. 25 and conclusion of the poem)?

What is the function of the child (p. 26)? Compare with *Silas Marner*.

Is the final effect serious or burlesque?

What apparent change do you note, as the poem progresses, in the poet's attitude towards woman?

Point out the best examples you find of the characteristic qualities of Tennyson mentioned on p. 29; namely: (1) "music . . . in words and cadences"; (2) "truth and beauty of descriptions of nature"; (3) "sympathy . . . with movements of the time."

THE PRINCESS — IN DETAIL:

PROLOGUE. How early in the poem is its principal theme hinted at (Prologue, ll. 32-33)?

How much of the main plot is foreshadowed in the Prologue (p. 38, etc.)?

How soon is its nature as a Medley foreshadowed (Prologue, l. 17 ff.)?

By what various contrasts are the characteristics of a Medley made prominent (l. 102, etc.)?

Why is the account of scientific experiments given (p. 35)?

I. Explain what is meant by the "weird seizures."

What is the purpose of introducing them (p. 28)?

Note every use made of them in the progress of the poem.

What significance for the future has the seal described near the end of Part I?

II. What interest does the Princess show in the Prince (l. 35)?

Trace through the poem the steps in the growth of her interest.

How soon is the child introduced?

How is it made prominent?

What scientific theory is given poetical setting in this part?

How is Cyril's attitude toward Psyche indicated from the first?

What reference seems to change Psyche's intention regarding her brother and his friends (p. 60)?

What hints are given as to danger from Lady Blanche?

III. Summarize in order the means which Cyril successively tries to secure the silence of the Lady Blanche?

What scientific practice is protested against on p. 79?

IV. How is the sex of the intruders discovered by the Princess?

What reason does the Lady Blanche assign for not telling about them?

Is there any significance in the Princess's determination to keep Psyche's child (p. 95)?

What justification do you find for the Princess's bitterly sarcastic speech (p. 101)?

V. What request is there as to the Prince in the Princess's letter to her brother (p. 120)?

What important comment on the child?

Note the rapidity and vigor of the account of the combat. Paraphrase it.

VI. Is the Princess's battle song in harmony with her character as generally presented?

Point out the silent part the child plays in the Princess's work of mercy after the combat (ll. 58, 75, etc.).

What effect has the sight of the Prince's father on the Princess?

What incident of great dramatic power follows Psyche's sight of her child?

Why are so many appeals necessary before the Princess forgives Psyche?

VII. Is there in this part any element of the burlesque?

Is Tennyson expressing his own sincere opinion?

CONCLUSION. Has the conclusion a bearing on the story, either as explanation or in any other capacity?

THE SONGS. What does the song at the beginning of Part II indicate as to the child as a reconciling influence?

What is the purpose of the lullaby at the beginning of Part III?

What bearing has the "bugle song" (beginning of Part IV) on the main part of the poem?

What bearing has the song "Tears, Idle Tears"? The "Swallow Song"?

Who is it whose "voice is heard thro' rolling drums" (Interlude, p. 103)?

Show wherein the song at the beginning of Part VI intensifies the effect of the previous songs.

What is the cumulative meaning of the songs in VII?

CHARACTERIZATION:

Do you find an effort to secure very definite characterization?

In what cases is it most successful?

Write sketches of the Prince and the Princess, their fathers, the Ladies Blanche and Psyche, Cyril, Florian, Arac, and Melissa.

Point out some of the best attempts to make the dialogue suit the character speaking.

Is the Prince a weak character?

Where does he appear strongest?

Does his character develop? If so, point out the stages in its development.

VERSIFICATION AND STYLE:

What is the metrical form of this poem?

Point out several groups of lines which seem to justify the statement of Tennyson quoted at the bottom of p. 28.

Find good examples of each of the variations in metre described on pp. 159-60.

What can you say as to the amount of figurative language in the poem?

Note the frequency of figures from the sea.

Pick out a number of the most effective figures you find. Any that do not seem to you effective.

MACBETH William Shakspere. With Notes and a Glossary by John Henry Boynton, Ph.D., Late Instructor in English in Syracuse University, and an Introduction by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Harvard College. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 176. 25 cents.

PREFACE.
CONTENTS.
INTRODUCTION.
  I Shakspere and the Elizabethan Drama.
  II. Date of *Macbeth.*
  III. Sources.
  IV. Interpolations.
  V. The Witches.
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(The questions on Shakspere and the Elizabethan Drama, given above with *Julius Caesar*, will suffice for *Macbeth*, since they are based on practically the same Introduction.)

MACBETH — GENERAL QUESTIONS:

When was *Macbeth* first printed?

What is the probable date of its first production (p. 19)?

What was Shakspere's source

for his plot (p. 20)? Did he follow it closely? Was this source historically accurate?

Why should Shakspere have combined the accounts of two different murders from Holinshed (pp. 21 ff.)?

Point out the most notable incidents from Holinshed you find (pp. 21-30) which Shakspere did not use, and try to find reasons for his failure to use them.

Enumerate the most prominent incidents or speeches in the play for which you do not find a source in Holinshed.

Compare the time of the play with that indicated in the history.

What parts of the play are rejected by some editors (pp. 31-34)?

Summarize reasons why the speeches of Hecate are of very doubtful authenticity (pp. 32-33).

What is the double function of the "weird sisters" (pp. 35-36)?

Point out ways in which Shakspere has made their influence in the play greater than it is shown to be in Holinshed.

THE PLOT—IN PARTICULAR:

As to I, i, note questions on p. 154.

State briefly and clearly the exact situation presented in I, ii.

In how many ways are we interested in Macbeth before he appears in person?

Can you account in any way for the discrepancies between the references to the thane of Cawdor in I, ii, 52, etc., and I, iii, 72, etc. (p. 32)?

Why should an account of Cawdor's death be given at the beginning of I, iv?

What indications of hesitation are there on Macbeth's part in I, v?

What dramatic purpose can there be in the bit of description with which I, vi, opens? In the manner of Lady Macbeth toward the king?

What is the effect of the conversation of Macbeth and Banquo at the beginning of II, i?

Do you think Macbeth's soliloquy (p. 73) followed immediately after the departure of the servant?

Is it more effective not to have the murder of Duncan take place before our eyes? Why?

What is the purpose of the references to out-door sounds,—the owls, the crickets, and the knocking? Of the porter's humorous speech in II, iii? Is this speech natural?

What is the effect of Lennox's reference (II, iii, 42, etc.) to the “unruliness” of the night?

Is there any significance in making Macduff the discoverer of the murder?

Explain the conversation of Malcolm and Donalbain near the end of II, iii.

What is accomplished for the plot in II, iv?

About how long an interval must be supposed between Acts II and III?

Point out all indications you find as to the progress of time during the play.

What inconsistencies do you find?

Have we had any hints, before Banquo's speech at the beginning of III, i, that he suspects Macbeth?

Point out a striking example (on p. 89, for instance) of “dramatic irony”—in which the words spoken are true in some sense which either the speaker or the hearer or both do not dream of. Note examples elsewhere in the play.

In III, iii, does the third murderer seem to know more about Banquo's plans and habits than the others?

Fleance does not afterwards appear in the play; why, then, should Shakspere have him escape?

Note question on III, iv, 46 (p. 163).

Why should Banquo's ghost appear more than once?

How do you imagine the guests took Macbeth's action in III, iv?

Did they see the ghost?

How well did Lady Macbeth understand her husband's actions?

Why should Macbeth go to see the weird sisters again?

What purpose for the plot does III, vi, serve? See question near top of p. 164.

See questions in notes on IV, i, 68.

What is the dramatic purpose of having Macbeth somewhat encouraged by the ironical prophecies of IV, i?

Do you find IV, ii and iii, less interesting than other parts of the play? If so, why?

Could they be wholly or partly omitted?

Enumerate any events or incidents you find in these scenes which are necessary to the later development of the play, either as explanation or preparation.

Is the “sleep-walking scene” more effective acted or read? Why?

Write an orderly account of the events of Act V.

Explain the way in which the prophecies of the weird sisters, taken by Macbeth to be encouraging, are fulfilled.

Is there any reason why Macbeth should not be killed on the stage?]

If there is, how does it apply to the bringing in of his head?

THE PLOT—IN GENERAL:

What is the exciting force,—the incident with which the main action of the play begins?

Discuss the question whether Macbeth already had designs on the throne before the play begins.

With what specific event does the resolution of the play—the fall of Macbeth—begin?

Show that (in spite of hints by way of preparation for his fall) he is uniformly successful before this, and (in spite of some delusive encouragement) uniformly unsuccessful after it.

It has been said that there are three kinds of reaction against Macbeth: spiritual reaction within his own soul; political reaction; and supernatural reaction. Give specific examples of each (III, iv; V, i; III, vi; IV, i).

Do you find any lack of unity in this play?

THE CHARACTERS:

In how many ways in Act I is Macbeth shown to be worthy of being king?

See note (p. 156) on I, iii, 50, 60.

Summarize the points of contrast between Macbeth and Banquo, brought out in I, iii.

Compare Banquo's character according to Holinshed (p. 26-27) with his character according to Shakspere. Why should Shakspere have changed it as he did?

Explain Lady Macbeth's estimate of her husband in I, v. Enumerate ways in which it is justified later on in the play.

How do you account for such sudden zeal on her part as this scene shows?

What motive or motives cause Macbeth's hesitation in I, v and vii?

What are Lady Macbeth's motives in urging him on?

Compare her motive as assigned by Holinshed (p. 27) with the motives you find in Shakspere.

Does mere physical fear account for Macbeth's actions and hallucinations in II, i and ii?

How can you explain Lady Macbeth's greater courage? Is it because of greater wickedness?

Is any mitigating touch introduced here which in any way serves as partial preparation for V, i?

Are there any reasons for thinking her swoon at II, iii, 106, is not feigned?

Characterize Lady Macbeth as she appears in III, ii and iii.

Does she show the power evinced on the night of the murder?

Does she justify the epithet "fiend-like queen," applied to her in V, viii, 69?

How do you account for the change in her?

In what ways does she win our sympathy?

How do you account for Macbeth's action toward the servant in V, iii?

What is his feeling toward Lady Macbeth? Why does he not show more sorrow when he hears of her death in V, v?

Write comprehensive character sketches of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth; of Macduff and Banquo.

STYLE AND VERSIFICATION:

What is the regular metre of the play?

Where do you notice use of rhyme?

What is the metre of the speeches of the weird sisters?

Can you tell why it is effective?

In what places do you find prose used? Why?

What can you say as to the condensation of this play?

Select several elliptical passages and expand them so as to express the meaning clearly and simply.

Do you find the style here highly figurative?

Pick out two or three of the most interesting figures you find and paraphrase them, noting the loss in force.

Do you find the figures predominatingly from the world of external nature or from human life?

Is their significance local and temporary, or universal?

EDMUND BURKE'S SPEECH ON CONCILIATION WITH AMERICA, 1775. Edited by Joseph Villiers Denney, Professor in Ohio State University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 159. 25 cents.

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A STUDY OF THE LOGICAL STRUCTURE OF THE SPEECH ON CONCILIATION.

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INDEX.

LIFE AND WORKS OF BURKE:

When and where was Burke born? Where was he educated?

What was his university record (p. 11)?

For what purpose and when did he go to London?

What was his record there in his studies?

What were his first literary works (p. 12)?

What annual publication was he associated with for many years?

Who were the most important of his literary associates (p. 13)?

When was he first elected to parliament (p. 13), and how long did he remain in parliament (p. 19)?

Make a list of the various political positions he held during his life besides his membership in parliament. Was he ever in the cabinet? Why (p. 16)?

What three great subjects was Burke particularly interested in during his political career (p. 17)?

What was his general attitude toward the policies of George III (p. 14)?

Summarize Burke's work on behalf of the American colonies, naming three important speeches and one letter which he wrote on the question (pp. 13-15).

During what years was Burke agitating the Indian question? Name his most important speech on this subject?

What was his attitude toward the French Revolution (p. 18)? His most important work on this subject?

What was the name and the nature of his last work (p. 19)?

When did he die?

What is the common estimate of Burke as an orator and political philosopher (pp. 10, 20, 22, etc.)?

THE SPEECH ON CONCILIATION—IN GENERAL:

When was this speech delivered?

What was the immediate occasion, or excuse, for it?

Prepare an outline of the important events leading up to this speech.

Name and describe briefly the measures which Burke wished to have repealed.

What was the effect of his speech?

Note the questions on the literary and rhetorical qualities of the speech on pp. 127-31.

Complete the outline of the logical structure of the speech begun on pp. 132-37.

IN PARTICULAR:

What do you find to be the purpose of Burke's introduction? Do you notice any devices to indicate that the speech was unprepared (par. 1)?

Was Burke really superstitious?

What is the effect of the hesitation for a proper word at the end of par. 4? Of the familiar colloquial expressions in par. 5?

What subtle irony do you find in par. 7? Point out other examples of the same quality later on.

What great governmental principle is at the bottom of par. 10?

How has the House admitted what Burke, in par. 12, says it has admitted?

Why is the population of the colonies an argument in favor of conciliation (pp. 34-35)? The commerce?

What is the substance of Burke's evidence regarding commerce?

Is par. 25 in any sense a digression?

What, precisely, is its relation to the course of the argument?

Why should Burke turn again to specific figures in par. 26?

What is the argumentative effect of par. 28?

What literary qualities do you find in par. 30?

What universal political principles are stated in pars. 31-34?

What is the function, as a paragraph, of par. 36? Find similar examples farther on.

Why do the references to the history of England in par. 38 apply specifically to the American colonies?

In what ways is force secured in par. 43?

What is the purpose, as a paragraph, of par. 44? Show how it differs from par. 36. Find similar examples farther on.

Can you think of any other feasible ways of proceeding besides those mentioned by Burke in par. 47?

Why should par. 51 be set off as a paragraph?

How had England shown the disposition to impoverish the colonies mentioned in par. 52?

What powerful bits of sarcasm do you find in pars. 53, 56, 57?

State in substance the sound political wisdom underlying pars. 59 and 60.

What does Burke gain by leaving out of consideration the right of taxation (par. 66)? To what feeling is the appeal of this paragraph?

Explain in your own words the inconsistency which Burke points out in pars. 71-73.

Explain all historical references of importance in pars. 79-87.

Summarize the points of similarity between England's treatment of Wales and of the American colonies, as given in par. 81.

Why should Burke, in par. 85, quote the exact language of the people of Chester?

Do the questions in par. 86 indicate anything as to the course of procedure adopted by parliament with relation to American petitions?

Is par. 87 a unit?

Explain carefully the actual concession which Burke proposes in par. 91.

What is the effect of par. 92, followed by resolutions embodying mere matters of fact, couched in the language of previous parliaments?

Name all the literary effects you find prominent in par. 95.

What historical events were the basis for the resolution of 1748 (par. 101)? That of 1756?

Why should Burke precede his sixth resolution by the bit of argument contained in par. 106?

Which of the acts mentioned for repeal in par. 109 does Burke discuss specifically in the following paragraphs? Can you tell why he does not discuss all?

Explain the resolutions as to courts (pars. 114-15).

What is the essential point of par. 120?

Do you think Burke really almost forgot his purpose to comment on the plan of Lord North, as referred to in par. 123?

Does he, however, give sufficient attention to it?

State clearly all his points against it.

How would Lord North's plan break the union of the colonies (par. 131)?

Note the effective antithesis of par. 132.

Explain the figure at the end of par. 133.

What is the nature and purpose of Burke's concluding appeal?

Is it necessary to the argument?

Matters of style and plan are sufficiently discussed in questions on pp. 127-31.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST. Books I and II. Edited by Frank Edgar Farley, Ph.D., Instructor in English, Syracuse University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 160. 25 cents.

Preface.
Contents.
Introduction.
  I. John Milton.
  II. Milton's Works in the Order of Publication.
  III. The Genesis of *Paradise Lost.*
  IV. The Subject Matter of *Paradise Lost.*
  V. Milton's English.
  VI. Milton's Verse.
Milton's Preface on "The Verse."
Text and Notes.
Glossary.

Life of Milton

Relate the facts of Milton's life (p. 13-22).

Was Milton's genius precocious?

What poems remain of his early years?

What poems were written during his stay at Horton?

How do these differ in general tone from the poems of his later years? What effected this change?

How was Milton received in Italy during his travels there?

How was he employed from the time of his return from Italy until the Restoration?

What is the nature of his prose writings?

How did he spend his last days?

Was his domestic life pleasant?

What is said of his personal characteristics (p. 21)?

For other questions on Milton's life and works, see *Milton's Minor Poems* (p. 64 of this Manual).

Genesis of Paradise Lost:

What was the actual time spent in the composition of this poem (p. 34)?

Show that it could have been the result of none but a long and matured life.

How many years were spent in developing the idea and in gathering literary materials?

Were the circumstances of Milton's life such as to fit him for this undertaking?

What are the chief external evidences of the early conception in Milton's mind of such a poem as *Paradise Lost?*

What is the earliest evidence of his first conception of a great epic (p. 26)?

Give an account of the slow development of this idea and its final consummation in the publication of *Paradise Lost* (pp. 27-37)?

Paradise Lost:

Does the opening seem to be a conventional invocation, or is it a sincere appeal (p. 4)?

How does Milton's invocation differ from Vergil's (twofold)?

Is Milton's boast in l. 16, strictly speaking, true?

Are there any other instances in these two books of the author's speaking in his own person?

Did Milton accept the Copernican theory of astronomy?

Write a clear statement of his conception of the Universe (p. 44).

Where is the scene of the first two Books of *Paradise Lost?*

Where was Hell? When and for what purpose was it created? What kind of a place does Milton conceive it to be (pp. 32, 79, and 88)?

Is the whole region clearly described?

Why is the dark and wide continent frozen (p. 133)? Compare II, 575-595 (pp. 133-34) with II, 898-906 (p. 145).

Look up "humor" in dictionary for old medical significance; and compare with the passages from *Paradise Lost*, Chaucer, *Prologue*, 419-421:

> "He knew the cause of everich maladye,
> Were it of hoot or cold, or moiste, or drye,
> And where engendred, and of what humour."

Where was the World placed in the Universe?

How connected with Hell? How with Heaven?

How were the Gates of Hell guarded?

Describe Satan's conflict with the Shapes guarding them.

Describe the events that had happened before the opening of the poem. What device is used to introduce them to the reader (pp. 49 ff.)?

Summarize in detail the action of Book I, of Book II, and in a word or two that of each of the following Books (pp. 49-54).

How far is the plot advanced by the portion of *Paradise Lost* given here?

What is the main theme of these two Books (p. 55)? Who are the principal characters?

Are we concerned here with great actions, or rather with the calm after great actions have taken place?

Where are found the intimations or echoes of the recent battle in Heaven?

What is the proportion of action and of speeches in Book I? In Book II?

Analyze the speech of Satan on p. 82; compare it with the other speeches of Satan and state the characteristic qualities.

Summarize the speech of Beelzebub on p. 82.

Do you think that Milton's poetry reaches its grandest heights in these speeches?

What does Satan advise in his first speech before his assembled followers in Pandemonium?

What plans are suggested?

What rumor formerly heard in Heaven causes them to choose as they do?

Note the recital of the heathen deities on pp. 92 ff. Do you think this is a blemish on the poem?

Does the description of Satan on p. 88 give you a clear conception of his appearance?

Describe Mammon (p. 103).

Write a description of the building of Pandemonium.

Are Milton's descriptions visualized?

Did his conceptions ever become so great that the descriptions are indistinct?

Is it easy at a glance to comprehend the greatness of the actions and of the scenes that he describes?

MILTON'S POETICAL STYLE:

What can you say of the syntax of Satan's speech on p. 80? Is this a fair sample of Milton's syntax?

Collect examples of his use of faulty syntax.

Select at least twenty-five words or phrases, other than those cited on p. 57, used by Milton with a different significance from the present usage.

Note the use of the nominative absolute, v. 141, (p. 83).

Is this imitation of the Latin constructions frequent with Milton? How many examples do you find on p. 88? On p. 93?

How is this partiality for Latin constructions accounted for (p. 59)?

What is the form of the genitive singular neuter of the personal pronoun of the third person (p. 64)?

Note Milton's use of similes.

Are they long or short?

Are they always completed?

How many are there on p. 89?

What are the sources of his similes?

Is there any significance in his mentioning Italy (p. 89)?

What do you think of what Masson says (p. 32) of Milton's knowledge of the Bible?

What is the metre of *Paradise Lost* (p. 65)?

Scan twenty normal lines.

What are the most common variations from the normal?

Scan two lines illustrating each variation.

Compare the proportion of normal lines on any page with the same number from *Comus*.

Select words accented by Milton on a different syllable from the one on which we now place the accent.

Pick out examples of elision. When does it occur?

Count the number of run on lines and the number of stop lines on p. 119 and on the two succeeding pages.

Is the metrical unit the line or the stanza?

In what way does the verse illustrate the thought in ll. 200 ff. (p. 85)? Find other examples of this.

POEMS AND TALES. Edgar Allan Poe. Selected and edited by Alphonso G. Newcomer, Associate Professor of English in the Leland Stanford Junior University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 323. 30 cents.

POE'S LIFE:

When and where was he born?

What can you say as to his parents?

By whom and in what circumstances was he brought up (p. 9)?

Where, successively, was he educated? What was his record in the higher institutions which he attended?

What became his occupation after he left West Point (p. 10)?

What had been his first publication (p. 10)? At what age?

What was his first conspicuous success in literature (p. 11)? When did it come?

When did Poe marry, and whom (p. 11)? What can you say of his married life? When did his wife die? What was the effect of her death on Poe (pp. 12-13)?

Name some of the most important newspapers and magazines with which Poe was connected (pp. 11-12). Some of his literary associates.

What habits interfered with his success (p. 12)? Name some other great authors who have been similarly handicapped. Did any one of them resemble Poe, either personally or in his work?

Name Poe's most important publications and give their dates (p. 12).

When, where, and in what circumstances did he die?

What were his principal moral defects (p. 14)?

Write a character sketch of Poe, judging chiefly from the works read.

POE'S WORKS—GENERAL COMMENT:

What in general is the value of Poe's literary criticism (pp. 15-16)? Who were some of the famous men whom he early recognized as geniuses?

What may be said as to the essential originality of Poe's *Tales* (p. 17)?

Describe the general characteristics of the analytical tales (p. 18). Which of those in this volume are analytical?

Name some famous authors who have been influenced by Poe's analytical tales (pp. 18-19).

What criticism is made of the allegorical tales (pp. 19-20)? Are there any of them in this book?

In what third class of tales has Poe risen probably to his greatest height (p. 21)?

What deficiencies of the tales are mentioned (pp. 21-22)? Illustrate each by specific reference.

For what lack is Poe's poetry sometimes criticised (p. 23)? Illustrate.

What important poetical qualities does it have in high degree (pp. 23-24)? Illustrate these as well as you can from the poems in this volume.

What, on the whole, is Poe's position in American literature (p. 27)?

THE POEMS:

Which of the poems in this volume do you like the best? Why?

"To Helen"—What differences in rhyme and rhythm do you find between the different stanzas? Is the poem better as corrected than as given on p. 299? Why?

"Israfel"—Why should this be called "the most lyrical" of Poe's poems?

"The City in the Sea"—Point out some of the "epithets" here that are most "striking in their originality and imaginative power" (p. 300).

"The Raven"—What is the substance of Poe's account of the composition of this poem (p. 301)? Point out resemblances between "The Raven" and "The Ancient Mariner." What other poems may have influenced Poe in the composition of "The Raven" (pp. 301-2)? Point out the most effective examples you find of the following devices: (a) alliteration, (b) repetition, (c) internal rhyme. What do you think of the rhymes within the last two lines on p. 39?

"Ulalume"—What is the effect of the strange proper names? Point out some of the most striking examples of the adaptation of sense to sound.

"Annabel Lee"—What variations are there here in the stanzaic structure? What device do they make possible? Do you find any unmusical lines? Any unmusical words, even?

"The Bells"—Point out a few of the most striking and obvious onomatapoetic words and lines in each stanza.

THE TALES:

Which of the tales in this volume do you like best? Why? Which made the strongest impression on you?

Do you find any of these tales which does not present one clearly defined central idea, such as Poe's statement of principles for the short story (quoted in part on p. 311) demands? State in short, clear, single sentences the central ideas of five of the stories in this volume.

If you find any of these stories in which there is matter not used clearly in the development of the central idea, criticise them specifically in this respect.

What can you say as to the variety, in tone and subject matter, of these stories?

In what general ways do you find these tales realistic? Which are most realistic? Why?

Comment on Poe's choice of titles for his stories. Do you find any title that is not appropriate? Any inappropriate introductory quotation?

What poetical devices do you find in these stories? In which are they most numerous? Are they appropriate?

How many of these tales are told in the first person? What is the effect of the first person?

Discuss the extent and naturalness of Poe's use of conversation. In what stories does he use it most? Can you suggest reasons why?

In his *Life of Poe*, Professor Woodberry, commenting on the early tale "Berenice," makes the following summary of common characteristics of the *Tales* of Poe: "In it Poe's hero first comes upon the stage, a man struck with some secret disease, given to the use of drugs and to musing over old books in an antiquated and gloomy chamber, and reserved for a horrible experience. In it, too, are such themes of evil fascination for his mind as the epileptic patient and the premature burial; such marks of his handling as the cousinship of the principal actors, the description of morbid physical changes, the minute analysis of sensations, the half-superstitious reference to metempsychosis, and the vivid analysis of the effects of drugs· and such traits of literary style as the absence of conversation, the theatrically elaborated scene of the action, the speed of the narrative with its sudden and yet carefully prepared catastrophe." Find from the stories read all the good examples of these characteristics that you can.

"The Assignation" — How is the setting of the first few pages made appropriate to the events that happen? What is the purpose and effect of all the luxurious details farther on? What relations has the poem (p. 73) to the story? Why is the "entire and terrible truth," referred to at the end of the story, only hinted at? What is it? See questions on p. 306.

"Ligeia"—What is the effect of the vagueness and uncertainty with which the story begins? How soon is indication given that the story is to be tragic? That supernaturalism is to be involved? Why is Ligeia made a learned woman? Why is she given the "intensity" referred to on p. 84? What purpose does the inserted poem (pp. 88-89) serve? Why does the hero repair to so wild and desolate a place as the abbey described on pp. 90 ff.? Where do we get the first hints of the presence of the spirit of Ligeia? Trace the steps leading to the climax. Note questions on p. 307.

"The Fall of the House of Usher"—Note questions and suggestions on pp. 308-11. How many times is the "tarn" referred to? What is the cumulative effect of these references? In what ways is the interior of the house made to reflect the character of its occupants? What does the picture (p. 116) symbolize? What is the allegorical signification of the inserted poem (pp. 117-19)? When do we first get hints that the lady Madeline may not be really dead? To what does Usher's question on p. 125 refer? What effect has the storm in making the events of the latter part of the story seem more natural? What other effects has it?

"A Descent into the Maelström" — What advantage has the abrupt beginning of this story? Why is the whirlpool described in such detail before the real story begins? What is the purpose of the more scientific details on pp. 139-40? Does the planning and reasoning of the hero while in the maelström seem to you natural? How does the author try to make it seem natural? See questions on p. 312.

"Eleanora"—Point out whatever likenesses you find between this tale and "Ligeia"; the most noteworthy points of difference. What specific suggestions are there in this story of Poe's own married life? Point out some examples of repetition resembling that to be found in Poe's poetry; of alliteration; of rhythm. Why was the hero released from his vow to Eleanora?

"The Oval Portrait"—What is the allegorical meaning? Compare Hawthorne's "Birthmark" and "The Artist of the Beautiful."

"The Masque of the Red Death"—What is the allegorical meaning? Do you find any particular significance attached to any of the colors except those of the seventh chamber? What is the purpose of the others? Why is this story not in the first person? Compare Hawthorne's "Lady Eleanore's Mantle."

"The Pit and the Pendulum"—Enumerate the different kinds of cruelty practiced on the hero. Are they arranged in climactic order? What can you say as to the realism of the tale? Trace the increasing definiteness of the hints as to the place of the story.

"The Gold Bug"—Point out any unnatural touches you find here in the conversation; any poor dialect. Enumerate the most important points in the story that you don't understand till the explanation is given in the latter part. Are you ever too much confused? Do you think Legrand's interest in the drawing on the parchment (pp. 244-45) is sufficiently accounted for? Is the latter part of the story as interesting as the first part? Which part do you think Poe took most interest in? Is the ending strong, emphatic? Compare with "The Gold Bug," "The Money Diggers," in Irving's *Tales of a Traveller.*

"The Purloined Letter"—Is all of Dupin's talk about mathematics (pp. 286 ff.) sufficiently justified? Do you find the conversation here natural? Does the display of learning seem appropriate?

TWICE TOLD TALES. Nathaniel Hawthorne. Edited by Robert Herrick, A.B., Assistant Professor of English, the University of Chicago, and Robert Walter Bruère, Associate in English, the University of Chicago. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 542. 40 cents.

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TWICE TOLD TALES:

General questions on Hawthorne's life and works, based on substantially the same Introduction as that to *Twice Told Tales*, may be found under *The House of the Seven Gables*, p 42 ff. of this Manual.

TWICE TOLD TALES—GENERAL QUESTIONS; FORM AND STYLE:

Did the *Twice Told Tales* appear in book form all at once? When? Had any been previously printed? Where?

What was Hawthorne's literary reputation before and after their appearance? What able writer of tales reviewed them favorably (Poe)?

What autobiographical element is there in the *Twice Told Tales* (p. 25 ff.)? Point out specific illustrations.

What stories are related in the first person? What different persons or things does the author impersonate? What is the effect?

What stories in this volume deal in any way with New England history? Which historical stories (if any) are literally true? Which are true in spirit?

Make a list of the parts of *Twice Told Tales* which are mere descriptive sketches, and of those which may properly be called stories.

What can you say of Hawthorne's mastery of artistic description? How did he acquire it (pp. 22-24)? Find good examples in stories other than the sketches listed on page 22.

The sketches are valuable for study of style, diction, ease and variety of sentence structure, lightness and delicacy of fancy, etc. Subjects resembling some of Hawthorne's are excellent theme subjects for young students; for instance, an account of the meeting of an old year with a new year, or the soliloquy of a garden gate (cf. "A Rill from the Town Pump").

Are there any of the stories proper which contain no allegory? Any in which the allegory is unpleasantly obtrusive? Which of the allegorical stories do you find most effective? Why?

Do you find any one of the stories proper that does not have one clearly defined central idea, or produce one impression, such as Poe's statement of principles for the short story demands (see reference, p. 89 of this Manual)? Formulate as briefly as you can the central idea of each story.

Point out all the matter in any story that is not used somehow in the development of the central idea or impression.

In what ways do you find these stories realistic? Which ones deal in a natural way with the life of Hawthorne's own time?

Do you find the tone or subject matter of the stories so little varied as to become monotonous? Does the evenness and smoothness of the style ever grow monotonous to you? Does the style ever lack animation?

Which, if any, of these stories would you call morbid?

Which contain effective pathos? Humor? Sarcasm?

How many of the stories proper plunge immediately into narrative? In what ways do the others begin? Is such a beginning as that of "David Swan," "Fancy's Show Box," or "The Threefold Destiny" effective? Answer with reasons.

TWICE TOLD TALES—IN PARTICULAR:

"The Gray Champion"—Note the historical basis and how Hawthorne departed from it (pp. 35-36). Is there any unnecessary exposition of the condition of New England? Prove by specific quotation the editors' statement as to what the Champion typifies (p. 35).

"The Wedding Knell"—What explanation of Mr. Ellenwood's action at the wedding is hinted at in the introductory account of him (p. 55 ff.)? Is his treatment of Mrs. Dabney justified?

"The Minister's Black Veil"—Make a simple and clear statement of the meaning of this story as briefly as possible without omission of anything essential. Why is it called a parable? Note how, in the account of the funeral, after telling of the shuddering of the corpse, presumably at sight of the minister's face behind the veil, Hawthorne immediately mitigates the supernaturalism, or casts doubt on it, by adding the words: "A superstitious old woman was the only witness of this prodigy" (p. 71). What double effect is thus produced? Mention similar devices in other stories, for instance by Irving.

"The May-Pole of Merry Mount"—Is the historical matter on pages 88 to 91 necessary to the story? Has it qualities that make it desirable in any way?

"The Gentle Boy"—Does the Boy seem natural, talk naturally (it is necessary to make some allowances for the time and the sect)? Would the story end properly, plausibly, if the Boy were permitted to live?

"Mr. Higginbotham's Catastrophe"—Is there any flaw in the working out of the plot of this story? Any allegorical or other veiled meaning?

"Little Annie's Ramble"—Is this a story? Was it written for story interest or for some other purpose? Is one held by the action, the events that take place, or by something else?

"Wakefield"—Why, in your

opinion, did this story appeal particularly to Poe? Is the interest in the story or in the character?

"A Rill from the Town Pump"—What effects are produced by the use of the first person?

"The Great Carbuncle"—Do the characters all seem real, or are some of them mere qualities personified? What is the Great Carbuncle? Compare with "The Great Stone Face." Why were Matthew and Hannah the only successful searchers? Point out details that seem unnatural, or exaggerated for the sake of the allegory.

"The Prophetic Pictures"—Point out all the hints of the catastrophe which you find in the course of the story. Comment on the conclusion. What does the story mean?

"David Swan"—Is this a story? What would you call it? What does Hawthorne call it?

"The Hollow of the Three Hills"—What, in outline, is the story here? What precisely has happened to the lady? Do you agree with Poe's opinion of this story (p. 234)?

"The Vision of the Fountain"—Is the realistic explanation sufficient and consistent?

"Dr. Heidegger's Experiment"—What has the quotation from the *American Note-Books* (p. 264) to do with the story?

"Howe'sMasquerade"—Where does the real story begin? Is what precedes introductory to this story any more than to the other "Legends of the Province House"?

"Lady Eleanore's Mantle"—Compare with Poe's "Masque of the Red Death." In what different ways is attention directed to the mantle? Is there any preparation for the horrible power which it is shown to have? Does the natural explanation of this power detract in any way from the force of the story?

"Old Esther Dudley"—What does this heroine typify?

"The Ambitious Guest"—What warning is there of the catastrophe? In how many different ways is ironical, blind unconsciousness of the danger brought out? What effect has this on the tragedy of the story? What details might Hawthorne have got from the account on pages 364-65? State briefly the most important parts of the story that are wholly his.

"The Sister-Years"—Did Hawthorne really "forget to mention" as he says on page 377?

"The White Old Maid"—Is

there any attempt, or pretense of an attempt, to rationalize this story?

"Peter Goldthwaite's Treasure"—What story of Irving's does this slightly resemble? Point out similarities and differences.

"Chippings with a Chisel"—This is not really a story, though it consists largely of narrative. Why is this? Could you say that it contains the germs of a number of stories?

"The Shaker Bridal"—What admirable characteristic of manner do you find (at the end, for instance), which is particularly suited to the nature of this story?

"Endicott and the Red Cross"—Note the relation of details here to more important work of Hawthorne (pp. 487-88).

"The Lily's Quest"—What do the other characters besides Gascoigne (whose meaning is stated by Hawthorne) symbolize?

"The Threefold Destiny"—Is the working out of the destinies reasonable? Plausible?

AS YOU LIKE IT. William Shakspere. Edited by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 207. 25 cents.

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AS YOU LIKE IT:

Questions as to the history of the English drama and the life of Shakspere may be found under *The Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Caesar* in this Manual (pp. 25, 49).

AS YOU LIKE IT—DATE, SOURCES, FORM:

What is the date of this play (p. 29)? In what period of Shakspere's career does it come?

When and where was it first published?

What is the direct source of the play (p. 30)? The source of this source?

What important literary tendencies does Lodge's novel illustrate? Describe each briefly (p. 31 ff.), and point out all the places you find in the play where either is reflected.

Point out where the changes summarized on pages 33 to 37 are found, and give additional reasons for them; that is, show wherein the play is more dramatic or more natural or otherwise more effective than the novel.

What characters are entirely original with Shakspere? State in a few words what each one adds to the effectiveness of the whole.

Point out examples of all the different uses of verse and prose mentioned on page 37.

Where is rhyme found in this play? Enumerate all the places and give reasons for the use.

Find examples of the variations in metre summarized on pages 38 to 40. Of the peculiarities of Shakspere's language (pp. 41-43).

The note on I, i, 61 (p. 166), speaks of the "contemptuous 'thou.'" Was *thou* regularly a contemptuous form of address? Distinguish between *you* and *thou* as you find them throughout this play.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

I, i, is almost wholly exposition of the situation. Is any of it unnatural? Why does Charles tell so much news of the court? How much of it was really news to Oliver?

Group the characters in conflicting or contrasting parties as they are revealed in I, i. Is any character very important to the main story missing (that is, including those who are mentioned as well as those who are actually presented)?

What is the dramatic purpose of Rosalind's speech, I, ii, 26-28?

Does Rosalind at first show any more interest in Orlando than Celia shows? Prove your conclusion (here and always) by specific reference.

Why is there a change to verse at I, ii, 244?

Did Orlando call the ladies back (I, ii, 272)? Do you think there was anything in his action to justify Rosalind's return?

I, iii: How have we been prepared for the banishment of Rosalind and Celia's departure with her? Point out specific passages (as I, i, 118; I, ii, 298; etc.).

Is I, iii, 70 ff., consistent with previous indications as to the time of the Duke's banishment?

With what is I, iii, 116, inconsistent?

What is accomplished in II, i? Is there any action?

How does II, ii, prepare us for the banishment of Oliver (p. 174)?

Why should the different scenes in the Forest of Arden be separated as they are? Are they so separated when the play is now given? Why?

Note the difference in style when Silvius and Corin enter, II, iv. What lyrical qualities do you find (e. g., ll. 33-42)? Why?

II, v, introduces a new character. What have you previously learned about him (II, i)?

II, vii: Is enough accomplished before Orlando's entrance to justify so much talk? What is accomplished?

What bearing on the plot, or relation to it, has Jaques' speech on the world as a stage (note p. 181)? Amiens' song, line 174 ff.? What happens while the latter is being sung?

What becomes of Adam after Act II? Is his disappearance intentional, do you think, or an oversight?

III, ii: What reasons do you see for having Jaques and Orlando at outs (pp. 108-109)?

Does the early part of Rosalind's talk with Orlando (III, ii, 311 ff.) have any important bearing on the plot?

Point out all the covert references made by Rosalind to her true person (as III, ii, 405-406, etc.).

Do you think it reasonable that Orlando should not recognize Rosalind? Did it probably seem more reasonable as acted in Shakspere's time than as acted now? Why?

III, iii: Have we had any hint of Touchstone's love affair before this scene? Do we learn anything definite about what has preceded it?

What have we learned about Silvius and Phebe before III, v? Where?

Compare Phebe's falling in love with Ganymede, with Olivia's falling in love with Cesario in *Twelfth Night.*

IV, iii: Why does Shakspere have Oliver tell about his rescue by Orlando instead of representing that scene?

What preparation have we for Oliver's change of heart (see note p. 195)?

Point out places in IV, iii, where you think there may be indications of the love of Oliver and Celia. Where are there later hints as to this (p. 149)? What other couples in the play have fallen in love at first sight?

Does Oliver guess Ganymede's sex when she swoons?

Do you agree with the criticism of the note on V, ii, 1 (p. 196)?

Of what previous part of the play do the repetitions and balance on page 151 remind you? Where do similar repetitions come later?

Why should not Rosalind have revealed herself to her father sooner than she does? Do you find any other reason except that suspense suits the dramatist's purpose better? Is this also the reason for the delay in the marriage of Touchstone and Audrey (III, iii)?

Is the conversion of Duke Frederick prepared for in any way? Does it seem reasonable? More or less reasonable than the reformation of Oliver?

Account for "If I were a woman," line 20 of the Epilogue.

THE PLOT IN GENERAL:

Which do you consider the best of the explanations of the title given on page 164? Why?

What is the main action of the play? Where does it begin; where does it reach the height of complication; and with what event does it end?

How many subordinate love actions are there? Show to what extent there is a beginning, a complication, and an end in the case of each. Which ones cross others (Phebe and Rosalind, William and Audrey)?

What may be regarded as the main theme of the play? III, v, 82, has been suggested. Comment on the suggestion.

What can be taken as the moral of the play? Will II, i, 12, fit?

What elements of contemporary satire do you find (e. g., V, iv, 71 ff.)?

What references are there to popular poetry?

Where is the Forest of Arden? In a temperate climate? Is there any real description of the Forest? How do you learn so much about it? How is so much out-of-doors atmosphere produced?

CHARACTERIZATION:

Group the characters in such a way as to show how they are balanced in pairs—contending, or contrasting, or collaborating. Is there any entirely detached character? Point out all the resemblances you note between Oliver and Duke Frederick; Orlando and the banished Duke.

Is Jaques really melancholy? Is he any better philosopher than Touchstone?

Compare Rosalind with other women in Shakspere's plays who impersonate men.

What person (or persons) do you find whose name is indicative in a humorous or satirical way of his character or occupation?

Other questions bearing on characterization have been given above in connection with the development of the plot.

HAMLET. William Shakspere. Edited by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company, pp. 286. 25 cents.

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HAMLET:

The questions on the life of Shakspere and on the Elizabethan Drama, given on pp. 25 and 49 of this Manual, may be used equally well in the study of *Hamlet*.

GENERAL QUESTIONS:

From what sources are obtained the texts of our present-day edition of this play (p. 38)?

Why is the exact date of composition difficult to determine? What is the approximate date (p. 37)? What other plays were composed at about the same time? What period of Shakspere's life is this? What evidence is there within the play that leads us to know that *Julius Caesar* was composed after *Hamlet* (pp. 56 and 135)?

From what source has Shakspere obtained the general outline of his story? What is the probable influence of an older play upon the same subject (p. 39)? Are there any traces of it to be found in the present text? How has Shakspere used this older play (pp. 40-41)?

Questions on difficult passages and peculiar use of words may be gathered from the full Notes (pp. 225-273).

Plot in Detail:

How does the atmosphere of the first scene give us at once the tone of the whole play (pp. 51-52)? How is past history introduced? What further use is made of the narration on p. 60? Are we expecting the attitude that Hamlet assumes (p. 62)? Compare the first soliloquy (p. 64) with the other two and explain its peculiar tone. What is the significance of its last line (p. 66)? How do you explain Hamlet's behaviour on Horatio's telling him of seeing his father? What are the inciting forces put into motion in Act I?

What is the effect on the further shaping of the drama of the speeches of Laertes and Polonius to Ophelia in I, iii (pp. 71 ff.)? Note how the instructions have been fully carried out by her (p. 96, ll. 108-109). Does the command of the ghost (p. 85, ll. 85-86) have any later effect? If we conclude that Hamlet decides to feign madness at the end of I, v, what reasons has he for doing so? Tell all that has been accomplished in Act I.

Does your own interpretation of Hamlet's conduct in his interview with Ophelia agree with that of Polonius (p. 95)? Why is it given by narration rather than by action? Compare this with the interview in III, 1. Why does Hamlet treat Ophelia so harshly, if he loves her? Did he know her weakness? Interpret the interview between Polonius and Hamlet (pp. 104-05). Summarize all the scenes between Hamlet, Rosencrantz, and Guildenstern.

Why is Polonius led to his diagnosis of Hamlet's case (p. 101)? Does this agree with your own interpretation? Note the doubt still in Hamlet's mind (p. 120). When is it dissipated (p. 141)?

What is the purpose of the play within the play (p. 120)? How does Hamlet act the Chorus (p. 139)?

Note the forebodings on the part of the king (p. 129). What is the cause of Hamlet's resolution on p. 145, ll. 397 ff.?

Where is the climax of the play (p. 149)? Give your reasons. Why does Hamlet refuse to kill the king in III, ii (p. 149)? What are the consequences of his refusal? What is the dramatic use of it?

Describe the interview between Hamlet and his mother (pp. 152 ff.). Is the ghost in this scene a real one, as in Act I, or only a creation of Hamlet's imagination?

What are the important steps in the downward action? Note how they are heaped up in Act IV. See the king's remark concerning this (p. 174, ll. 67 ff.).

What is the purpose of the comic element introduced by the grave-diggers' scene, V, 1? Compare the porter's scene in *Macbeth* (Lake English Classics, edited Boynton-Neilson, p. 78). Compare it with the later action in the same scene. Note Hamlet's slight rally in V, ii (p. 208). Does the *denouement* come slowly or rapidly from this point on? Show how the catastrophe fulfills the demands of tragedy.

PLOT IN GENERAL:

Make a concise presentation of all the evidence you can gather from the play that Hamlet is mad and a similar one of all the evidence that he is not mad. Do you think that Shakspere used Hamlet for a mouthpiece in the Osric scenes and in the discussion of the state of the theatre?

Note the sporadic appearances of the Fortinbras scenes and how they are taken up after the catastrophe.

Does the tragedy seem to be one of fate rather than of character? Is it a good example of the "Blood Tragedy?" (For this point compare the description of the older play given on p. 40.)

What is the main theme of the tragedy? In what scene does its expression reach the highest pitch?

CHARACTERS:

Do you find an attractive character in the play?

Is the king, with all his wickedness, a brave man (p. 176)?

Many explanations of Hamlet's weakness of character have been offered — moral sensitiveness and weakness of will; melancholy temperament; excessive reflection; love for Ophelia. Which theory seems to you strongest? Give reasons, with illustrations. Can these theories be made complementary?

What is the function of Horatio in this play?

What of Polonius and his philosophy? What is its source?

Do you consider Ophelia a weak character, brought to her fate by conventions of society? What would Portia have done under similar circumstances? Do you feel attracted towards Ophelia, or are you repulsed by her extreme obedience to her father? What were the causes of her madness?

Show how Fortinbras stands in dramatic contrast to Hamlet. Note Hamlet's own realization of this fact (p. 170).

Is Laertes a willfully bad man? What were his promptings? Does he readily grasp the evil suggestions of the king in IV, vii (pp. 183 ff.)? What were Hamlet's own feelings towards him (p. 215)?

TWELFTH NIGHT. William Shakspere. Edited by William Allan Neilson, M.A., Ph.D., Harvard University. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. pp. 192. 25 cents.

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TWELFTH NIGHT:

Questions as to the history of the English drama and the life of Shakspere may be found under *The Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Caesar* in this Manual (pp. 25, 49).

TWELFTH NIGHT—DATE, SOURCES, FORM:

When was this play probably written (pp. 29-31)? To what period of Shakspere's life does it belong?

When and where was it first printed?

Where did Shakspere apparently get his main plot (p. 32)? Point out specific resemblances between the plot of *Twelfth Night* and that of *Apolonius and Silla* as outlined on pages 32 and 33.

What characters are wholly Shakspere's (p. 33)? What do they give to the play which is not in Riche's story?

What do you think of your

editor's suggestion (p. 34) as to a source for the "charge of madness in Malvolio," etc.? Point out in detail whatever resemblances you find in the situations.

Find good examples for yourself of all the peculiarities of language and metre summarized on pages 35 to 41.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE PLOT:

Does I, i, give an erroneous idea as to who are to be the leading personages of the play? Is the failure to introduce or mention Viola a defect?

I, ii: What is the "motive for Viola's disguise" (note bottom p. 157)?

Why does Viola mention that her father knew Orsino and that he is (or was) a bachelor? Is she already in love with him?

What is the dramatic purpose of her mention of Sebastian?

I, iv: Is the favor Viola has obtained with the Duke accounted for? Her attitude towards him which is so suddenly shown at the end of this scene? Is her attitude shown to one who sees the play acted before it is expressed in words? How and when?

Is anything accomplished by the elaborate fooling in the first part of I, v? Is there too long a time before Viola enters and the main story is taken up again?

What love affair is foreshadowed in I, v, besides the main ones already started (see l.30)?

When does Olivia begin to be especially interested in Cesario? Where and how do we learn most about this (II, ii)? What situation in *As You Like It* does it resemble?

II, i: Why does Sebastian mention his resemblance to Viola? Did she mention it? Do you see any reason why?

II, ii: Why does Viola accept the ring from Olivia? Had she realized before this the turn affairs were taking?

II, iii: What is the dramatic purpose of having Malvolio interrupt the revellers; that is, what later action is accounted for?

II, iv: Point out all the veiled references Viola makes to her own love. Can they be as effective when the play is read as when it is acted? Why?

What dramatic purpose does the Clown's comment on the Duke's changeableness serve (II, iv, 75)?

II, v: How and to whom are the remarks of Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian made after Malvolio enters (l. 26)?

Describe a proper setting for the scene.

III, i: Does the talk of Viola and the Clown at the beginning of this scene further the plot? What does it do?

What defence is there (as in difference of rank) for Olivia's declaration of her love?

What new complication of the plot begins in III, ii? Note how this brings the main serious plot and the comic underplots together.

III, iii: What dramatic reason do you find for Antonio's fear to be seen in Illyria?

III, iv: Point out the specific effect of every part of the letter Malvolio found.

What incentive besides mere love of a joke have the plotters against Malvolio?

Do you find it objectionable that the heroine should be the butt of a practical joke? What does the mock duel accomplish for the plot? Of what scene in a more recent English play are you reminded by this scene (cf. *The Rivals*)?

To whom is Viola talking just after Antonio's exit, III, iv, 414 ff.?

What is the "element" referred to in the first note on Act IV (p. 179)?

IV, ii: What portions of the Clown's speeches on p. 134 are in his own person? What other person does he represent?

Is the action of IV, iii, sufficiently accounted for? How?

See the question in the note on V, i, 129.

Whose appearance unties the dramatic knot? Show in detail how.

Do you find the Duke's transfer of his affection to Viola prepared for (e. g. in his character)? Is it reasonable? Does he deserve her?

What becomes of the various characters besides the two principal pairs of lovers—especially Malvolio, Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew?

What significance has the song at the end of the play?

THE PLOT IN GENERAL:

Whence comes the title of the play? What do you think of it?

What contemporary beliefs and customs do you find satirized (as in IV, ii)?

Where is Illyria, the scene of the play?

For what purposes is soliloquy used in this play (as at end of II, ii, etc.)?

What examples of "double time" are there in *Twelfth Night* (as I, iv, 3; V, i, 103; etc.)?

Compare this play with *The Comedy of Errors* as to the use of confusion of identity.

What scenes here are farcical? What scenes are much more effective acted than read? Why?

CHARACTERIZATION:

The scene of the play is Illyria. Of what nationality are the comic characters?

What male part requires the best actor in a stage presentation of *Twelfth Night?* Why?

What idea of the Duke's character do we get at the very beginning of the play? Is the portrait of him consistent throughout? He has been compared with Romeo before the meeting with Juliet. What is the point of the comparison?

How are we prepared for the characteristics of Sir Andrew before we meet him? How does his name fit him? What other characters are there in this play whose names fit similarly?

To what extent is Malvolio's character indicated by his first speeches (I, v, 84, 93) and Olivia's comment? In what respects is he properly called by Maria a Puritan (II, iii, 160)?

Point out the different ways in which Viola's character is revealed.

Verify the statement as to Viola's speeches in note on III, i, 97 (p. 173).

Compare the Clown in this play with Touchstone in *As You Like It,* and other Shaksperean fools. Does he have any function besides creating humor?

THANATOPSIS. William Cullen Bryant. Introduction abridged from Newcomer's American Literature. Chicago: Scott, Foresman and Company. Cloth, 364 pages. $1.

BRYANT'S LIFE:

When and where was the poet born?

What was his father's occupation?

In what did his early education consist?

Describe some of his occupations as a youth.

At what age did he begin to write verses?

What was the title of his first published poem?

What college did he attend?

Did he graduate?

Describe the circumstances attendant on the writing of "Thanatopsis."

What was Bryant's age when he wrote this poem?

In what magazine was this poem published?

Did it appear in its present form? What lines were lacking?

When did Bryant publish his first volume of poems?

What profession did he adopt at first?

What subsequently?

What was his influence on American politics and public life?

What important translations of the classics did he make late in life?

How much time elapsed between the writing of "Thanatopsis" and "The Flood of Years"?

Compare Bryant's capabilities and powers at the ages of nineteen and eighty-three.

What may be said of the influence of his poems, and of their improving by long acquaintance?

When did he die? At what age?

Where was he buried?

THANATOPSIS:

This poem was written before the poet was nineteen years of age, and to some people this is its chief merit. Poems of beauty and brightness, of hope and cheer, are perhaps better for young people, but this is a wonderful production when we contemplate the poet's youthfulness. It is plain to see in these lines that the boy was the father of the man. Worship, faith, stability of character, love of nature, which crowned the poet's life, are all portrayed in this poem of his early years.

What rank has been accorded the poem?

How does it compare with Bryant's other work?

What is the meaning of the word "Thanatopsis"?

What is the central theme of the poem?

Is the poem consoling or depressing?

Contrast "Thanatopsis" with the opening pages of Keats's "Endymion," written about the same time. Which seems the more youthful? Which has the more color and melody? Which, if either, is the more devout?

What examples do you find in "Thanatopsis" of conventional poetic diction?

Does Bryant's poem show clearly the inspiration of a new land?

Is it equally clear that the new land is America and no other?

Could "Thanatopsis" have been written in Australia? In England?

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